

★PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

January
15¢

GRID BERGMAN
PAUL HESSE

BUY
Christmas Bonds
at your
Movie Theater

47 SY R
SLOSBERG
CLAND RD
NE MASS

Yours...
***Softer,
 Smoother
 Skin***

with just One Cake
 of Camay!

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III BOSTON

"Your complexion counts—in romance,"
 says this lovely bride. "Try Camay . . . see if your
 first cake doesn't make your skin ever so much
 softer, fresher-looking too . . . as it did mine."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is **Really Mild**



It's exciting . . . to see the lovely new softness, the new
 smoothness that comes to your skin . . . with just
one cake of Camay! Change today, from improper cleansing
 to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this
 care on over 100 complexions . . . on skin like *yours*.

And with the first cake of Camay, most complexions
 fairly bloomed! Looked softer, fresher and clearer!

... it cleanses **without irritation**

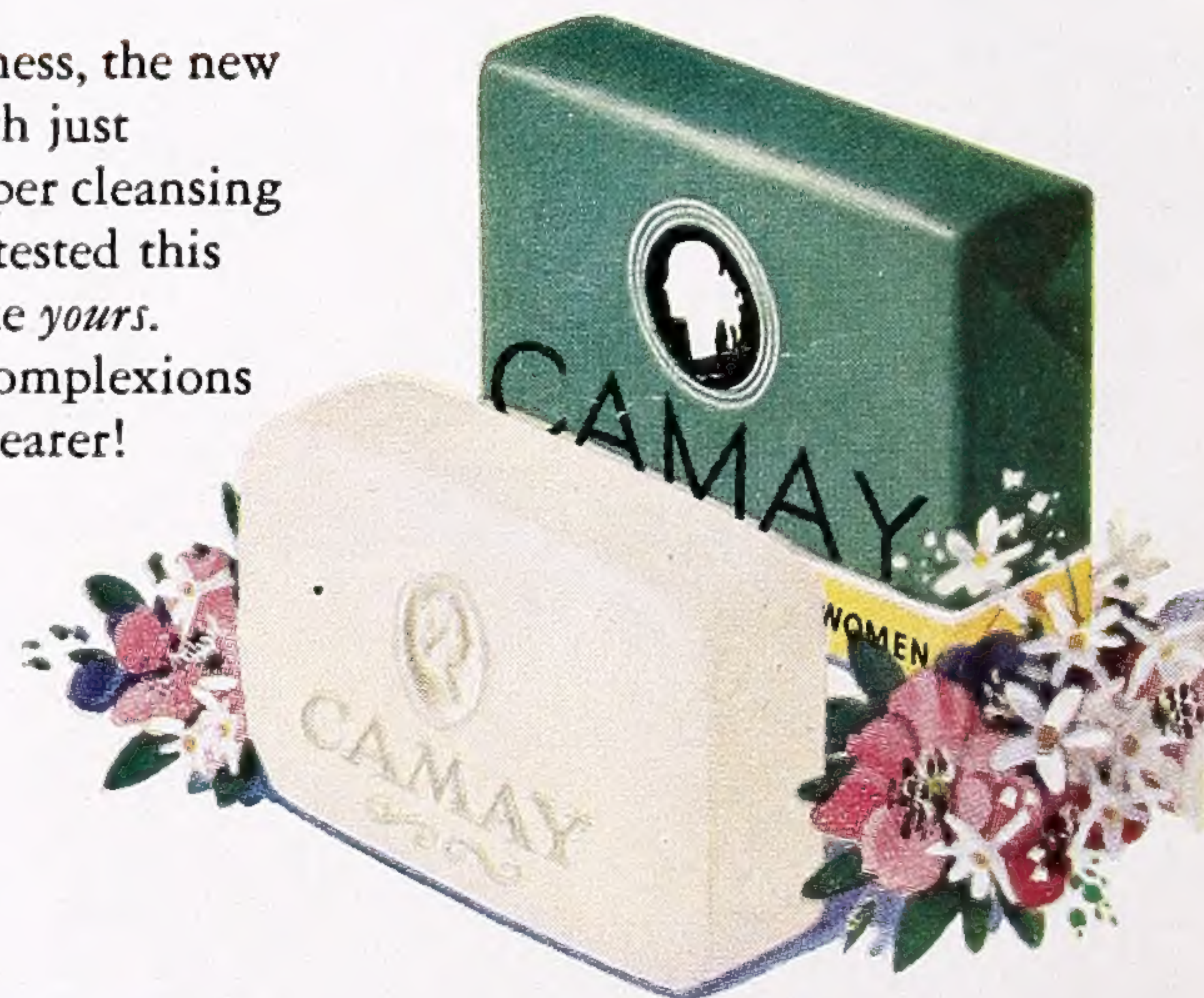
These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness . . . proof it
 can *benefit* skin. Said the doctors, "*Camay is really
 mild . . . it cleansed without irritation.*" So do try this
 helpful care on *your* skin . . . see the softer beauty that
 comes with just *one cake* of Camay!



Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

One minute—night and morning—does the trick.

You simply cream Camay's *mild* lather over your
 face—nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you have oily skin,
 add a C-O-L-D S-P-L-A-S-H. That's all! But watch,
 day by day, as that one cake of Camay makes your
 skin really lovelier.



Please—make each cake of
 Camay last, as long as possible.
 Precious war materials go into
 making soap.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile
holds a world of charm!



Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!

REACH FOR A STAR, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out *by your smile*.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound

teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist*. He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every

time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



Eyes Light Up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep *your smile sparkling and attractive!*

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're full of the milk of human kindness
at this writing.

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow
money from us if you want to.

In short, we're in good humor, and all
because we've seen the most alluring
musical motion picture since our movie-
going began... M-G-M's "Meet Me
In St. Louis".

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's
Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the
Smith family, of which our favorite
members are played by Judy Garland
and Margaret O'Brien.

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful enter-
tainment this is, enriched in every scene
by rainbow Technicolor!



Judy Garland seems
to have been born
for the part of
Esther, a high
school girl just
awakening to love—
for the boy next

door. Esther is young, innocent, viva-
cious, and golden-voiced.

You will have to decide for yourself
whether you prefer Judy's provocative
presentation of a young girl in love or
Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as
we did, both talents perfectly fused in
"Over The Banister", "The Boy Next
Door", or that bell-ringing success,
"The Trolley Song". And these are
only three of eight songs!

Judy (that is, Esther)
has a sister—an impish,
devilish, utterly lov-
able kid named
"Tootie". In this part,
Margaret O'Brien will
become everyone's
sweetheart—if she isn't
everyone's sweetheart
already.



Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest
finds, plays the boy next door and heads
a splendidly-chosen supporting cast in-
cluding Mary Astor, Marjorie Main,
Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H.
Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry
Davenport.

The script was written by Irving Brecher
and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Arthur Freed,
who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced,
and Vincente Minnelli directed. They
all have cause for pride.

Mark our words:
M-G-M's "Meet Me
In St. Louis" will
strike you as about
the best tuneful re-
past ever displayed
for your delight!



—Lea

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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"He took off from Shangri-La..."

Ted and Ellen had been to a dance the night before—excited and gay, as if they knew the parting would be soon.

And they had whispered the refrain of a song to each other... "I love you, I love you, I love you."

Then, next morning, the word came that he was to take off—with the others—on the most hazardous mission of the war.

One hundred and thirty-one days after December 7, 1941, a handful of young men who had never dreamed of glory struck the first blow at Japan.

Out of Captain Ted W. Lawson's true story of that most epochal bombing mission in all history—when Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Doolittle led his valiant group manning their B-25's from Shangri-La directly to the heart of Japan... out of the glorious adventure of these men who flew into the unknown—M-G-M has made a truly great motion picture.

It is a drama of stirring courage and deep, abiding devotion—a picture you will never forget.



Captain TED W. LAWSON, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was pilot of "The Ruptured Duck", one of the bombers that took off from the "Hornet" at Shangri-La and blasted Tokyo.

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION with
VAN JOHNSON • ROBERT WALKER

PHYLLIS THAXTER • TIM MURDOCK

SCOTT McKAY • GORDON McDONALD

DON DeFORE • ROBERT MITCHUM

JOHN R. REILLY • HORACE McNALLY and

SPENCER TRACY

as. LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo

Based on the Book and Collier's Story by
Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST



INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMIE FINK

Premiere fling: It's John Payne in attendance with new-lovely, Gloria De Haven



Party note: Errol Flynn with Flora Hall setting the pace per the Ciro standard



Night out: Pin-up Grable and jive-master James, another twosome at Ciro's

Honeymoon Report: Cal has a hunch that Cary Grant won't be making a picture (even though he has studio commitments galore) for a loooong time! When Barbara Hutton put out that terrible torch he was totin' by reconciling with him, they went to San Francisco and hid away from—everybody. No parties, night spots or friends did they see. That's the way they're happy—really the only way they're happy—just being together. All who know Cary well know that nothing is so important to him as his marriage—and heaven knows he has enough charm to talk any producer into giving him time off to make his second honeymoon last as long as possible. We wouldn't be surprised if he stayed off the screen for several months.

Catching up with Hutton: As you read this Betty Hutton, who finally got her wish to go overseas and entertain (and how!) the boys, will be just about returning from her jaunt—and Hollywood expects a lot of new slants and maybe a few laughs from the blonde bombshell. Naturally, we can't tell you where she went—but we do know she took along a lot of very light-weight clothes. Betty is a changed gal since that terrifically successful personal-appearance tour she made early in the summer and during which she broke even Frankie Sinatra's box-office record in a Boston theater. A lot of her "inferiority complex" has disappeared; she seems more confident—and more reposed. It hasn't given her a swelled head or anything like that—but until that trip nobody could convince Betty that she was a success at all—no foolin'!

Turner topic: A lot of tongue-waggers around Hollywood thought that after *that* party (the one that featured the fisticuffs between Steve Crane and Turhan Bey), Lana Turner might be finding a new boy friend. Because between you and Cal, the reason that Lana was making such a big fuss over Steve that evening is that Turhan was making a big fuss over someone who was not Lana! There have been so many versions of what started the fight and who won it there's no need to go all over that again. But one thing is certain—Lana and Turhan aren't kidding about who made up after it! You can catch them driving up Wilshire Boulevard, snuggled together in the front seat; visiting each other (Continued on page 6)



In an emergency A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND

THERE'S nothing like a good friend to help you through an emergency whether it be great or small. If Listerine Antiseptic isn't in your medicine cabinet you're missing a wonderful feeling of security and protection this trustworthy antiseptic inspires.

Think how often it can render real first-aid . . . how often you and your children may appreciate its quick germ-killing action!

Remember how Listerine Antiseptic was called in to take care of those little cuts, scratches and abrasions that you grew up on?

Sixty years in service

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

And, of course, you simply can't overlook its value as a precaution against the misery of colds and their accompanying sore throats. Bear in mind that in tests made over a 12-year period, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always at hand to fight infection. It combines a delightfully refreshing effect and complete safety with rapid germ-killing power.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Two-at-a-table: And very devoted they are. Veronica Lake and fiancé Andre De Toth do some sight-seeing in the *Ciro* manner



More married than ever: Jess Barker and Susan Hayward call off all separation plans and start baby-planning



(Continued from page 4)
at their studios; dancing at Mocambo—going to parties—but always together. And now it's Turhan who is blatantly jealous of anyone who even asks Lana for a dance!

News Note: Capt. Dan Topping phoned Sonja from Honolulu and asked her to cancel her skating tour and come on over to Hawaii and do some personals there instead. But she decided to stay in the U. S. A., which makes Cal sure that she's come to another important decision as well.

Fashions Plus: Lana Turner's been looking stunning lately. A definite eye-opener was the oh-so-low-necked dress that she wore to one of Elsa Maxwell's sensational parties. It was black and heavily beaded—and slinky and décolleté to boot. . . .

Sonja Henie is going in heavily for dresses that are beaded or heavily trimmed in sequins or embroidery. Most of them would look better if she didn't wear so much jewelry with them. Cal saw her one night in a stunning long white dinner dress with long sleeves. It was high at the neck but across the shoulder line and down across the left side were brilliantly colored sequin flowers, striking on the plain white background, even to this male eye. Sonja is one of the few gals in Hollywood who's still wearing her hair piled high up on her head and completely off her ears. . . .

Claudette Colbert went for an Adrian gown that set her back a pretty penny. She admits she had no business being



Guess who? Major Wanger, too absorbed in Olivia de Havilland to turn around.

that extravagant but she couldn't resist it. It was a two-piece dinner dress of heavy white crepe with enormous shoulders and a plunged neckline. The top, which was an over-blouse, had a flared peplum, the skirt underneath was almost tight—right down to the ground and slit in front to the knee! It was splashed all over with black sequin discs about the size of a quarter, put on by hand, of course. And what makes this dress such an extravagance is that it's the type one "can't get away with"

season after season—it's that striking. . . .

No doubt about it, the short evening dress has just about disappeared from the Hollywood scene, we're happy to report. The gals look so much lovelier and more glamorous in the long skirts. Really formal dresses are appearing more and more—along with black-tie parties. At a recent party Judy Garland wore a white draped gown trimmed sparsely with gold embroidery. Judy is perking up and looking lots healthier and happier.

Coupling Up: Eddie Ryan, who is doing very well for himself over at Fox ever since he made such a hit as the youngest brother in "The Sullivans," and Virginia Weidler, really in the glamour-girl class now, are the warmest in the young-love department. They make a cute couple—and might even make it permanent. . . .

Esther Williams was spotted out stepping with Lieut. Frank Cookson, but she was in a big hurry to explain that he's a school-chum from her childhood days, who's visiting in Hollywood. Reason for Esther's explaining? Well, her real feller is Sgt. Ben Gage—as we told you last month. This is a really steady combination. He even went way up to northern California to visit Esther when she was there on location—and when a guy only has a few days leave from his Army post—well—it must be love!

Smoking Corner: Imagine this! Even though Nelson Eddy has smoked for years, he never "tasted" a cigarette (Continued on page 8)

IT'S A
HONEY
OF A
FUNNY--
about love
and money!

ANN SHERIDAN

ALEXIS
JACK
JANE
Smith
Carson
Wyman

IRENE
CHARLES
EVE
Manning
Ruggles
Arden

2 years
on the
stage--
2000
Laughs
on the
Screen!

THE

A SCREENFUL OF SCREAMFUL
FUN FROM WARNERS!

LOUGHGIRLS

FROM THE HILARIOUS B'WAY SENSATION!

with JOHN RIDGELY • JOHN ALEXANDER • CRAIG
STEVENS • BARBARA BROWN • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by JAMES V. KERN

Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney
From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by MARK HELLINGER



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Sextette sings for overseas Christmas records: Virginia O'Brien, Frances Langford, Judy Garland, Dorothy Lamour, Ginny Simms, Dinah Shore



Dinah's own Command Performance—a kiss for husband George Montgomery

(Continued from page 6)
until the other day! It happened at a radio rehearsal, when Nelson, fresh out of smokes (as who isn't these days?), asked a pal standing near by to give him one. When Nelson took that first puff, the expression on his face was really something! Then he exclaimed (and explained), "Well! Can you beat this? I've had sinus trouble for several years and my treatments have just about cured me. I swear to you, this is the first time I've ever tasted a cigarette—gee—they taste funny!"

Double Daters: Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin "double-dating" at that party of Alan Ladd's certainly spiked the old rumor that these two barely nod when they speak. And here's a funny coincidence: Deanna is head over heels madly in love with Bob Landry, the famous Life magazine photographer who has been overseas for months. And though few people even suspected it, this romance has been in force for months and months.

They exchanged letters and cables the whole time Landry was away. And the first thing he did when he landed on U. S. soil was to phone Deanna from New York to tell her he was coming to Hollywood to see her. You should see the beam on her face

these days! Looks to Cal as if Felix Jackson might be fading from the scene and that Bob will get la Durbin for his bride before the year is out. But to get back to the coincidence—just about the time that Deanna's romance with Landry came to light, Judy Garland started going with Dwight Whitney of Time magazine—they're around so much together. And now the two little singers are referred to by Hollywood wags as "The Time and Life Gals". . . .

Sartorial Stuff: Eyebrows went up to there when John Payne, just discharged from the Army, showed up late at a huge and very dressy party in an outfit that was just one grade above a set of dungarees! A heavy flannel checked shirt—no tie—rumpled trousers, etc. And everyone else done up to the teeth! Bruce Cabot remarked, "Who does he think he is—coming to a party dressed like that?" But it developed later that Payne had gone to the storage-house where his entire wardrobe was left when he went into the Army, the day before—only to find that his trunks were missing—stolen—anyway, gone! What he wore to the party were the only clothes he had to his name until his tailor (or even a shop) could furnish him with

some tidy togs. P.S. His wardrobe was covered with a nice insurance check.

Carol-singing Sextette: Judy Garland, Ginny Simms, Dinah Shore, Virginia O'Brien, Frances Langford and Dotty Lamour have recorded disc after disc of Christmas carols which are to be sent to the lads overseas—and to all parts of the world. What a sextette! The gals recorded some of them in harmony—and others as solos—but either way, you know that they will sound like angel voices to our boys at the fighting fronts.

Danny's Double Trouble: Someone was kidding Danny Kaye about playing twins in his new picture, "The Wonder Man." "What do I care?" said Danny. "The worst that can happen to me is to be haunted by the fear that I'll steal scenes from myself!"

Divorce Data: John Wayne has just sent another offer to Mrs. Wayne through his lawyers. It's just about the biggest property settlement on the Hollywood records—but at this writing she still has no intention of granting John a divorce. John, the tall, dark, handsome and silent—is another who is consoling himself by going fishing!

And by the Way: Jennifer Holt and Rod Cameron—both in the throes of getting their marital freedom—act as if they're going to take the leap again together . . . Susan Hayward, back with Jess Barker, will make just one more movie before she becomes a Mama . . . The Keenan Wynns expect their new baby to be a Christmas package . . . Charlie Chaplin Jr. hitch-hikes weekly from Camp Haan (about two hundred miles away) to Hollywood just to see Madeline le Beau . . . Dick Powell has bought Ray Milland's boat and says he'll live on it when gas is plentiful.
(Continued on page 10)

the whispers grew into a roar...
the woman grew into a legend...
the love story grew into
a great motion picture!



A surging, tempes-
tuous story... aglow
with tenderness...
powerfully emotional.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A Sidney Buchman Production

A Song to Remember

starring

Paul MUNI *Merle* OBERON

with CORNEL WILDE

NINA FOCH · GEORGE COULOURIS

Screen Play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



A new kind of
motion picture!
A new miracle of
TECHNICOLOR!



INSIDE STUFF



For Dewey: Ann Sothern, pouring tea for Penny Singleton and Ginger Rogers, among many well-known filmites at pre-election Ambassador tea

Also present: Mr. and Mrs. James Craig step out for tea and talk at the Ambassador

(Continued from page 8)

enough for him to get to it every night. Dick is maaad about boats! . . . The first time that Gregory Peck kissed Jessica Tandy for a scene in "Valley Of Decision"—her bustle broke! What a man!

Those daily tennis games between Tallulah Bankhead, Garbo and Katharine Hepburn over at Clifton Webb's house—are positively hysterical! Talu, who always said she couldn't even hold the racket—and who never has risen from her bed until mid-afternoon unless she had to work—is now out on the court every morning fresh as a daisy—but not hitting many tennis balls. Garbo and Katie, however, are supreme. So Bill Tilden, the ex-champ who is around most of the time, does most of his coaching for Tallulah's benefit!

Cal Goes to New York: Don't ask how your friend Cal could tear himself away from the fascinating doings of old Hollywood to hie himself off to New York, but suddenly there we were for a few gay days and from where we sat in the Stork Club, 21 and El Morocco it looked like good old cinema city to us.

Dorothy Lamour popped over to our table at the Stork, leaving her handsome husband, Major William Ross Howard, alone for a moment, to tell of

her experience in Baltimore. While dining in state with her husband's family, a sailor popped over and informed Dottie he'd seen her last four pictures and he wanted his \$1.60 back. Embarrassed, Dottie handed him two dollars from her own purse, saying, "And I want my forty-cents change."

Of course it turned out to be a bet and one the sailor won. Who but Lamour would tell it on herself?

Here's one on Cal. We'd gone over to Third Avenue to get the morning papers and suddenly stood rooted to the spot. Coming up Third Avenue was, of all people, Ray Milland, whom we'd left behind in Hollywood. So we yelled "Ray!"

Not only did Ray ignore the greeting but a crew of men hidden behind a camera in the rear of a truck started making unpleasant comments—and loud.

Gradually the light dawned. Cal, who actually cut his teeth on movie cameras, was interrupting a movie scene, Ray being in New York to film sequences for "Lost Weekend." How they kidded Cal in Hollywood when the story got back.

We saw a bit of drama, too. Seated in the Stork was lovely Myrna Loy in a very pink bonnet—when who came in and for one very dramatic moment, paused by her table—but her

ex-husband John Hertz. Not a word was spoken between them. But here's news—Myrna tells us she'll be back in Hollywood for another movie soon.

A hand on our shoulder at El Morocco and a voice in our ear—a soft "hello," told us without turning it was Katina Paxinou. Later we discovered the Academy Award winning actress felt bitterly unhappy over Hollywood's failure to find her another movie role.

"I don't want another *Pilar*," Miss Paxinou kept telling producers who insisted upon another "For Whom The Bell Tolls" character. "I'm an actress. Let me act."

But, they didn't, so the New York stage will eventually get her.

The way Franchot Tone's wife wore her hair, straight and clamped down with bobby pins, and her large-mouth make-up had night-clubbers gossiping. Franchot is remaining in New York for a play.

They wouldn't believe us in Hollywood when we told of the big friendship act staged by Roy Rogers and Gene Autry, first at Roy's and Trigger's cocktail party at the Astor ballroom (Trigger behaves beautifully at social functions) and later at Rogers' Madison Square Garden rodeo when Roy summoned Autry into the ring where he proceeded to steal the show from Roy. And after all those hundreds of letters, bitter ones too, that Rogers fans have written us about Autry and vice versa. And no more of that from now on, children.

Bob Hutton and Cal grew quite chummy at the various parties and night spots. A nice fellow and certainly a hit after "Janie."

(Continued on page 12)

Are you in the know?



Do you think her dancing position —

- ☐ Is smooth and relaxed
- ☐ Helps a tall girl look shorter
- ☐ Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose *looks affected*. So stand naturally, comfortably . . . for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch . . . because Kotex *stays soft while wearing*.



Would you entertain a mixed crowd with —

- ☐ Your snapshot album
- ☐ A radio concert
- ☐ A Valentine party

Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blind-folded couples hunt for candy mot-tos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a *carefree* hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—*pressed flat*, so they don't cause out-lines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.



Between sets, do you preserve your wave —

- ☐ By combing only
- ☐ By brushing and combing
- ☐ By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for *brushing and combing* in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your *own* special needs. *Only* Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.



What medal is he wearing?

- ☐ Sharpshooter
- ☐ Purple Heart
- ☐ Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the *sharpshooter* medal above tells you. Being *sure* saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety *plus*.

More women choose KOTEX[★]
than all other sanitary
napkins put together



Cal York's **INSIDE STUFF**

Western antics: Van Johnson does some clowning at Feldman party



Hold-up: Paul Brooke surrenders to Indian maid Dorothy Maloney and cowgirl Jeanne Crain—all in the fun at the Tex Feldman party

Look twice: It's Sonny Tufts with his gorgeous Mrs. stopping to chat



(Continued from page 10)

Bing Crosby was trotting down Park Avenue, disreputable hat on one side of his head, when who should come trotting up the other side but Frank Sinatra. And the New York bobbysockers follow their idol about, lingering outside cafes, exactly as they do in Hollywood. Which reminds us of the story they tell on Frankie. It seems after the completion of "Anchors Aweigh" Frankie gave his director a watch on which was inscribed these words, "I think you've made another star." Take that one with a grain of salt. But here's one Cal personally guarantees: You could hear the swooners all the way to Central Park when Frankie announced from the stage of the Paramount Theater the fact that they were expecting their third child.

Rumor was so strong in New York that Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan were married, that we began to wonder. One look at their happy faces at the Stork Club settled any doubts for us.

And so to Hollywood for more reporting. And my, but these palm trees look good!

This-May-Break-Your-Heart Department:

Van Johnson is doing his best to capture Lucille Ball's undivided attention, which is some capturing with Clark Gable in the picture.

Speaking of Clark, Kay Williams learned the hard way that the route to Gable's heart is through silence. It

was Kay's habit of gossiping to columnists, writers and girl friends concerning Clark's gifts, devotion and attentions that brought about the rift between the two. Mr. Gable has never been one to publicize romance so when too much chit-chat appeared about them, Clark decided, before the romance grew too serious, they should part. In New York 'tis said ex-husband Macoco is waiting for Kay at his favorite round table at El Morocco. In Hollywood Gable is beaming about the orange-haired Lucille Ball who has been granted a divorce from Desi Arnaz. And so ends another Hollywood romance.

John Hodiak is gradually breaking down Anne Baxter's I-won't-marry-an-actor defenses, which will put the current heart-throb out of circulation.

Nora Eddington swore to a certain actor and his wife in Hollywood that one day she'd wed Errol Flynn or bust. Frankly, we'd hate to see Nora bust. And we wouldn't relish the busted hearts of Flynn's fans if she did.

Bob Walker is breaking his own heart which in turn may break yours. No matter what you read or hear, Cal tells you first hand the lad is still carrying the torch for his wife Jennifer Jones. And unless he extinguishes the blaze very soon, it may burn him out of a very promising career, that's how badly he's taking it.

Tips To Our Service Lads: Quickly, be first to ask for a picture and information concerning Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart's leading lady in "To Have And Have Not." Boys, when you see those—er—curves and hear that sexy voice which Lauren has acquired by yelling like an Indian three hours a day, you'll swoon. Take our tip, this ex-model from New York is the most tantalizing dish to appear on the screen since Jean Harlow.

If you're the complex, sensitive type, you'll find your counterpart in the Paramount actress Gail Russell, a beauty with too many complexes. Maybe a letter from you might help.

Get hep to a Warner Brother darling called Joyce Reynolds who plays the title role in "Janie." She's just twenty, left off attending U.C.L.A. to become an actress, can talk on many subjects besides herself, and will prove an interesting listener. Besides she has the merriest brown eyes in Hollywood.

If you write to Lana Turner, talk about the latest records and approve especially of Artie Shaw's music. Lana's ex-husband is her favorite musician. And a bond between you and Diana Lynn could be a knowledge of good music. A pianist of note, Diana is up on the best. So now go to it, boys, and if you have any luck let your Cal know.



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part of your love story, too.

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even though you're busier than ever before.
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this rich, fragrant, "beforehand" lotion.
It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in
hot, soapy water... helps keep them
smooth and thrilling! Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

THE SHADOW STAGE

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓✓ Laura (20th Century-Fox)

SOPHISTICATED, adult entertainment so beautifully and smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it's a joy to behold

One feels like thrusting forth a restraining hand to hold it just a little while longer in this world of corny, brashy movies, so, like us, you'll probably go to see it again—to marvel at the smoothly finished performance of stage star Clifton Webb in his first screen role; to enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews who emerges a sex-

appeal hero, the likes of which you've never before seen; to appreciate the beauty and quiet forceful underplaying of Gene Tierney and the humanness of weak characters Vincent Price and Judith Anderson.

It's a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people and one with a new and arresting (no puns) angle.

You'll go home all glowy with its pearl-handled charm and intrigued with its finesse.

Your Reviewer Says: Orchids to Laura.



Mystery with a subtle touch: Gene Tierney and Clifton Webb in "Laura"

✓✓ A Song To Remember (Columbia)

THE influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of a genius is here splendidly portrayed by Cornel Wilde playing Frederic Chopin and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame and little by little enslaves his talents and dominates his person. Even his old teacher, Paul Muni, is kept from the great composer by this designing woman who affects men's trousers as an expression of her dominating personality.

But at an exclusive concert of Chopin's, Muni goes as the guest of Franz Liszt and there meets Chopin. Poland's plight, kept from the composer by Sand, is revealed

to Chopin and he agrees to give concerts throughout Europe in order to raise funds to buy the freedom of his old Polish comrades who have fought for Poland while he languished in Paris.

It is the break then between Sand and Chopin—one that lasts until his early death.

The music is the picture—exquisite, exciting, soul-satisfying. All principals turn in exceptional performances with Stephen Bekassy as Liszt, Nina Foch as Constantia and George Coulouris especially outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: The musical treat of the year.



Chopin Concerto: Merle Oberon and Cornel Wilde in "A Song To Remember"

✓✓ Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)

IT'S young—as young as June Haver and Dick Haymes—and it's tuneful and happy and forthright too. In short, it's a Twentieth Century-Fox musical at its coziest, hitting the highlights of the life of Ernest R. Ball, a ballad writer of those Nineties, reputed to be gay and presenting his songs in a lusty manner.

June Haver is so lovely as the girl and Dick Haymes who plays Ball, so manly as the boy who can't seem to speak those few words that would clear up the misunderstanding between them—you know how it is with screen heroes.

Monty Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter and promotes some of the

best lines we've heard in ages. Or maybe, come to think of it, it's the way Monty says them.

The songs—among them the title one "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," as well as "Mother Machree," "Let The Rest Of The World Go By," "Love Me And The World Is Mine," and "Turn Back The Universe"—are nostalgically lovely and haunting.

The Technicolor is entrancing and the support of Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb most welcome.

Your Reviewer Says: A tuneful honey.



Tender and tuneful: Dick Haymes and June Haver in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling"

(Continued on page 88)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 90

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 92

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18

By Sara Hamilton

LADD'S!
BACK!

COMING

TRIUMPHANT SCREEN RETURN!



GEE, GIRLS,
ALAN'S HERE
AGAIN!

I'VE
BEEN
WAITING
NEARLY
2 YEARS
FOR!
THIS!

LOOKS
HANDSOMER
THAN EVER
SINCE HE'S
BEEN IN THE
ARMY!

Gotta
RENEW MY
MEMBERSHIP
IN THE ALAN
LADD FAN CLUB.
I'M NO. 19,573,554

Paramount Presents

Alan Ladd • Loretta Young

in RACHEL FIELD'S

"AND NOW Tomorrow"

with Susan Hayward • Barry Sullivan

Beulah Bondi • Cecil Kellaway • Directed by Irving Pichel

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Raymond Chandler

She's
very
very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



The moment she enters, all
else stops; she wins eyes and hearts
effortlessly, without seeking them
... for she is *varvacious*! Varva's
perfumes "Follow Me" and
"Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons
she's so very very ...

Varva extracts—\$1 to \$15 • Bath Powder, \$1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1 • Bubble Foam, \$1
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NONCHALANT
(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-
Care Perfume

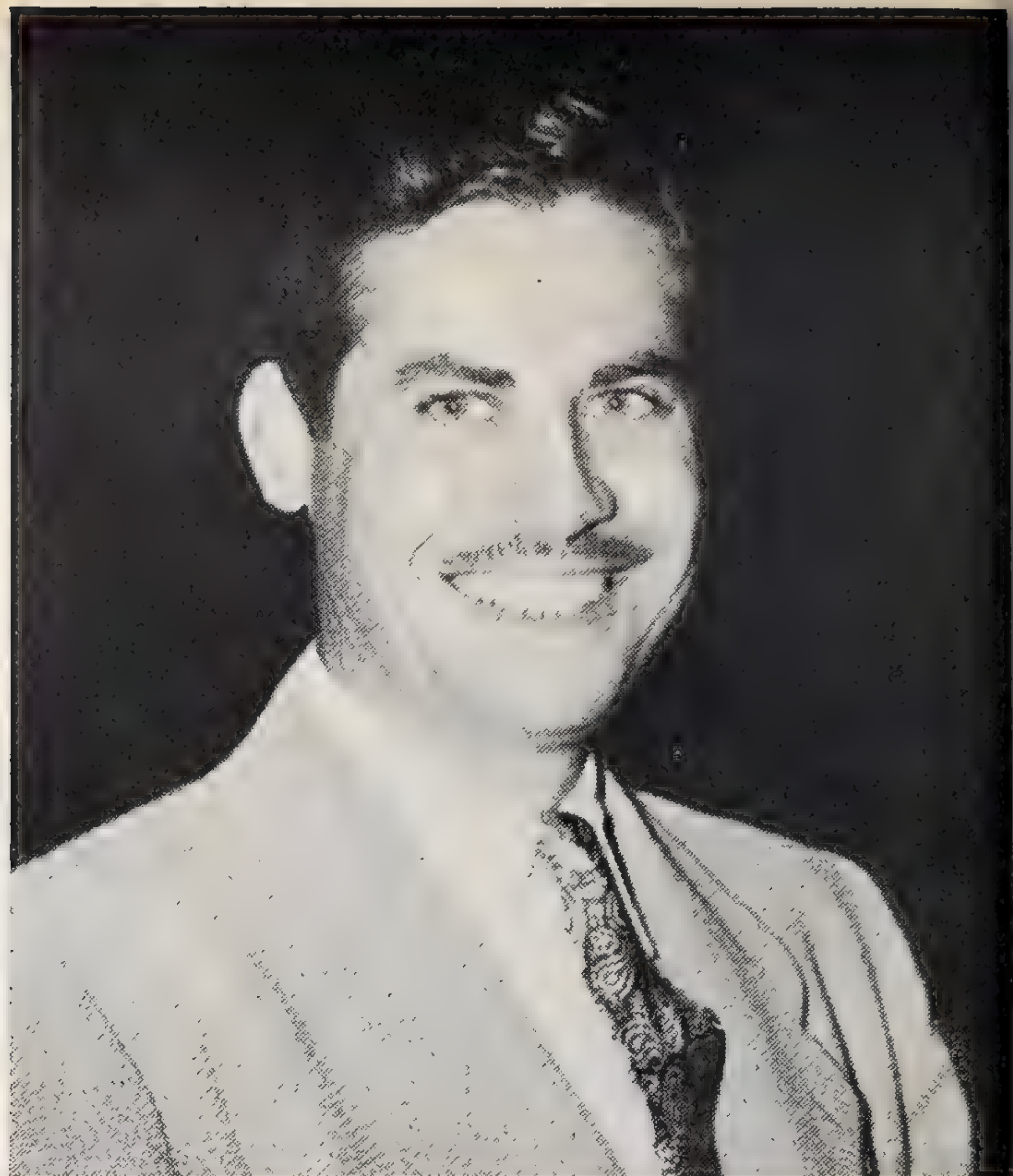


FOLLOW ME
(Suivez Moi)
The Perfume That
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

John Hodiak wins
feminine fancy and
a prize for Nona
Barbaric of W. Va.



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE Ring Back the Old

WHEN I find that magazine stories for two or three months are devoted to Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Alan Ladd, I become irked! I can't understand the present trend toward shortness and homeliness among our leading men.

To me, John Hodiak is acceptable in he-man roles.

Paul Henreid is suave and sophisticated. Robert Young is an "old reliable" whom any woman could like.

Albert Dekker is tall and manly, a fine actor and believable lover.

Carl Esmond is lookable and would be something to reckon with if given an opportunity.

Michael O'Shea has a touch of Tracy, a dash of Cagney and is wistful enough to go straight to a woman's heart.

Turhan Bey is just peculiar-looking.

How any woman over twenty-one could get excited about Eddie Ryan, William Eythe, Richard Jaeckel, Van Johnson, Robert Walker or Frank Sinatra is beyond me! They may be great guys but they certainly aren't anything to look at.

And why don't we see and hear something of Nils Asther?

Will I be glad when we have Gable, Taylor, Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas and other favorites with us again!

Nona Barbaric,
Shinnston, West. Va.

\$5.00 PRIZE Guy with a Grin

NO, I'm not a bobby-socker—not a teen-aged swooner. In fact, I'm at that age when sensible folk say I should know better, but I'm darned if I do, because I've finally come to the realization that my heart really controls my head. I'm a Van Johnson fan and I'd like to say this: If being sensible and letting my head have the say means remaining oblivious to a personality like Van Johnson's, I say, "No, thank you."

He's my choice as the one person in Hollywood who can portray the part of a regular guy to perfection. Maybe that's because he is a regular guy—I don't know. But I do know this. His is the warmest personality that has hit the screen since Spencer Tracy. He's like the guy next door and that's saying a lot, because it shows how downright human he is. I think in time he will prove to be unique with Hollywood because no matter what character he will be called upon to portray, his own will always show through.

So, my hat's off to a nice guy, a regular guy, a guy with a grin—Van Johnson.

Miss E. Boll,
Buffalo, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE Will Power

What's a hunger pang or two, To look the way the starlets do? You should gladly leave the table For the measurements of Grable. He who hesitates is lost, Pass up that cake at any cost! Pie and pudding add no vim, Just another double chin. Leave the whipped cream off the jello Or you'll have curves like Lou Costello. It really isn't hard, you'll see, Why can't you be real brave like me? I plan to start this coming Monday But now—I crave a chocolate sundae!

Evelyn De Vries,
Eugene, Ore.

\$1.00 PRIZE Something to Shout About

I WENT to the show feeling blue and I came out feeling anything but that. For the show was in a class by itself.

It was so delightfully different—a honey of a movie for young and old, all about an average teen-ager in an average city with her family and high school problems. It's the kind of picture everybody wants to see these days—one to lift any aching

part. Of course everyone knows *Janie*, the little girl who grew up in Daddy's hair and Mother's arms. Yes, "Janie" is a must for everyone and to Joyce Reynolds goes the Oscar for making "Janie" something to talk about.

Leita Betancourt,
San Benito, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Solution in Rhyme

SOME people are getting a little tired of hearing about the Sinatra-Crosby rivalry so I'd like to submit a plan for putting an end to it.

I was never especially bowled over by Frank's voice and Bing has always been a special favorite of mine, but still I have something against Frank and would hate to see him out of work. After the embraces which Frankie took part in in "Step by Step," I believe I have come across the perfect solution:

"Here's a plan that cannot miss,
Let Crosby sing and Frankie kiss."

Mary Grove,
Dallas, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Pleasant Surprise

THE closest I had ever come to meeting a movie star was backstage and that is why my recent stay in Canada was such a thrill. It was there that I met a star—far from the stage of any theater.

My friend and I arrived at Deer Lodge, Canada, and immediately got acquainted with the crew of "Thunderbird, Son Of Lassie." Meeting the dog Lassie was a thrill in itself, but it was the young movie actor whom I shall always remember.

We were sitting and talking with the trainer of the dog when a young man entered the cabin. He was boyish and good looking, and above all, so-o-o awfully nice. He was so sincere in his admiration for Lassie; he fondled the dog affectionately. We discovered that he was Peter Lawford.

I don't know if he will remain as real and unaffected as he was, but I shall always remember him that way. I was surprised and delighted to find that movie stars are as friendly and appreciating as their admiring public.

Iona Niehaus,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Time for Tolerance

HAVE you seen the "March Of Time" production, "Americans All"? If you haven't, you should.

The "March Of Time" is to be commended for its (Continued on page 71)

PHOTOPLAY awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," **PHOTOPLAY**, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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Dorothy Lamour

soon to be seen in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a Paramount Picture

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COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

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See what they do
for your lips



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SEAL-COTE
25c at Cosmetic Counters



Hilariously back again, the sleuthing Charleses, Myrna Loy, William Powell in "The Thin Man Goes Home"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ **ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS**—Edward Small-U.A.: Bill Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe, Marines, come into Australia for some fun after a battle in the Pacific and both promptly fall for Helen Walker. They then proceed to break every law known to military regulations in their effort to outrival each other. It's corny but a lot of fun. With John Leder. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ **AN AMERICAN ROMANCE**—M-G-M: This is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information about American industry. Brian Donlevy plays superbly the immigrant who marries schoolteacher Ann Richards, raises his family and progresses to success. With John Qualen and Walter Abel. A truly American epic. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ **AND NOW TOMORROW**—Paramount: Alan Ladd returns to the screen in this dramatic story as a young doctor from the wrong side of the tracks who attempts to cure wealthy Loretta Young of the deafness she suffered as the result of meningitis just before her marriage to Barry Sullivan. (Dec.)

✓✓✓ **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**—Warners: A hilarious screenplay that will catapult you from laughter to fright. Cary Grant is the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunts on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. Raymond Massey is the criminal; Peter Lorre his doctor friend and Jack Carson is the cop. You must see it. (Nov.)

✓✓ **ATLANTIC CITY**—Republic: Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco all bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville's peak, and it's packed with wonderful old tunes provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. It's a pretty satisfying movie. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BABES ON SWING STREET**—Universal: Peggy Ryan is very peppy and active as the leader of a settlement house who tries to raise money so the most talented members can take advantage of a scholarship. Ann Blyth suggests a night club, so the kids take over a building and set to work on it. Leon Errol helps out, Sydney Miller impersonates, and it's all silly but cute. (Dec.)

✓✓ **BARBARY COAST GENT**—M-G-M: Wally Beery's an old buckaroo of the '80's who promises to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal. When a scrape precipitates him out of town and into Nevada he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, with all the resultant complications. John Carradine does a nice job. Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg are the romantics. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BRIDE BY MISTAKE**—RKO: A cute little movie, with Laraine Day as the heiress who has Marsha Hunt impersonate her in order that Laraine

may be sure the man who marries the heiress will marry only for love. Alan Marshal is the man and Allen Joslyn, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summer ville add a lot of fun and frolic. (Oct.)

✓✓ **CASANOVA BROWN**—International: When professor Gary Cooper discovers he's a father on the eve of his wedding to Anita Louise, things begin happening. When he discovers the baby's mother Teresa Wright wants to give it out for adoption, he finds a unique way to stop that! With Frank Morgan, Patricia Collinge and Mary Treen. (Oct.)

✓✓ **CLIMAX, THE**—Universal: Most of this rather tiresome film takes place in an old opera house with a mad doctor, Boris Karloff, of course, hypnotizing people.

(Continued on page 81)

Shadow Stage

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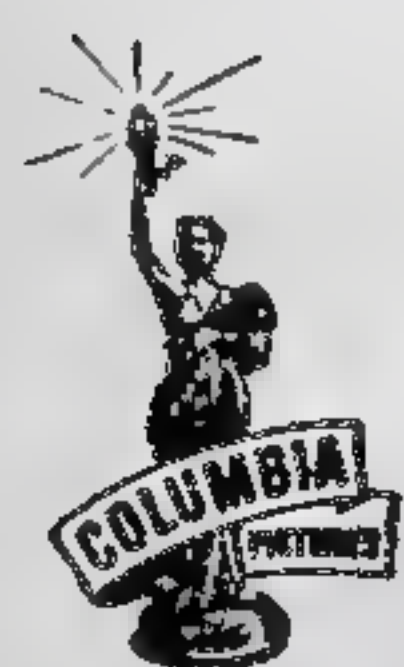
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Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp and F. Hugh Herbert

Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



*Here they come...
out of the
"Wild Blue Yonder"
... flying straight
into your heart!*



MOSS HART'S *Winged Victory*

PRESENTED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

It's the story of guys
like Alan, Pinky and Irving...
of girls like Dorothy, Helen,
Ruth...of things like gallantry,
guts and glory! Filmed
from the Army Air Forces'
own smashing Broadway
and Hollywood stage hit!



with
Pvt. LON McALLISTER · JEANNE CRAIN · Sgt. EDMOND O'BRIEN · JANE BALL · Sgt. MARK DANIELS · JO-CARROLL DENNISON · Cpl. DON TAYLOR · JUDY HOLLIDAY
Cpl. LEE J. COBB · T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES · Cpl. ALAN BAXTER · Produced by DARRYL E. ZANUCK · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart



Christmas, 1944

An Invocation to Americans by Bing Crosby



Bing on his overseas trip—in London and in Paris at the Arc de Triomphe

IT'S JUST another muddy day for those kids at the front. But you can count on one thing—they'll be home for Christmas, if only in their dreams.

And as those of us here at home listen to "Adeste Fidelis" . . . "Silent Night" . . . "White Christmas" . . . I'm sure that all of us are offering up prayers for the gallant gang of American kids to whom anything that has to do with peace still seems very far away.

Kids for whom there are no silent nights. . .

My own thoughts are a lot humbler than they were last year. I have talked, lived and chowed with these boys whose courage and faith is like nothing I've ever before come up against.

You feel like a pretty small putt on a mighty big course over there in those pastures in France. Champs . . . all of 'em. You feel like caddying for them the rest of their lives when they come home.

I see grimy-faced kids in muddy dungarees, huddled up together in wet forests, listening to "White Christmas" with their homes and their hearts in their eyes.

A cold drizzly day in a little valley in France and boys who'd walked, slipping and sliding all the way, for five miles just to hear our little show. And the letter that came later from one of them . . . by name of Carl Lewis from Indianapolis . . . telling how much the song means to them:

"We think we're pretty tough . . . and we are, I guess," he says. "But 'White Christmas' gets us. We're not ashamed of it either. It means home and my wife Betty and people we know and things familiar. 'White Christmas' means—peace."

How else but humble can you feel before guys like that?

How else but humble . . . before a bunch of courageous joes who are doing the toughest fighting the world has ever known. Kids like "Mac" . . . a tall, slender boy who went over on the troop ship with us. We met up with him again five weeks later, dying in a hospital near the front. "Hello," he said weakly. "It didn't take me long to get mine, did it?" And he grinned a weak grin. "I'm

pretty quick . . . speedy . . . that's me."

The closer you come to those front lines the more you realize that the courage and faith of the "Macs" in this war is more than man-inspired. That there's a bigger Guy than any of us with his eye on the kids carrying the ball for those noisy signals up at the front. A Guy in whom they all have great faith.

That old one about there being no atheists in foxholes holds plenty true over there. In or out of foxholes, there are no atheists in those overseas pastures. Bibles and prayer books are standard G.I. equipment. As much so as a muddy face, a bed roll and a mess kit.

And at this Christmas time which won't be too happy for a lot of folks, it should comfort you to know that whatever their fate, their faith has been strong and steadfast.

There are no silent nights but there are plenty of holy nights at the front.

I've seen them worshiping at services, held by chaplains in ruins of French villages, in a piece of a church with no roof and only the front or side wall still left.

I've seen tough tankers, rumbling through the villages, stop their tanks before a crucifix that's still standing in towns that have been leveled to the ground.

This may sound funny coming from one who knows there've been times when he's gone slightly A.W.O.L. from the ecclesiastical fold.

But seeing them kneeling in those muddy pastures brought back to my mind the lines of an old familiar prayer that I'd heard somewhere along the line back home . . . "God grant unto us an early peace and victory founded upon justice, and instill into the hearts and minds of men everywhere a firm purpose to live forever in peace and good will toward all."

I was adding to it too another little one of my own . . . for a happier Christmas for them . . . when they will hear bells again instead of shells, carols instead of cannon. . . .

When they'll be home for Christmas—not just in their dreams!

THIS IS THE TRUTH

What about those Reagan break-up rumors? This famous reporter went direct to Jane Wyman — and here is her candid reply



Capt. Reagan: Jane says he has "an angelic disposition"

SOMETIMES a girl's best friend is a hot rumor. On more than one occasion a bare whisper has set me off on the trail of some of the biggest scoops of my career. And so, of course, I like those rumors.

But there are others. Rumors about your best friends. Rumors that nag and dog at you and which, in spite of the fact that you hope you know better, make you wonder about some of the happiest married people you know. These rumors I hate.

I hated them particularly when they started to spring up about two of my closest young friends in Hollywood—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. I didn't see how anything could happen to these kids. Why, I was with them (or they were with me) on the first personal appearance act I made out of Hollywood.

Jane and Ronnie fell in love right under my nose. And "fell" in love it was—a thud that started as they gazed into each other's eyes behind the footlights and continued until they were standing before the pretty flowered church altar after we returned to Hollywood. Later, my Doctor and I gave them their wedding reception at our home.

That was five years ago. Five years in which Ronnie soared to the top in Warner pictures to the point where he was racing Alan Ladd and Frank Sinatra for honors with the subdebs. Then the war came along and he went into the service.

They were five years of wonderful happiness for Jane in her marriage. Maureen Elizabeth Reagan (that cute towhead) came along to be adored by her doting parents. True, Jane wasn't satisfied with the way her own career was going along. But she would say, "I have so much of everything I won't be unhappy because I'm not getting the pictures I want."

The Reagans were just Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen of any good-sized town. They weren't particularly good "copy." Far from it. Nice married couples seldom make the headlines. When people spoke of them, or scribes batted out stories, they invariably said they were "that nice young Reagan couple."

And then, for no reason, out of the blue the rumors started. They began with whispers, rustling like leaves through the cocktail parties. The rustles sounded like this, "Did you notice that Ronnie left the party an hour ahead of Jane?" Or, "She seems to enjoy dancing with other men as much as with her husband." Or (and this hit print in several spots), "The Ronald Reagans are readying an unfortunate announcement any minute."

I "pooh-poohed" them. I'd say, "You don't know how in love they are. Ronnie would never let anything come between him and Jane." And the whispering chorus would argue, "Weren't Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker very much in love? And Joan Blondell and Dick Powell?"

It was a challenge I couldn't let pass. I called Jane and told her I wanted to see her. "Look here," I said, "I know you kids are happy. I want to write a story and settle all this talk for once and all. But if you are having trouble—for heaven's sake tell me and don't let me get out on a limb writing a story how cooing you are."

Jane hesitated a minute. Then she said in that level, young-modern voice of hers, "You too, Louella."

ABOUT JANE AND RONNIE

by Louella O. Parsons

I had the grace to blush slightly, I'm glad to say. "Then how did all this talk, talk, talk start?" I asked.

Jane had picked me up to drive me to lunch at Romanoff's. She looked as though she had stepped off the cover of a magazine. Her hair, once platinum blonde, is back to its natural chestnut-brown shade. She was wearing a smart chartreuse wool suit and carrying an umbrella-shaped handbag to match. A beautiful ruby clip with matching earrings Ronnie had given her completed one of the smartest ensembles I had seen this fall.

But Jane's usually pert, happy expression was missing. She isn't laughing this off. My girl friend is plenty hot under the collar—and she's hurt. I could tell that when she started to talk.

"I swore I was not even going to deny this silly talk," she said, "but you're different. I want you to know, Louella, that Ronnie and I haven't had even a good old-fashioned family argument. We both thought that when people kept on seeing us together that these lies would die a natural death. But they keep on and on.

"I've thought to myself, 'How in the world did this thing start?' We've never staged an argument in public—or even in private.

"Of course, I have a hot temper. You know that. But Ronnie, who has the disposition of an angel, just lets me blow off steam until I get my mad out of my system. He never fights back. And it takes two to make a quarrel."

WE had arrived at the cafe, found our table and ordered before Janie got back to the subject again.

"I believe rumors crop up when there is any kind of a change in the status of married couples," she said musingly, "and the war has made certain inevitable changes in the routine of our lives.

"When Ronnie went into the service he was making big money as a top star at Warners. I was just a supporting player and didn't earn anything to compare with what he was making. Now I'm carrying the ball, financially. His captain's salary isn't enough for us to keep on as we did before the war—or even half as well. And so it is now my salary that gives us the little extras. But don't think for a minute that Ronnie isn't still the head of his own house!

"Some people find that hard to believe. They get in little sly digs, disguised as compliments. 'Oh, Janie, dear, you're doing so well now. Is it true that when you went to a restaurant the other night the waiter said, 'What does Captain Wyman want to eat?''"

I said, "I bet that tickled Ronnie," because I agree with Jane that he has the disposition of an angel and instead of getting sore about it he'd be amused.

"Oh, that kind of talk never bothers him," Jane agreed. "But Ronnie has had to fight the terrible disappointment of not getting overseas. His very bad eyesight has kept him at home. He has been stationed near Hollywood ever since the war broke out. But you see that puts him in the restless position of being in the Army—and yet not at the fighting front."

I happen to know that Ronnie can't see two feet in front of him and had to have a special type of lense fitted over his eyeball when he was making (Continued on page 88)



Doting mother and doted-on daughter: Maureen Elizabeth

The Lady and the Corporal

UNDENIABLY, there is a man in the life of Bette Davis these days and Hollywood is pleased, though puzzled and more than a little bewildered. For the news came to Hollywood—and to the world—in a roundabout way that caught the nation's press off-guard.

When, some months ago, Bette began gradually to drift back into the Hollywood scene following the death of her husband, everyone was too glad to see her take up a normal social life again to wonder about her escorts. The important thing was that Bette was out again, was beginning to lose the tenseness that had come from driving herself at her work until she was nervously exhausted.

When she came to a party here, a gathering there, nobody paid undue attention to the man whose arm she held. After all, as president of the Hollywood Canteen, she was often seen in the company of service men, and her position in the film world had given her many famous men whose company she always had enjoyed.

So Hollywood, the rumor capital of the world, for once went calmly about its business when Bette began occasionally to dine at La Rue, lunch at Chasen's, visit a friend—with a personable corporal who also seemed to appear frequently on the set when Bette was making "Mr. Skeffington."

It remained for the South to prove its greater astuteness in matters romantic.

From the moment the report was made that an unidentified corporal from Ft. Benning had met Bette Davis at the Columbus, Georgia, railroad station on a Sunday night this fall and had taken her to the Stillwell home on the outskirts of nearby Phenix City, Alabama—Hollywood was in an uproar.

Who and what could have seemed important enough for Bette to travel down to the Georgia-Alabama line on her short vacation lay-off when under almost any other circumstances she would have gone directly



to her New Hampshire farm house which she cherishes and to which she speeds whenever her schedule allows her sufficient time to come to the East Coast?

SOON enough it was evident why. There was indeed a corporal. He was Corporal Lewis A. Riley, of the 168th Signal Photo Company, Second Army, stationed at Ft. Benning. He had indeed met Bette at the train and escorted her to Phenix City.

By now the press from all parts of the nation, as well as the excited citizens of the nearby town, began to bombard the Stillwell home with queries and requests.

At this point Bette, who had kept herself from any questioning on the grounds that this was a holiday in

rustic peace intended as a rest for her, emerged long enough from her quiet and privacy to deny the rumor that she had married, but also to admit that she had come south for a chance to see her good friend Corporal Riley.

"After all," Bette said, "I'm thirty-six years old. It would be childish to beat around the bush about anything as serious as marriage plans."

With that settled, Bette disconnected her telephone, padlocked the gates of her country hideaway and tried to recapture the delicious anonymity of being no movie star but just a tired working girl who was spending her hard-earned vacation "away from it all."

Though Bette had no more to say, Hollywood now had enough to re-

Photoplay brings you the story Hollywood missed—a behind-the-scenes account of Bette Davis and Corporal Lewis Riley

BY PAULINE SWANSON



Exclusive - to - you picture of Cpl. Lewis A. Riley and Bette at La Bue

construct the friendship of Bette and the Corporal and to draw its own conclusion. Friends now recalled Corporal Riley, remembered that he was a New Yorker, remembered Bette and Corporal Riley at a party of Elsa Maxwell's. Some even thought it was here the two first met, though Bette herself had said that she had known him for years.

They remembered his dark attractiveness, his air of being well-to-do in spite of his G.I. corporal's uniform, his pleasantness and quiet, amusing conversation.

While Hollywood was remembering, conjecturing and putting two and two together, the hunt was still on in the South for more evidence. Autograph seekers by the scores came to camp at Bette's gate once

the address of her vacation home was printed in the papers. Even the padlock and the owner's four dogs roaming the premises failed to daunt their enthusiasm. One enterprising fan made friends with one of the dogs—a collie—and sent a note to Bette attached to its collar. Bette has a sense of humor, and such enterprise deserves recognition, so she sent the dog back to the gate bearing the coveted autograph.

OTIS TAFF, a Columbus grocer, bragged that Bette had ordered supplies from his store. By nightfall, everyone in town knew that Miss Davis had ordered "twenty-five dollars worth of groceries for one day! Fancy groceries, too!"

Bette's sister, Mrs. R. C. Pelgram,

tried valiantly to discourage the reporters and photographers who descended on the house—but Bette at last had to make an appearance and posed for photographs wearing a red and white plaid shirt and navy blue, knee-length shorts.

She looked like a little girl, healthily tanned and honestly startled at the blaze of curiosity her visit had occasioned—and the reporters went back to write columns of praise for the Academy Award winner who was just as simple and friendly and nice as any other American girl would be.

Corporal Riley, trying to wade through phone calls and interviews to go about his regular duties, was in for as much notoriety as Bette—but like Bette he emerged unscarred.

Scuttlebutt flew thick and fast around the Fort. G.I.'s who had worked with Riley in the 168th were plagued with questions about their newly famous buddy, and their testimony added up to make "Larry" an extremely nice guy—good enough for Bette, or any other movie star, in the Army's opinion.

"He's quiet, sort of. . . ."

"He has money, but he doesn't blow about it. . . . he even has a car!" (This, for a corporal, is something!)

"He's tall and dark—yes, sort of handsome—he's always smoking a pipe. . . ."

"Used to be a real-estate broker in New York—is a cameraman in the Army. . . ."

"He's lived all over—in Mexico just before the war. . . . he's been around, all right."

"Not young. . . . for the Army. . . . thirty-ish. . . ."

But is he married to Bette? This was always the final question. And here the amateur reporters were stumped.

"Well," they said, "he says no, but he acts yes!"

Newspapermen, pressed by their city desks to find out for sure, ran into the same maybes. Corporal Riley's commanding officer didn't know, his (Continued on page 70)



Will Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant stick to their plans?



The Sinatras cheer. Will the mob go on cheering The Voice?



Once Elsa Maxwell made a prediction for Lauren Bacall. Now it comes true

Will Van Johnson, mobbed wherever he goes, follow the star-path alone?



Here a world-famous
woman dares to say what
the stars will do next

I PREDICT...

by Elsa Maxwell

ABOVE all when I think of 1945 lying only a handful of days before us, I think of and pray for peace, a peace which will be enduring and fling the four freedoms—freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech and freedom to worship—over the length and breadth of the earth.

For myself in 1945 I hope for a continued association with Hollywood. Hollywood is so young and stimulating and aware and so crowded always with people doing all manner of interesting things—and doing them exceedingly well.

I love Hollywood because I have found so many important and wonderful things there, including friends. For some of these friends I have New Year predictions to make; several of which will, I think, surprise you. . . .

I predict, first of all, that Cary Grant will spend much of the next year traveling; both here and abroad

—with his beautiful little Barbara. However, I suspect he will make one picture anyway. For he'll need money to pay his traveling bills. Cary isn't rich. I have his word on this. "Cary, how much money have you saved?" I asked him recently. "Are you well off?" He shook his head. "I have an income for life, Elsa," he said, "but it's most modest."

However, Cary wants to learn about the world; what there is left of it. At lunch the other day he said, "I'm going to get around and learn about the things and the places that Barbara knows and loves. So I'll be a better companion to her than I was in the past. Previously, I know, I just didn't have enough first-hand knowledge of the world to compete with the people and places Barbara has known all her adult life."

Next I predict that Jeanne Crain, who not long ago made her bow in "Home In Indiana," the Technicolor

picture that was such wonderful propaganda for the corn belt, will—before 1945 ends—be right up in the front rank of top-notch stars. Jeanne makes sense. She is a conscientious worker. That's half of it. Jeanne also is charming to look at and possesses, to an nth degree, that indefinable chemical attraction which keeps men trailing her and finds girls understanding why. All of which, you'll admit, is something!

I do not think Jeanne will replace Jennifer Jones. No one will; no one can. But I do think Jeanne will be *the* star of the New Year with some of the sudden surprising qualities that made Jennifer a star with her first picture "Bernadette."

Incidentally, after Jennifer makes "Love Letter" I look for her to appear in her first comedy role and to be a sensation. She has a lovely lightness which no screen rôle has yet given her the least opportunity to display. Further-

more, I shouldn't be surprised if Jennifer appears on the New York stage before 1945 is over. Her heart is set on it.

I do not think her heart is set on anything or anyone now, only her career. She married Robert Walker after a school-chum friendship and, although they are the best of friends, love is as far from Jennifer's heart as I am from Mars. At parties I have seen Bob constantly join her but not in the romantic way. After all, they have two small children and I don't think they wish them to be brought up in the atmosphere of divorce where children feel the lack of one parent.

SPEAKING of the stars who will spangle 1945 screens, there are, also, Gloria De Haven and June Allyson. These two "flitter bugs" are now running neck and neck in the eternal race for popularity. On the big Metro lot where they work they are very definitely rivals. Gloria soon may surpass June. She's "showier." But only for a time. In the year's run I am sure June will come out ahead. June, in appearance and personality, is more familiar to most of us than Gloria. And we always love best those we understand best. Besides, June—having come through a youth which was physically handicapped—is more finely tempered.

"The Voice" will go right on sweeping everything before him, as before. He's no flash in the pan, Frank Sinatra. He has terrific appeal for others than bobby-socks. At my party to celebrate the liberation of France he faced a brilliant and discriminating audience as he stood before the mike on a stage erected in my garden. He was, if any man ever was, on the spot. And he knew it. Frank is not remotely stupid. To my amazement the greatest stars, who I would have thought would look upon Frank as a phenomenon, were as "swooney" as the bobby-socks ever were. Loretta Young, her hand clasped in that of her husband, Colonel Tom Lewis, and father of their infant son Christopher whom both she and Tom adore, said to me: "Elsa, what is there about that boy that makes you feel he is singing to you—and you alone?"

Tom Lewis smiled, "I suppose I

should be jealous," he said, holding Loretta's hand tighter, "but Loretta has never been sweeter to me than since she heard Frank sing." Incidentally, when Frank came to the end of his program the applause was thunderous.

No doubt about it, Frank Sinatra is rich in that magnetic charm which, in all phases of show business, is the thing which makes great performers. It has brought him along and it will help him endure.

Dana Andrews, not long ago a

which usually promote gentlemen in feminine good graces, actually. However, the increasing jingle of our money flowing into box offices proclaims he has something else, that elusive charm which springs from the inside. Metro's hopes for bright-haired Van, consequently, are high. Even so, I say he will exceed their fondest expectations.

I need no crystal ball, after all, to make this prediction. During the past year Van has come along amazingly, although he has appeared only in comparatively few pictures in addition to playing the young student doctor in Lionel Barrymore's "Dr. Gillespie" series. Next year he'll have his fine performance in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" to recommend him further. And his role of the bomber pilot in "Weekend At The Waldorf." The fine and mature actor, Walter Pidgeon, does credit to the first male role in this picture, but Van—especially in his love scenes with Lana Turner—gives his audiences something to remember him by.

Will Van marry during this coming year? I very much doubt it. Always the past is the best yardstick we have to measure the future. And while Van has always liked feminine company he never has been thrown off balance. He seems to have the wonderful faculty of taking ladies or leaving them. Which makes him irresistible, of course! Besides, I think Van—don't forget his Swedish blood—is a man to concentrate upon one thing at a time. His career now is uppermost in his mind. He will not, unless all previous signs fail, minimize his Hollywood opportunities by letting romance becloud them.

Miracles can happen, of course. But usually they don't.

Speaking of "Weekend At The Waldorf," I predict this

will be the top picture of the coming year. The all-star cast—Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Bob Benchley, Xavier Cugat, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson and Constance Collier—appear as guests at this great hotel and each contributes his or her own story.

In the Year of Our Lord, 1945, I doubt if you'll see Orson Welles sawing a woman in half or acting on the screen. And, wonderfully as he has done these things in the past, I'm glad this is (Continued on page 84)

MEDAL FROM HITLER

Here's How to Get One

By HUMPHREY BOGART



HOW'D you like to earn a decoration from Hitler or Hirohito? Here's the way you work it. You don't have to join the German Army or the Jap Army. You don't even have to blow up an American war plant.

It's easier than that. All you have to do is follow the line the Germans and their stooges are handing out in this country. All you have to do is swallow the race-bunk. That's what the Germans want us to do. They figure that if enough of us talk this race-bunk, we'll get to fighting among ourselves. That'll weaken us so much that we'll be easy pickings the next time—even if we should win this time.

Listen, brother. In this man's country you can marry the girl you like. You can pal around with the folks you like. You can pray in a church of your own choosing. Okay. But that doesn't mean that one kind of church is *better* than another. It doesn't mean one kind of people is *better* than another.

Let's look at the record.

Here's what science *knows*. It doesn't say *maybe*. It *knows*.

There are no "superior races." There are only people who for a time happen to be luckier or better situated than other people.

There are no "inferior races." There are only people who've had bad luck, or poor education, or maybe live in a tough climate.

For example, there's (Continued on page 87)

lesser light on the Warner lot earning \$75 a week, a paltry sum in Hollywood, unquestionably will be one of the year's outstanding heavies. With his new technique, as seen in "Laura"—which the girls like so much—I believe Dana will leave Humphrey Bogart and George Raft and other screen bullies far behind him.

For Van Johnson I predict indescribable good fortune. Van doesn't have a perfect profile. He doesn't have any of the physical features



Carpenter

Holiday greetings from Gloria De Haven to the readers of Photoplay



Playtime with a pair of good play-fellows in a perfect setting. Below: Evening-at-home schedule includes his hobby—composing music



EYEFUL OF EYTHE

... and an earful too. This is Bill, that carefree, sure-minded bachelor who's due for a change of heart on a few things—including marriage

by Helen Louise Walker

TIME was when William John Joseph Eythe was the loneliest six-footer at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. Out of all that bustling city, modestly known as the lot, there were only three people he knew—and he didn't know them very well.

That was two years ago and it isn't lonely on the lot any more for Bill, who is no longer a newcomer but is an established fact—one of the facts that gives Fox stockholders that smug expression. The two years have been crowded with learning things—not only about his job but about life in general and Hollywood in particular.

He has discovered, and certainly to his own surprise, that he doesn't prefer actresses to other women. This was something of a blow, he doesn't mind telling you. He had expected to be crazy about actresses. He has also discovered that he doesn't like night clubs or large parties or parlor games and that he is terrified of meeting motion-picture executives socially. And—here's news—he thinks he knows what is wrong with most Hollywood marriages.

He has just rented himself a house, high, high above the Sunset Strip, where he can see the ocean, Los Angeles City Hall and also get a nice bird's-eye view of his neighbors who seem very interesting. It

has four rooms and a bath and he says the furnishings and decorations are purely of the "hodge-podge school—no sense to any of it." He is pleased, however, with the bedroom which is done in flamboyant red because if there is anything Bill likes better than most other things it is the color red applied almost anywhere. The owner of the apartment he has just vacated was pretty appalled to discover that Bill had pasted red plaid wallpaper on every available space.

The particular lure of this house (aside from the advantages of gazing at the City Hall and spying on neighbors) is a large fireplace situated in a room which is nearly all glass and makes him feel as if he were living in an aquarium. He can curtain the glass (in red) he thinks, install his piano, his records, books and the few really fine paintings he owns—and then he can sort of "wrap it around him" and be lonely and cozy and thoughtful. A cleaning woman disturbs him only a little bit, coming in twice a week. And he knows a fine cook who will "do for him" when he entertains an occasional "large party" of six. He wouldn't dream of inviting more than six people to his house at once. Too confusing.

The cook is a patient soul who endures, without very much com-

plaint, Bill's invasion of the kitchen just as the guests are arriving, to stick his fingers in the stew and the pudding, to lick, to frown and to remark "Howzabout another bay leaf in that one?" He thinks he is a pretty good cook himself (beef Stroganoff is his specialty), but he never feels efficient enough to try to get everything ready at once for guests. So he employs a cook—and kibitzes.

He says he was "conditioned" to playing second fiddle early in life so it doesn't bother him now, even with the cook. He was born in Mars, Pennsylvania, and if you haven't heard of Mars Bill thinks you should be ashamed of yourself because it was the home of the famous "Dutch" Eythe—"you know—that guy who won All-American football honors when he played halfback for Carnegie Tech!" He was Bill's brother.

Bill was different. When he was about eight "Peter Rabbit" came into his life. It was a play and his school class was giving it and his mother probably didn't know what she was doing to her little boy when she browbeat him into acting in the thing. Because he never got over it. Not that he wanted to act, you understand. He wanted to be that man who bossed everything and ordered everyone around—the director. From that (Continued on page 80)

William Eytke



Poll Winner with accent on appeal: William Eytke of Fox's "The Royal Scandal"



Typical—the pixy pose and the calls for dates



A glass of milk—and then to bed for a bright little girl

Girl of



Record-breaker star collects records: Favorite listening post—the floor

THE idea of dancing came to June Allyson during the years when she sat in a wheel chair and didn't know whether she was ever going to walk again. It took hold of her strongly; it had a meaning far beyond just the dancing itself.

Of course she was only a child then—nine, ten, eleven. Those are hard years not to be able to move and run and play with the other kids as June had played before the accident. She was a tomboy, and she rode a bike. There had been a storm, and the air was fresh. June, riding gaily along on her bike didn't realize that a low-hanging limb ahead was going to crash down just as she got there. But it did. And there was no more play for her. So June used to run and play and dance in her imagination. She used to see herself running and dancing, even when the doctors weren't very hopeful about her. Her grandmother, who raised her, understood and kept

courage too.

All the time, inside her head, she was making a pattern of herself—moving.

"And I guess I thought I might as well go the whole hog," June told me. "So long as I was imagining I might as well do a good job. When you can't move yourself, movement takes on new proportions, you see. It isn't something you just take for granted. You come to know its value, you think about palm trees swaying in the wind and waterfalls dancing over the rocks and—you picture yourself as 'leaping as the hart' the way it says in the Bible. When I learned to walk again and knew I was going to be well and like other girls—I was so happy I just literally danced for joy."

They will tell you at the studio that whenever June Allyson does a dance in a picture, as she did in "Two Girls And A Sailor," she still seems to dance for joy.

Part of her philosophy, which I don't even think she knows she has, came out of that, too. She never seems to take anything for granted. Every day is a day made new for June. I mean she's actively pleased by things that most of us just expect to be there. You see, once upon a time she didn't expect any of them; once upon a time she had, with the enormous faith and courage of the child heart, reconciled herself to doing without all those things and so they seem like special gifts from heaven when she gets them. It makes her very nice to have around, makes you a little humble yourself, makes you notice safety and courtesy and kindness and friendship from others.

| **DON'T** know whether Fred Astaire knows that he was the strongest influence in June Allyson's life for a long time, the inspiration for her (Continued on page 59)

the Moment

Allyson in wonderland! The life story of a girl who met
the challenge of the past and has won a bright new present

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS





The fetching touch of fur for a luscious lady—Jane Wyman



Suavity in plum suede: Irene Manning



Pert hat for a pert girl—Diana Lynn



Lady in lace: Informal formality for a gala eve: Rosalind Russell



White dream of a dress on a dream of a girl—Alexis Smith



Fascination in feathers: Lucille Ball

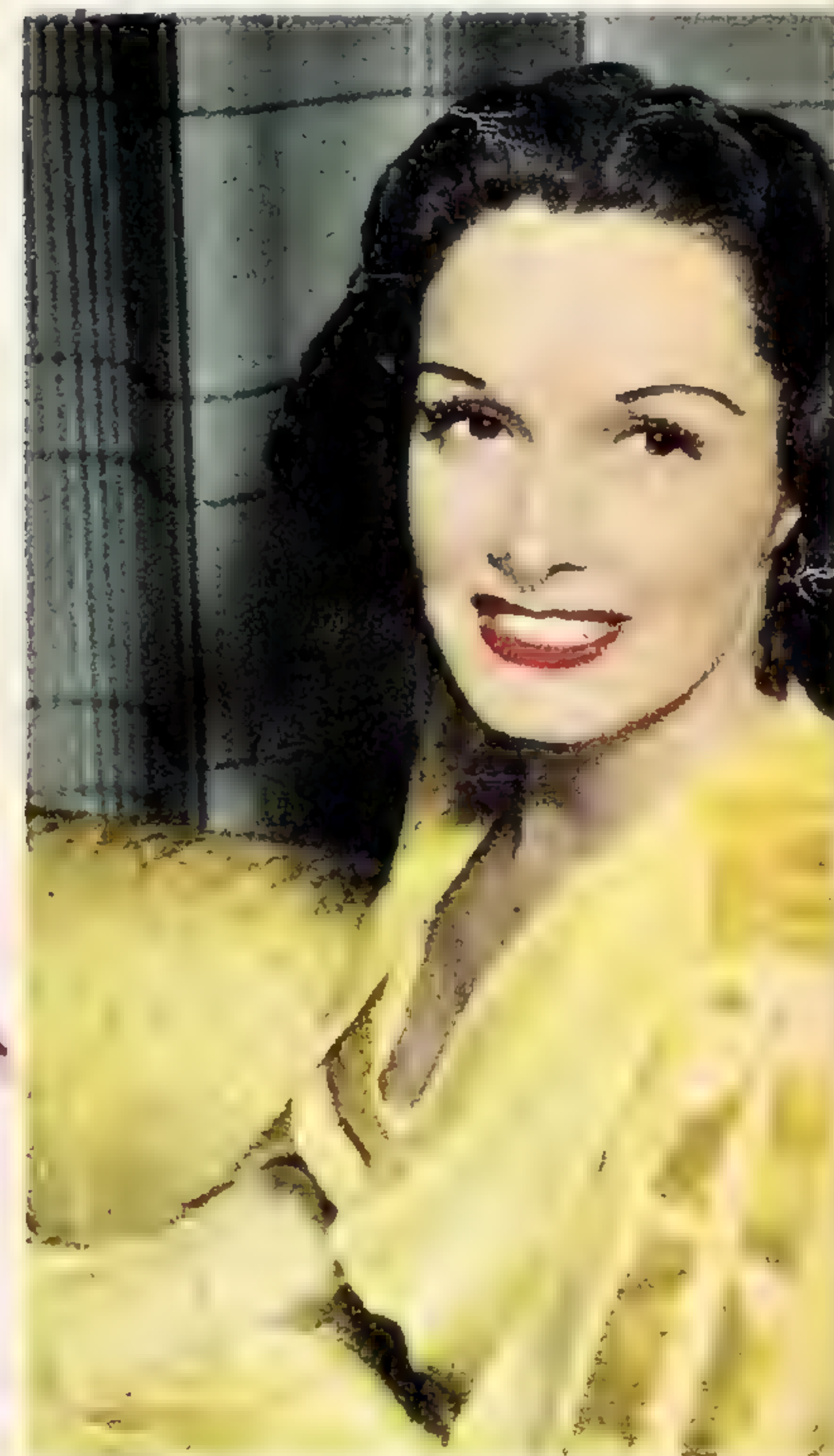
Hollywood Headliners in Holiday Dress

New Year "Eves"

The lure of a single rose for an alluring lass—Ann Sothern



A gown of honey-yellow for black-haired beauty, Gail Patrick



Blossoming-time for Kathryn Grayson. The scarf hints of old-w



Effect for an enchantress: Hedy Lamarr

Harmony highlight: Greer Garson in gold • Glitter of silver for evening: Ann Sheridan



Don't marry a



Stranger

NO woman ever loved a man more than I loved Tommy Wallace. And Tommy loved me, too. All my life, above all the rest, I want to remember that. I want to remember how Tommy and I sat in little English pubs just staring at each other, how hours seemed minutes—time goes so fast when you're that happy—how we walked across winter fields and had tea at a little inn beside a river.

Three weeks after we met, and in the same moment loved each other, Tommy and I were engaged. Less than two months later we were married. And somehow we felt safer as we walked through London's blacked-out streets and heard Nazi bombs screaming toward the earth because we had a recognized claim on each other as we held fast to each other's hands.

I was lucky to have such a romantic adventure. If only I had accepted it for what it was and not insisted upon turning it into marriage before I knew whether or not it belonged to marriage. For now, not even two years later, Tommy and I are going to be divorced. We both know, through a series of disillusioning experiences, that we do not have what it takes for marriage to each other. We don't have friendship. And marriage without friendship is like a house without a foundation. It cannot endure.

However, while I am sorry I married Tommy, I am not sorry I loved him. I would be reluctant to have missed those two months during which Tommy and I met and loved. I am a richer woman today because we were together at Sunday service in the rubble of St. Paul's, because we walked through blacked-out streets singing the Air Corps song, because we danced at the 400 Club feeling as we did, because I lived in a little room in a guest house near Tommy's base and when he was on duty—since I never knew what his duty would be—waited with trembling heart until he telephoned or came hurrying to me.

All of this is no less precious because it cost Tommy and me dearly in bitter quarrels and disillusionment and bruised egos almost from the minute we turned it into the marriage that it never was meant to be.

It was a marriage which, I believe, we would have discovered was not meant to be had we disciplined ourselves and waited.

As Tommy has said so often in the

The heart-breaking story of a girl who did—and who found that war-time love may wither when the honeymoon is over

BY CAROLE LANDIS



London war wedding: Carole Landis and Thomas Wallace of the Air Corps

last year as we tried to salvage our marriage, "It's no use. We'll never make a go of it. We're different, you and I. . . ."

When we fell in love we thought, of course, we were exactly the same—identical! We were convinced, the way you always are, that we had the same attitude toward life, liked the same things and would be forever happy with the same people. Actually, nothing could have been further from the truth.

Reality always is submerged during a romance, I guess. At such delirious times both a man and a woman, almost unknowingly, act a part. Both think and speak and act in a way calculated to accentuate the wonderful things they feel themselves to be in the other's eyes. However, with sufficient time, some suggestions of an individual's faults will usually manifest themselves. Consequently, when a man and a woman wait to marry they give themselves some chance of discovering if there is any true congeniality between them, if they really respect each

other, if they really like each other—in spite of their faults and sometimes even because of them.

Tommy and I—and the hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who are flinging themselves into marriage today—gave ourselves no opportunity to make any such discoveries.

I thought I was being very practical and realistic when, before we married, I warned Tommy how difficult it is to be the husband of a screen star. We sat in an ABC shop having tea. I made it very clear that so long as I remained in pictures I must wear attractive clothes, live at the smartest places, see certain people. I suggested—when the war was over and he no longer was a romantic flyer in uniform but a businessman in civvies—that I might, at times, appear to overshadow him. All the time I encouraged him to protest that such things were and always would be insignificant beside his love for me. Had he done anything else I would have been (Continued on page 62)

Gene
Kelly

Keeping

Serious sidelight—more interested in politics than in the Kelly career



Surprise — and something to smile about—his success as a screen lover



An impish twinkle, an Irish grin—the reason, his wife Betsy and baby Kerry

up with Kelly

... who's hard to catch up with—Gene with the high I. Q., the flying feet and a "play-fair" creed for the little man

by Maxine Arnold

GENE KELLY, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hoofing heartbreaker is one dancer who'll never be in the groove. That is, not any one groove. For Gene is a hoofer who not only has diamonds in his feet but many carats in his head as well.

Before Uncle Sam tapped him on the shoulder his complex activities kept him busier than a one-handed politician on election day. If you could have shadowed Gene you'd have seen another and far different Kelly, a chamber-of-commerce type of guy or, as he himself says, "just another Brother Elk."

Come six o'clock every evening, Gene pulled off his dancing slippers, parked them inside the studio lot, rolled up his sleeves and took over his duties as just another citizen. Important duties to him. Such as conferring with different committees, making short-wave broadcasts overseas for the boys, playing a benefit to raise money for a recreation hall to help combat juvenile delinquency, or maybe boning up on some speech he'd been called upon to deliver, possibly at a political rally at the corner of Third and Fairfax in West Hollywood.

Gene is intensely interested in politics and government, in the prin-

ciples of fair play and security for all, more tolerance and better racial understanding.

Long before this year's presidential election made it fashionable for movie stars to shine on both sides of the political marquees you could find both this vigorous young American and his vivacious red-haired Betsy hard at work, slugging away to help put across the bill, the proposition, the man they believed in their hearts to be right.

You'll always find Gene, whether it be politics or anything else, out slugging for the underdog, the little guy.

Recently he went all out bitterly fighting a proposition he felt to be definitely anti-labor and against the little people. He addressed meetings at night and Betsy addressed circulars during the day. She also did house-to-house canvassing in the swank Beverly Hills sector at homes whose residents didn't dream that the pretty girl in the sweater and skirt—"that nice little Mrs. Kelly"—was the wife of a famous motion-picture star.

Gene's very proud of his intelligent young partner, his only "beef" on her political activities occurring one evening when he came home hot and

tired from rehearsing a tricky routine with Fred Astaire and found she'd forgotten to stock the icebox with beer. Either real or root.

"No wonder men in the past centuries didn't want their wives to vote!" he kidded. And ducked.

He's very enthusiastic about the part he believes motion pictures can play in the promotion of peace. And is very thrilled over a letter he received recently from Fred Astaire from overseas—in which Astaire said he'd been to a German prison camp in England and described how excited all the Jerries had gotten at seeing a Hollywood star. "They all wanted autographs!" Fred had written.

Ambitious by nature and proud of the strides he's made in a picture career in such a short time, he still feels achievement is the important thing. Being a motion-picture star in itself has nothing to do with Gene's personal philosophy of happiness. As he says, "I don't care a thing about champagne."

"You can't buy the really important things," he explains. "You find that out after a while. Funny, but after you get more money than you've ever had you find out you really didn't (Continued on page 96)



Big new splash: Esther Williams of M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance"

Hymie Fink



Beauty and balance: Pet cocker perched on the Williams knees

There's a word for it. Esther and her pup relax in the library—and look it up



The essence of Esther

YOUR first impression of Esther Williams is that she is the healthiest female you have ever seen. You give a gander and mental pictures of sailboats, dungarees, flying hair, cold mountain streams, campfires and the like start dancing before your eyes.

This impression, as you may have heard, is not one which you commonly receive in Hollywood. Fake eyelashes, hair which nature had nothing to do with and shapes that have been pounded and squeezed into rigid contours are more the rule in the picture business. All of which may explain why M-G-M did nip-ups to end all nip-ups until Esther was safely under contract.

What does she look like to cause all this furor? Well, she's tall and so lithe that you search in vain for an extra ounce of—shall we call it "avoidsupois"? She has a swimmer's broad shoulders, a minute waist, legs that taper the way legs should taper and a magnificent carriage. Plus these details, she has a mop of brown hair with gold lights in it, a skin any cosmetic company would like to claim as its product, brown eyes that actually shine and a grin which lights up all outdoors.

When she first came to Metro, she had not only that healthy look but honest, sane poise about her which made you catch your breath and utter, "What's this?" She met

**Esther Williams, queen of the aqua-
maids, who dived into the Hollywood
whirlpool — and came up a star!**

BY KATE HOLLIDAY

people easily. She talked well. She was fun. She laughed at herself and wasn't too bowled over by the fact that she was about to be a star. And—a refreshing thing—she liked people not because they could do something for her but because she liked them.

She is the same today, even with "Bathing Beauty" chalked up as a solid hit behind her and a glowing career ahead of her.

Strange as it may seem, you can't tell the story of Esther's career without telling the story of her marriage, for until recently the two have run hand in hand. A year and a half before Esther ever entered the M-G-M lot she married Leonard Kovner, not yet through medical school. He had then and still has a brilliant medical future and a passionate adoration for his profession towards which Esther remains humble. She had gone with him for a year before she became a bride.

At the time, she was a star of the Aquacade at the San Francisco Fair,

having reached that point by winning more free-style races than there are sticks to shake at them. Only the war prevented her going into the Olympics. She was the sports-writers' dream: A gal who could not only swim like a feminine Weissmuller but looked terrific while she was doing it. Her picture had been in papers all over the country since she was fourteen, when she had entered and won her first serious competition.

She came from a modest, intelligent family in Los Angeles. Her mother was a power in the city's government. It had been she, in fact, who put through the recommendation that the kids of Esther's neighborhood should have a swimming pool, and it was in this pool that her daughter first learned to do an eight-beat crawl. Esther counted towels for the lifeguards; they taught her how to swim—like a man.

So, by the time she reached the Aquacade (where she was starred with the afore-mentioned Weissmuller) America was Williams-conscious. The crowds were enchanted that, due to the fact that there would be no Olympics, she had come to entertain them. The press agents of the show were also enchanted. She was sensational copy.

When the Aquacade closed Esther settled down (Continued on page 72)

That's Hollywood



Even Ginger would like to look like Ginger on the cover

I GUESS I'm just a guy who believes the movies, for whenever I see William Powell out with Diana Lewis I believe that he is cheating on Myrna Loy . . . There is no doubt about it, the hottest man in pictures these days is Van Johnson. Why those who don't even swoon over Sinatra do over Van . . . It is funny how style in movie heroes changes; even the movie heroes are aware of it. Gene Kelly and Keenan Wynn were strolling down a street at Metro and Kelly

said, "When I started going to the movies I never believed I'd be a screen lover. I'm no Gable or Montgomery." . . . If I were asked quickly to name the most outspoken actress in pictures, I would name Lucille Ball. She says what she wants to and she knows the score . . . One of my favorite actresses is Ginger Rogers and I always remember the night I met her at the out-of-town newsstand. She wasn't wearing any make-up, her hair wasn't fixed and she looked at her picture on the cover of a magazine and exclaimed, "I wish I looked like that!"

The actress who has suddenly started blossoming, so far as I'm concerned, is Kathryn Grayson. I never used to go for her, but she can have a date with me any time she wants . . . I would like to see a movie in which there was "the boy from Brooklyn" who didn't speak with a "dese, dose and dem," and didn't dream about seeing "dem bums play ball again." I don't know of any actor who has less chee-chee about him than Humphrey Bogart. It was Bogie who, while he was working in an action picture with Raymond Massey, said, "I'll bet you that my double is braver than your double."

I sometimes wonder if Sonja Henie sleeps with her ice skates on, but I'm not going to find out . . . Bette Davis and Ida Lupino are the big dramatic actresses at Warners and I sure would like to see them together in a picture. They never speak to each other when they meet in the Green Room at the studio . . . Sonny Tufts can't be that coy and cute off the screen and if he is it must get very annoying for an entire evening . . . The best performance of the season, for my money, was given by Lana Turner and Turhan Bey at the Esquire Theatre. They were in the audience watching "Mayerling" and the love scenes between Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux were not so torrid as Lana and Turhan. The audience watched them instead of the picture . . . Merle Oberon is a nice person to talk to, for while talking to you she will take your hand and hold it in hers . . . I like Bob Hope's remark that Frank Sinatra wants to play a priest in a picture called, "I'm Going Your Way, Too."

I know that the autograph-seeker is supposed to be the avid movie-goer who must have his favorite celeb-

rity's signature either in a book or on a photograph. Yet, although you may not be aware of it, many of the celebrities themselves are autograph fans. Many an actor or actress has a wall at home covered with autographed pictures and all the producers and directors have a couple of autographed photos in their offices.

Mervyn LeRoy has a photo of Lana Turner, on which she has written, "You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied." Actors and actresses often trade autographed photographs. Dennis Morgan has a picture of Jack Carson which says, "To the idol of millions. Don't tell me where you're going to hang this. I know."

Don't believe that the movie players are reluctant to give their autographs. One day I saw a couple of people stop Maxie Rosenbloom and ask him for his autograph. Suddenly one of them spotted Walter Pidgeon across the street and they started to run toward him. "Hey, wait a



Do you mean to say Sonja even wears 'em sleeping?

minute," said Maxie, grabbing the book. "You asked for my autograph and you're going to get it!"

I know that Olivia de Havilland writes poetry, but she won't let anyone see it . . . I never believed I'd see Judy Garland walking with Wilson, but Judy's favorite walking companion is Alexander Knox and they go for strolls in the hills . . . I am puzzled by Helmut Dantine, for I can't fathom why he gets so many gals, but he does as big a wolf business as any wolf in town . . . Paul Henried may light cigarettes for movie heroines, but he's always asking someone for a cigarette at a party.

When I stroll about Hollywood, I always manage to drop into the Schwabadero. There the other evening I saw Marguerite Chapman, in make-up, at the soda fountain finishing her dinner. Maggie resides in the neighborhood and she stopped on her way home to have dinner. Maggie sits alone, eating and looking through a

for you!



Now it's Judy Garland and guess who, taking long walks in the hills

That man-in-the-know is here again—with some knowing notes on off-screen capers

by Sidney Skolsky



Private conversation: The lady, Kathryn Grayson; the admirer, Sidney Skolsky

magazine which she will carefully place back on the magazine stand when she finishes reading it. Then Marguerite Chapman will pay her check and go home and study her lines and go to bed so she can look well before the camera tomorrow. Some young men throughout the country, seeing her on the screen, will say to themselves, "Gee, I wish I could take her out." . . . But this is only one act of the floor show.

Richard English, the writer who has used many of the drugstore characters in his short stories, enters and says to proprietor Schwab, "You owe me half a dollar!" "What for?" English explains that he was in for dinner, that there wasn't a seat to be had at the counter and, being hungry, he went elsewhere to eat and it cost him fifty cents more than he would have paid for his dinner at the Schwabadero.

Then there is the Evelyn Moriarity performance. Evelyn is a chorine who stands out in Technicolor musicals. Evelyn has had dinner but wanders in to have dessert and also conversation with whoever happens to be present. "I'll have a dish of ice cream," Evelyn says to the girl behind the counter. "What flavor?" "Wait a minute," answers Evelyn, "until I see what I am wearing. I always have ice cream the same color as the dress I'm wearing. Then if I spill anything on it the stain won't show. I think strawberry would go well with this dress."

I am fond of considerate actresses and, regardless of some of the yarns you might have heard about Veronica Lake, I have always found her a considerate and charming person . . . I was present when someone told John Carradine that he was a fool to pose for his own photographs . . . I like the sign I saw on a bicycle over at RKO. It read, "Property of the Police Department. Please Do Not Steal."

For honesty, I refer you to the menu at Warners, for what used to be a ham sandwich is now listed as "An Academy Award Special" . . . The most amusing thing I ever saw on a set was when the day's work ceased on the filming of a musical at Metro. The chorines lined up and a man from the property department paraded by and, looking directly at their glamour, asked, "Yours or Metro's?" And if they were falsies they were placed in the basket and returned to the property department. But that's Hollywood for you!



Signs of the crimes

I'M LIKE THIS



by Brian Donlevy

Star of "An American Romance"

Kind of shy, kind of sure of what he wants, though.

A revealing self-study of a really grand guy

I'M a guy who loves to talk about himself—to himself. It's not an act with me, a slathering on of modesty. For the record, I never was a shrinking violet. I just don't happen to like to talk about me—except to me.

Just let someone say the word "interview" and I dry up—like a friend of mine on the local ration board when anyone sidles up to remark how short he is of gas.

Faced with an interviewer, the perspiration starts out on my forehead; I find my fingers getting into fists; my leg muscles bunch—that's how uncomfortable I get.

And all my reactions are wrong. I can't think of a thing to say. I hope desperately they'll ask me questions—and then squirm when they do. Then the thing comes out in print and I'm mad at everybody—including me.

The idea of writing about myself is just as bad. But I just thought of a trick on myself. I'm going to write about Brian Donlevy, me, the actor, as his best friend and severest critic.

You take a look at the Donlevy phiz and you wonder how he ever made a dime posing for collar ads. Yet he did—the rest of the models must have been on strike. He's not handsome. Rugged, yes, with features that, at their best, are pleasant. And a grin that seems to go down well. At least it's friendly.

Maybe that's a cue to the guy. He's friendly. A lot of people may not completely agree with that evaluation. In fact, a lot of Hollywood people think he's stand-offish.

That's because he's antisocial as far as parties are concerned. But look at it from his angle. He stays

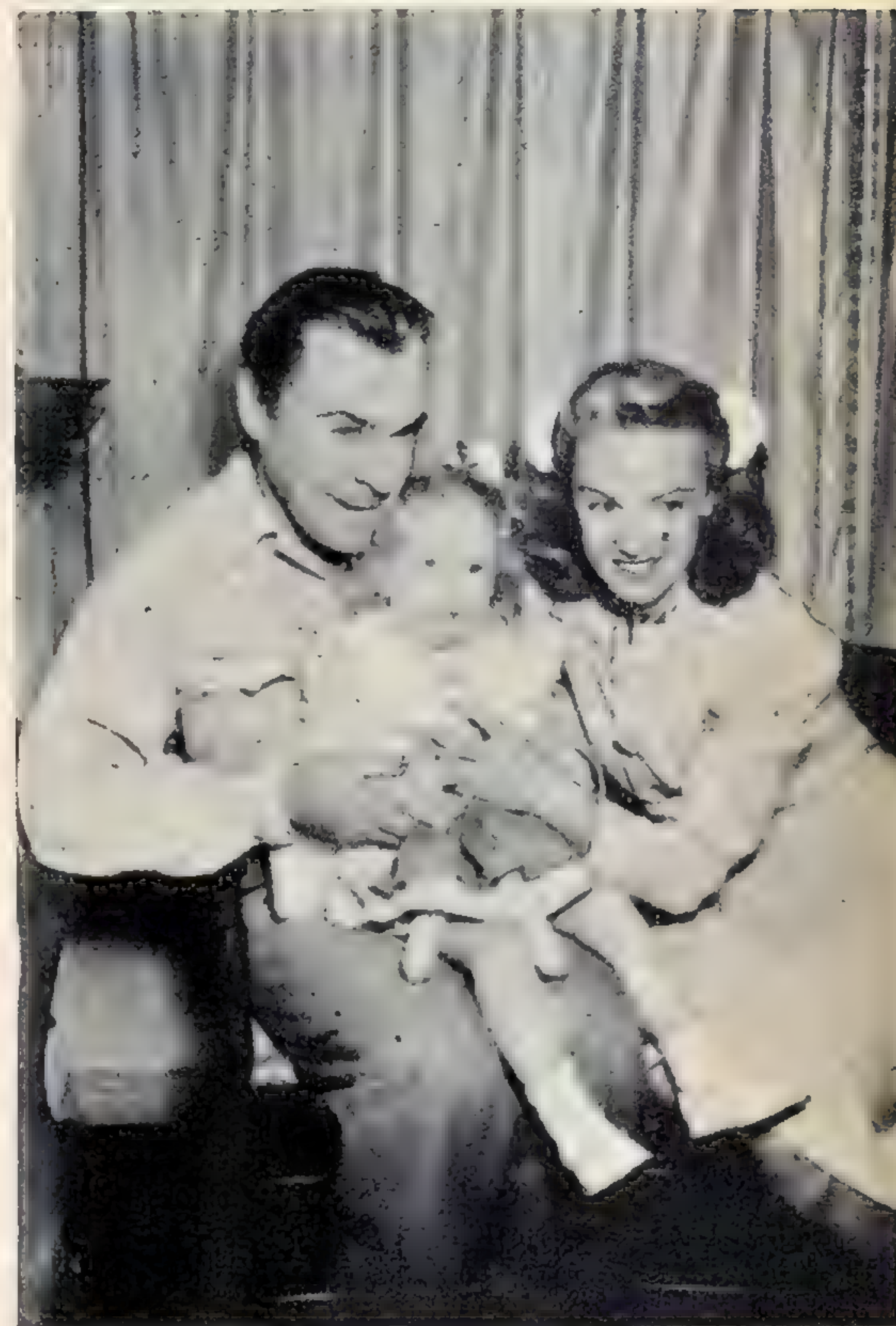
away from all parties on purpose. He was scared by a teacup as a boy. Imagine for yourself the boy Donlevy, already sporting those shoulders (the kindest thing that can be said of them being "massive"), feeling awkward and out of place in his Sunday suit. He was asked to balance a teacup on one knee—and a lace doily on the other. He knew he looked foolish. He did.

Parties are a strain and Donlevy is too lazy to search out new strains and stresses. He always thinks things are expected of him from other people at parties. He ought to be amusing—and sparkle for the nice guests and nice hostess. Well, sparkling is not up his alley. So he avoids parties and social functions like a case of chicken pox.

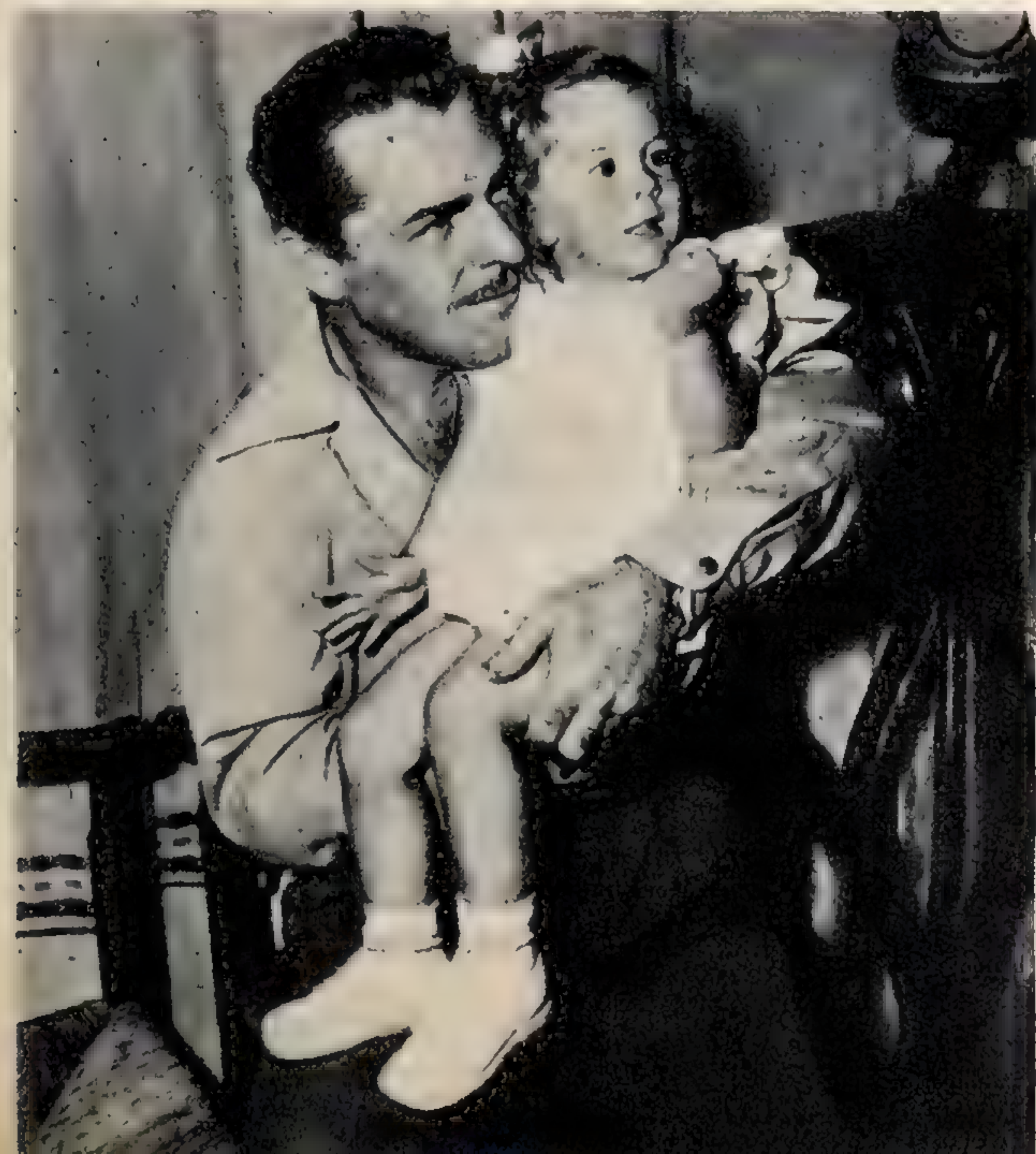
Donlevy is a settled married man. He's proud of that state. But he spent so many years wandering he clings to the anchor of home life. He revels in it. He's using it as a sort of bulwark against the adventuring he did before he met Mrs. Donlevy and settled down with her to married bliss. He's tired of thinking of those adventures. He thinks enough has been said about that period of his life and he'd just as soon forget it these days.

So he'll tell you about his house in Brentwood at the drop of a make-up box. He'll bore you with details about the size of the place, the way it's laid out for farming. He'll tell you about the Colonial architecture of the house, the way the den is arranged for lolling—when he has time to loll. He'll boast about how clever Mrs. Donlevy is at furnishing—how she gathers up old pieces and arranges them. (Continued on page 86)

And baby makes three—
for the perfect triangle



Most constant rave—baby daughter Judith Ann



Very married, very proud of Mrs. D.



At work in the workshop he built

"What I want

Van Johnson

Anyone as lucky as I've been shouldn't have the nerve to ask for anything for Christmas. I'm lucky to be here for Christmas.

When I recovered from that auto accident fifteen months ago I told myself that I'd had my share of good luck for a while—so, as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing I want for Christmas, for I have everything that matters—good health, a good job and good friends.

Of course I haven't, as yet, the one perfect girl—the wife who would make my bachelor house a home—but girls like that don't come on Christmas trees.

My Christmas wishes this year are for other people. For Dr. William Branch, the great guy who saved my life when I was smashed up, I'd wish for that vacation he's always talking about but never getting.

I'd like my dad to have a shiny new station wagon with white-wall tires and lots of chrome. I know it's impossible until the war ends.

While I'm wishing, I'll wish that my pal Keenan Wynn will get his Christmas wish—which is a chance to direct a motion picture.

And that's all, brother.



Greer Garson

My Christmas wish is one I know is echoed in the hearts of millions of other women—it is that my husband who is far away fighting—fighting with those millions of other longed-for men so that this world will not turn back into barbarism and darkness—will be home with me again, safe and well.

I wish I could hope to have Richard home this Christmas, but as a naval lieutenant aboard a U. S. destroyer in the Pacific, he will not be back, I know, until the Japanese, as well as the Germans, have been beaten.

This Christmas I shall have to be content with a Christmas letter from "somewhere in the Pacific," but it will be better than any other gift I could ask for if he tells me he loves me, aches to be home and is taking care of himself so that he can come back unharmed, and soon.

Pat O'Brien

If there weren't a war on, with the boys praying to get it over fast and come home—and their families praying for their safe return—

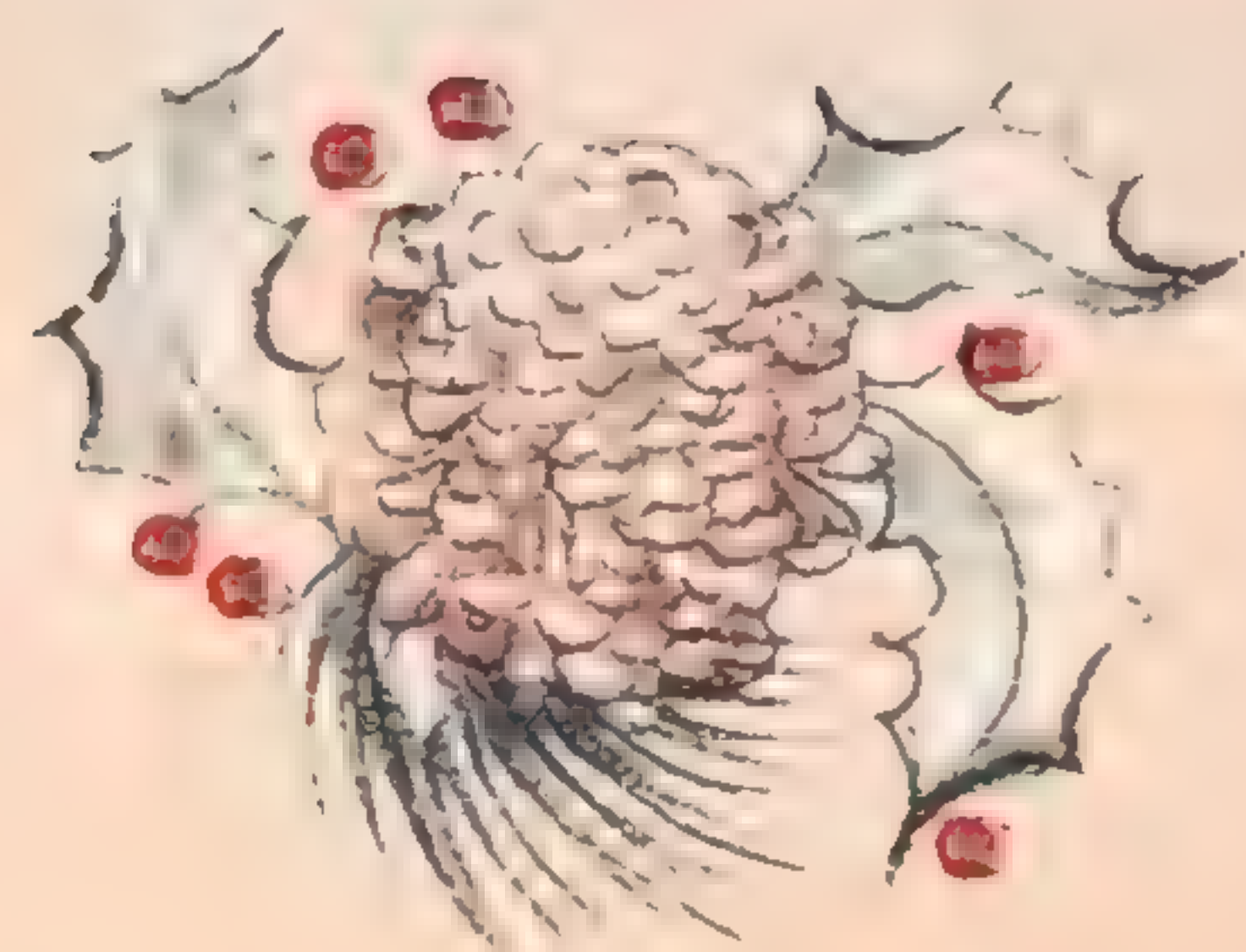
And if the most important thing in the world weren't that their prayers be answered—

If it weren't necessary to plunk every possible dollar, and even the impossible ones, into War Bonds—

Well, if then, we could permit ourselves to dream a little about less vital and more foolish things, I believe the thing I'd like for Christmas is a new meeting place for my Irish club.

I'd want it to be a big room, sound-proof and air-conditioned to whip out the cigar smoke. I'd like it rock-bottom comfort, with old easy chairs and a raft of tables everyone could put their feet on—and a good old gay-patterned rug that wouldn't show the cigar ashes. The ash trays, by the by, would have to be the two-foot-diameter variety—and plenty of 'em. And what a loaf it would be to have some push buttons handy for service—and a private phone just in case the meeting lasted too long and someone had to phone the little woman.

But why all this foolishness when we've got V-Day to ring up first? I'm putting this old wish-pipe out and waiting for another Christmas.



for Christmas

Some candid tinsel talk by
six stars with standout ideas



Shirley Temple

I was surprised when my brother Jack, who is in the Army Air Corps, and my other brother George, who is in the Marine Air Corps, wrote that they didn't want anything—not things anyway—for Christmas. All they wanted was a promise from me.

"Shirl," they said, "it would be a good Christmas for us if we knew that you planned to finish high school." They said they knew how hard it is to stick to one's studies when so many apparently more important things are going on. They knew it was a temptation for teen-agers to quit school altogether and take a job—a war job—to get it finished faster. They said that was one of the things the boys were fighting for. They were fighting so that our lives would not have to be disrupted. The grown-ups, they said, can handle the war.

I guess the thing that I would like most for Christmas is that laughter and fun would come back for all of us. It seems to me that in wartime so many people are worried about their sons and husbands and sweethearts, and that there isn't the same free feeling we used to have. And I guess there won't be until we are at peace. It is not that my friends and I don't have lots of fun. We do. But we all have the feeling that we have no right to enjoy ourselves thoroughly. I hope that when my little nephew Stanley reaches his sixteenth Christmas, he will not be looking forward to fighting another war.



Laird Cregar

If I were writing a letter to Santa Claus it would go something like this:

Dear Santa:

As one large man to another—surely you know what I mean when I say the only thing I want out of your pack is a new kind of screen role. Okay, I am not exactly a small guy. Neither are you. But do I have to be a mysterious and sinister oversized guy, year after year?

I know. You're typed, too. But nobody hates a jolly fat man, especially when he's so free and easy with the presents. But my kind! Little kids whimper when they pass me in the streets.

You've probably forgotten, Santa, but I used to be a comedian. Then somebody found out I had a pretty nasty leer in stock. I should have kept it a secret. I'm trapped now. Nothing can save me but a miracle, or a word from you, dear Santa, to the headman at my studio.

Put in a word for me, friend, and I won't even ask you for those extra red ration points I really need to keep up my strength.



Margaret O'Brien

I know exactly what I want for Christmas, and I'm afraid it's quite a lot. I hope Santa Claus hasn't put all his money into War Bonds, for I want a fur coat, a pin with rubies and diamonds in it and a soft quilted satin robe with high-heeled mules to match, and . . . and lots more.

I guess I shouldn't be so greedy.

But, you see, it isn't for myself I want all these expensive things. Christmas Eve is my mother's birthday and we always have a wonderful party around the tree. First Mama opens her birthday presents and then I open my Christmas presents. And we have a fire in the fireplace and most of the regular lights turned off so the tree can sparkle and I get to stay up very late—almost till ten o'clock—and it is so exciting!

My mother is so wonderful—I love her so much and I can't buy very much that's good enough for her with my dollar a week allowance and, gee, if Santa Claus would only arrange things so I could give her everything she wants, it would be a really wonderful Christmas.

Of course in case there is anything left over for me I would love to have a cuddly teddy bear, or a monkey, or maybe even a panda. I think pandas are cuter than any old doll. But I can save up for a panda if only Santa will help me get that fur coat.





Last-minute tie inspection
and off for a gay evening



I-hope-I-hope moment: Lon checks
up on the all-important gas situation

My G. I. Dates

Here's the way Lon does it—on budgeted time
and pay. A very popular private speaks up
and reveals who's who on his date list

BY PVT. LON McCALLISTER

(As told to Virginia Wood)

SINCE I've been back in town, Jeanne Crain and I have had a lot of fun reading about our "romance." We've read that we're about to be married, then that we're separating. It's all very amusing. Jeanne is one of the most wonderful girls I've ever known, but frankly, we're not contemplating marriage, nor are we engaged, nor are we even "hot and heavy," as one writer intimated.

The truth is—I've been out with Jeanne very few times, excluding luncheon dates. The premiere of "Wilson" was the first planned date we've ever had.

Jeanne has spent several week ends at my home, but I'm sorry to confess it wasn't a romantic interlude. She came down to swim and eat and listen to records. She likes Mom's cooking! Another time we went to dinner and a movie. The studio was actually responsible for our meeting when we made "Home In Indiana." Naturally, when we were on location we had our box lunches and dinners together, but as far as any real "dates" were



Sundae date on Saturday night: Lon with Jeanne Crain, about the most wonderful girl he knows

concerned, we just didn't have any.

I had lunch with Jeanne the first day I worked in "Winged Victory." We had a good laugh at all the stories that have appeared in the papers. One of these days, if I can promote a couple of passes now and then, we're going to try and catch up on some of these dates we're supposed to have had. Because, intriguing as the idea is, I'm in the Army now and not exactly a free agent. Besides, there's the money angle.

After the allotment check to my mother and my insurance are deducted, I have about \$21 a month left out of my salary. I have to live on that. And it takes a bit of doing. Because occasionally the best laid budget plans go berserk. Even a G.I. is human! Like the night Nancy Walker and I had a date, right after I got back to town. Mother had thoughtfully invited Nancy down for dinner. The cost of eating out these days is awful! And anyway, Mother is a wonderful cook. After dinner, Nancy and I decided we'd like to

go down to Venice—the beach that has all the concessions—which is my favorite haunt.

We had a wonderful time. We went on the roller coaster, took in the fun house and ended the evening by two goes on the bamboo slide. You know what that is—the fellow and girl sit on the same gunnysack and slide down like mad. It's sort of silly, but really a lot of fun. We couldn't resist the second slide and we were really happy when we left the beach. But when I got home and began to take a reading, it wasn't quite so funny. I'd spent about \$8 out of my \$21!

Actually, since I've been in the Army, I've had little time for dates, other than occasional post theater excursions with a bunch of the fellows, or a "night out for dinner" at one of the service clubs.

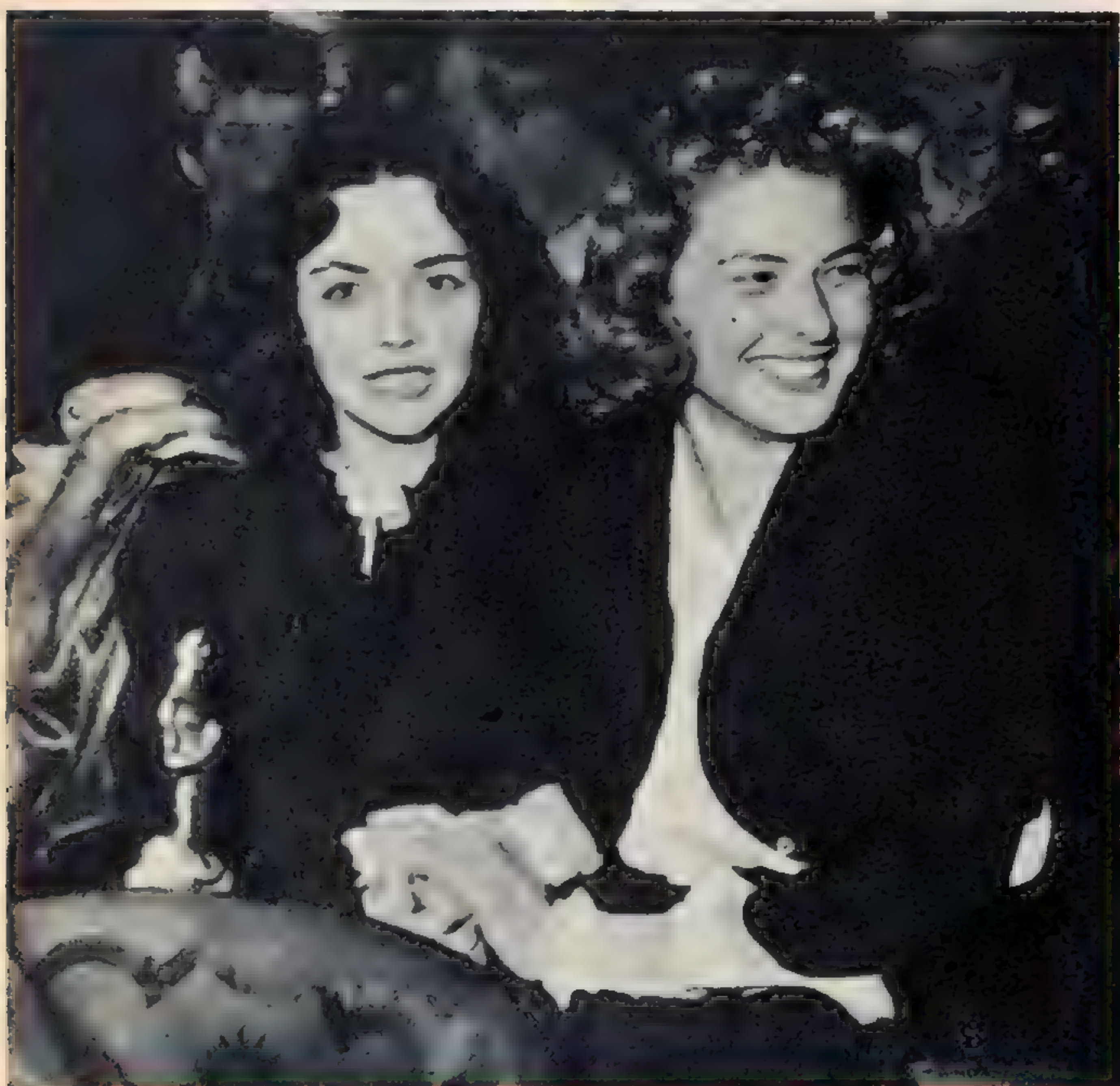
When I was taking my basic training at Camp Crowder, Missouri, I was quite literally dateless. I was out of the camp only twice during that initial six-week period, once to sell Bonds and again to

spend a lonely week end in Joplin, Missouri.

After basic, I went immediately into a WAC Recruiting Program which toured the 7th Service Command. We played colleges and universities where girls could be told the advantages of enlisting. And although I was with beautiful girls from the opening night until the first of June, I had few dates. Not because I didn't want to, but for the rather dull reason that I had no time. We played one-night stands throughout Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Colorado and Wyoming. When we weren't on the stage, we were moving scenery and traveling by G.I. bus to the next stop.

THERE was one memorable experience, though, in Northfield, Minnesota. We stayed at a small hotel on the bank of a river. After the evening performance and a late supper, I decided to go fishing. It must have been about one in the morning. Downstream, a few hundred feet, a carnival had (Continued on page 83)

Good loser: With award-winner Jennifer Jones



Social success: With the Cottens and George Cukor



Surgeon's wife: Ingrid and her Dr. Lindstrom



Bike enthusiast: A daily ride for a girl who loves the outdoors

Bergman

Bits and pieces to make the picture complete



COVER
GIRL

Personal history: Motherless at two, fatherless at twelve, Ingrid Bergman grew up with a family of cousins in Stockholm, Sweden—to win first an acting scholarship and then world-wide fame in the motion pictures of Sweden, Germany and (five years ago) America.

What fills her closet: Peasant clothes of all types—full-skirted dresses in every rainbow color; and bright embroidered blouses; and dozens of brilliant-hued buckskin moccasins. These last are flat-soled, handmade and trimmed with gay appliques in soft leathers. There are also camels-hair coats (every shade and hue) and evening gowns (ditto).

What she wouldn't wear on a bet: Severe dresses, high-heeled shoes, jewelry, hats and severely tailored suits—particularly the latter! In the picture "Spellbound" her complete wardrobe was one tailored suit—and her complete attitude toward it was sorrow!

The outfit she's symphonic about: An evening gown with a bouffant white georgette skirt and sleeves, a wine-red bodice—and wine-red velvet appliques tossed hither and yon on the floating skirt.

Favorite color: Red.

What she can cook the best: Anything Swedish. Swedish deserts, entrees, soups and salads appear like toothsome magic under her hands on the days when she pushes her cook out of the kitchen and goes to work herself.

Favorite flowers: Garden flowers—never hot-house blooms—worn



Siren: All dressed up for "Saratoga Trunk"

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

Spellbinder: Ingrid in "Spellbound"



Cheer-giver: Giving gifts to disabled service men



In Brief

—of cover girl Ingrid's prides and prejudices

gaily by every room in her house, but never worn by herself.

Pet between-meal snack: Ice cream—on sticks, in cones, or lolling on a saucer.

What she can do without: Dishonest people, unreliable people, artificial people and insincere people . . . and heavy classical music.

Music she's enthusiastic about: Folk music of all kinds—such as Russian, Hungarian, Scandinavian, South American—and American cowboy songs. In short, she loves any music that's characteristic of a country. She proves it by owning an enormous folk music collection of records and by singing folk songs whenever she's around her house.

Favorite role: Out of Bergman's ten American pictures, her pet role was the one she played in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"—in which, to her delight, she played a wicked woman instead of a fine one.

Closest friends in the glitter group: Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

Pet form of entertainment: Never restaurants, movie theaters or night clubs—but parties composed of the friends she likes best, in her own home or theirs.

Proudest achievement: The successful combination of a fine career and a perfect home life.

What she wants to be doing when fifty: Exactly what she's doing today—acting in Hollywood films and (Continued on page 85)



Charles, fond of a fast rhumba and naps



Mr. Dingle—that clever old codger with a sharp eye toward romance—is at it again!

COBURN—

The Monocled Cupid

CHARLES COBURN BY BARBARA BERCH

is the distinguished gent under the monocle, the chins, the corpulence and the balding mane who canters about the Hollywood sound stages filching pictures away from pin-up queens and leading men with wavy hair. Without a dimple in his chin he makes as much as Cary Grant—something like \$7500 every Thursday. Without a trick nose or an elbow-bender's following, he gets more laughs per square foot than W. C. Fields and Jimmie Durante combined and without a tonsil tremolo he has almost as many bobby-soxed darlings rooting for him as Sinatra.

How does he do it? It's no secret—especially to Coburn. He's an acting gem, he admits, and he says there should be more like him. Thus, he spends his off-time worrying about the state of the cinema when the old boys like him die off, one by one. "Where will they get actors to replace us?" he grieves. "How will sweater girls be able to carry their own pictures?"

Coburn's sixty-six, a widower, a cigar-smoker—and the No. 1 dream man of the after-forties. His dream-

man status was decisively established when the picture, "The More The Merrier" was exposed and subsequently won him the Academy Award for 1944. The star, Jean Arthur (who's plenty cute), and co-star, Joel McCrea (who's plenty handsome), sat back and understood when the phrase-makers key-noted the film with "This is the only picture with a 'dingle' in it."—Dingle, of course, being Charles Coburn.

He does it again in "The Impatient Years," climaxing a career in pictures that began with "Of Human Hearts," continuing with "Vivacious Lady," "The Devil And Miss Jones," "The Constant Nymph," "Heaven Can Wait," "Princess O'Rourke" and "Wilson." About twenty other hits carry the in-between sag. He's played comedy, in the main, but he can do heavier things, too, "like 'King's Row,'" he offers, "in which I cut up a lot of nice people in the name of the medical profession. That's 'heavy,' isn't it?"

His versatility, which lets him range from the humorous to the homicidal, is again chalked up to

that acting virus lodged in his intestines. "A great actor can play anything," he bellows, smugly. Then, bowing to the Dingle tingle, he stage-whispers: "And great parts make great actors."

Coburn's agent is a youngish chap named Irving Salkow, who was once a child extra in Coburn's "Merchant Of Venice" on Broadway. Irving, hungry for blood even then, decided to make his walk-on a stand-out and when the extras were cued to throw old shoes and bottles at Coburn (playing *Shylock*), Salkow heaved his prop boot squarely at Coburn's reciting noggin. *Shylock* reeled—but recovered in time to fire Salkow before the evening show. So Irving grew up to be Charley's ever-loving ten-percenter, collects close to a thousand dollars a week for the privilege—and the two of them go to prize fights, horse races and night clubs together. Strange chums—an actor and his agent!

When Salkow first started to peddle the Coburn talents to the picture makers, most of them put their fingers to their noses, swore "Shakespearean actors equal ham," and let the guy get (Continued on page 66)

Father Fitzgibbon it is: Sure and it's a nerve he has, stealin' scenes and tossin' the blarney



Barry, avid golfer and reader, at home



FITZGERALD—

The Shanghaied Irishman

FATHER FITZGIBBON of St. Dominic's Church is one of the most larcenous old codgers in the country—he had the audacity to steal a picture right from under Bing Crosby's nose!

The *Father Fitzgibbon* we're talking about is Barry Fitzgerald, the Abbey Theatre veteran whose performance of the wonderful old priest in "Going My Way" is one of the shining delights of the screen year, an almost certain Academy Award winner, and whose characterization brightens the shadows of "None But The Lonely Heart."

Barry remains completely unmoved by the shouts and the tumult. "Argh!" he says—and you have to use a brogue to pronounce that "Argh!"—"I'm no actor. I should never have given up me pension."

And strange as it seems, he means it. Here's a man who was a favorite in Dublin, London and New York long before Hollywood discovered him; who has now hit the jackpot with one of the richest roles of the year—and he regrets having given up an Irish civil service job which would have enabled him to retire, when he reached the age of sixty,

on a pension of about \$3250 a year.

The Irish of it, of course, is that money has nothing to do with his state of mind. No, what troubles Barry is his conviction—hold on to your seats, now!—that he isn't much of an actor. Compliment him on a performance and he will look at you with the wary eye of an OPA inspector being offered a cigar by an applicant for a B-book. How—he asks—can a man be a good actor when he's never taken a lesson in his life?

It's no use reminding him that half the stars in Hollywood would give their false fronts and toupees to be able to say they were graduates of the Abbey Theatre, that fabled institution where the play's always the thing and where a player may have the lead one week and be a butler the next. Barry's not to be cajoled. So far as he is concerned, he was shanghaied onto the stage, became a comedian by accident and has been living another man's life ever since!

It all goes back to a raw day in Dublin, thirty years ago, when a young clerk in the Board of Trade—William Joseph Shields by name—

BY FRANK S. NUGENT

stepped into a bar and ordered a "dhrop of the craiture." As he

waited for his drink, he glanced around and recognized the man standing next to him as Fred Harford, an actor he had seen the night before at the Abbey. Now, in Dublin an actor is not regarded with the awe in which he commonly is held on this side of the Atlantic. His autograph is solicited only when he is signing a bar check and he never is asked for his favorite recipes, or whether he sleeps in pajamas, or what constitutes an ideal wife.

Consequently, Mr. Harford was gratified when the newcomer addressed him by name. He was delighted when Mr. Shields mentioned seeing his performance. He was overcome when the clerk paid him the extraordinary compliment of saying, "Ye weren't too bad, ye know." Nothing would do, after that, but for Mr. Shields to be his guest backstage for the performance that night. And Mr. Shields agreed. What the clerk hadn't counted on—nor, in all probability, had Harford—was that the play called for a crowd scene: The (Continued on page 66)

The truth about

HOLLYWOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

You're due for a surprise on which stars make the best—and the worst — dust-and-dinner scores in their homes

THE truth about Hollywood housekeepers is that the two best in town are not ladies, but gents. A girl whom you probably never think of in this regard is the most imaginative. Equally the delicious doll you'd fancy would shed glamour over even a fried egg is a very low contender in the table-setting stakes. The broad truth is that when Hollywood housekeepers are good, they are very, very good. When they are bad, they are at least personally beautiful, but by and large they are simply indifferent.

By housekeepers Fearless does not mean party-givers. These latter are something else again, whipped up in equal parts out of money, caterers and the persistent urge for a big splurge.

No, by housekeeping is meant the daily living routine, that business of planning dinner every night and not too much chicken Sundays while you catch up on red points. It's that stuff about seeing that the kids get to school on time; of making sure that after the laundry goes out, it also comes back; that the window sills are kept dusted, the cook kept happy and that life is made delightful for both family and friends.

Irene Dunne is a dream housekeeper. Due to the servant shortage, she no longer can have breakfast in bed, the only housekeeping

luxury in which she used to indulge herself. Now she eats at table, morning, noon and night, but at breakfast her pad and pencil is ready beside her. She consults the cook on menus. They discuss the night there will be guests, the evenings there will be only "family." Irene writes down menus, shopping lists and orders. She has days for everything; a day for upstairs cleaning, one for downstairs, a morning for cleaning linen closets, another for the windows. No food goes to waste in her spotless kitchen. The night after the Griffins eat roast, they have hash. Being devout Catholics, on Fridays there is always fish.

Everything for "Missy," their beautiful child, is planned down to the final dot. Her vitamins, her naps, her playtimes are all perfectly balanced. Irene oversees all this, no matter how crowded her studio shooting schedule may be.

Decorated in a "French" mood throughout, the Griffin house is formal, and thus not very imaginative, but note that it is the Griffin house, not the Dunne residence. To guarantee that Dr. Griffin does not feel engulfed by an all-professional crowd, Irene sees her acting friends at the studio, Dr. Griffin's friends at home. It works out wonderfully.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were certainly never



Fred MacMurray might have a few points to make on how Lillian keeps their house

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck change the time—but not their ideas on eating



Ever have a yen to have dinner with Hedy? Ask John Loder about the Lamarr menus

BY *"Fearless"*

equals in the box-office sense, but at home, before Gene was in service, there was always a feeling of complete camaraderie and equality. That "MacRaymond" tag was more than a play on words. It was, and is, a fact. Jeanette goes into the indifferent class of housekeepers and doesn't give a hoot. Their house is big and casual. So, too, are the meals and service. Their food is very undistinguished, despite the production that Gene makes of "coffee diable" after dinner. Jeanette wouldn't be the least surprised if you discovered dust on things. She would take it as a joke. But it is no joke to her that home is something to be lived in, at all times, in any manner so long as it is comfortable.

The Alan Ladds have this kind of casual housekeeping, too, allowing for everything being fixed around one personality. Susie lives for Alan. Alana lives for Alan. The servants live for Alan. Make no mistake on all that. Dinner may come on the table too early or too late, but nobody cares so long as certain menu rigidities are observed. Alan likes to eat red meat, so they eat red meat. Alan doesn't eat lamb, so no lamb. Alan loves big, gooey desserts, so in come big, gooey desserts and give no talk, if you are a guest, that you are dieting and not eating des- (Continued on page 67)



You might find Irene Dunne making hurried notes if you called in the morning

There's only one other set-up in town like that of Janet Gaynor and Adrian



What's all the whispering about—a military secret, or what Jeanette MacDonald will serve?

What should I do?

**YOUR PROBLEMS
ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

We write to you in hope that you may solve this time-old triangle problem for us. We are two young men, twenty-four and twenty-seven, in the service of the U. S. Marines stationed in the South Pacific. We were unknown to one another until we arrived here and found we were receiving mail from the same girl in San Diego.

When we found this out we talked over the situation and found that we were both very much in love with this girl, and from her letters which we shared, she professed to be very much in love with us.

She does not know that we are acquainted with one another. Our liberties in San Diego were so staggered that she was able to date both of us. We both love her very much and would still go back to her if she would choose between us.

Can you tell us what to do? Should we write to her or should we try to forget she ever existed? Out here where we frantically hold on to memories of the past this problem is very serious.

Orien B.
Angus McL.

Dear Mr. B and Mr. McL:

This is only my opinion, of course, and I'm a little reluctant to "Tell It To The Marines," but I would strongly suspect that if this girl has written so dili-



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

I have been receiving many letters from Photoplay readers treating of problems that I am most anxious to answer. But I have not been able to incorporate them in this column, since they do not carry the writers' full names and addresses. I should like to remind readers that in order for a letter to be eligible for an answer here it must carry a name and address—but that all names of writers are changed if the letter is published. I hope that you are finding this column helpful and that you will continue talking things out with me. Just address me in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California.

much
Claudette Colbert

gently to both of you boys, declaring her love, it is entirely possible that she has also been wafting her heart by mail to the Army, the Navy and even the Coast Guard. She is probably trying to do her patriotic duty by writing to every man in service whom she meets.

Aren't you lucky, since you both say you love her, that both of you didn't marry her before you went overseas? If I remember my daily paper correctly, such things have happened.

I think it would be a waste of time to tell her to choose between you; why don't you just enjoy her letters and let it go at that?

Also, why don't you look around amid some of your other letters and write to a home-town girl?

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl sixteen years of age. I live with my grandmother and my sister.

When I was two years old and my sister was two months old, our mother died and our father practically deserted us. He told our grandmother that if she would take care of us he would pay her \$30.00 a month. (Continued on page 63)

NEW

"Pink Lightning"

FACE POWDER

Texture! Cling! Fragrance! You expect all these things in fine face powder. And rightly so. The new Revlon Face Powder, of course, gives you all three . . . *and more!*

For really, it's COLOR that changes your complexion from wan ivory to shell pink . . . from a despondent tan to a glowing tan . . . from sallowness to radiance. Yes, it's color that makes the difference.

And who knows more about color than Revlon? It's been said, "When Revlon brings out a new shade in nail enamel and lipstick the whole nation's fingertips and lips change color."

Now it's "Pink Lightning," Revlon's new face powder color, that's changing the complexion of the nation.

So why don't you try this singing new face powder color today . . . one of 9 custom-made Revlon blends and see the instant improvement in *your* looks!

A N O T H E R S T R O K E O F C O L O R G E N I U S B Y R E V L O N



THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN FACE POWDER IS COLOR BY

Revlon

Photoplay's COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Paging the stars for the Service! The boys and girls in uniform requested these specially posed pictures. Photographer Hymie Fink took them. Here are the results!



S. C. 1/C Clifford B. McAlister, stationed at a Naval hospital in New River, North Carolina, says, "I have been in the Navy two and a half years and Joan Blondell has always been my favorite 'pin-up' girl. I'm sending my picture and I hope you can reproduce it with Joan in the speedboat with me. There is nothing I'd like better for a 'pin-up' picture." Here she is, Clifford, all set to take a fast spin around your favorite lake in that speedboat



Cpl. Leonard C. Hamner, who is located in a rather isolated part of England, writes: "Will you please send me a picture of Bonita Granville just being her pleasant, smiling, young, vivacious self—or Bonita laughing at a snapshot of me. My home town is Rochester, New York, where all the good film comes from. It's also famous for its lilacs." Request granted, Corporal!

Cpl. L. C. Hamner
Army Mail Clerk.



Sgt. Crichton,
RCAF



From a Canadian pilot, Sgt. A. R. Crichton, comes a request for "Turhan Bey with a cherry coke in his hand, because my girl and I were both drinking cherry cokes when we met. It's Turhan Bey's favorite drink, too." Sgt. Crichton's girl is Mary Lou Coons and they both come from Hamilton, Ontario. Turhan was happy to oblige, Sergeant (he really does like them), for you and your girl

Girl of the Moment

(Continued from page 32) change of plans, practically the motivating force that sent her into the theater in search of a job, so that she could save enough money to study medicine.

When she was well enough to be back in high school, up in Lucerne, Westchester County, New York, where she was born and raised, somebody took her to see Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee."

That did it. Somebody could dance like that. Somebody could move and leap and make music and movement one, somebody exhibited all the grace that she had thought existed only in her lonely, hungry little imagination. It wasn't just a dream. It was real—Fred Astaire's dancing feet made it come true.

Of course she couldn't afford to go to see him every night the way she wanted to. Much too expensive. Even when she saved her pennies and sat in the gallery she couldn't go as often as she wanted to. But again in the quiet lonely years, her mind had learned to grasp impressions, to hold onto them and to live them not just the one time they happened but over and over.

"When my school friends came to see me," June said, "it was such a wonderful occasion and I enjoyed it so much. Then when they had to go away and I was alone—why, I'd live it all over again and again. I guess children always do that but I did it more than most."

So she was able to make a sort of memory film of Astaire's dancing, and she got the phonograph records and from that memory film started in to learn to dance all by herself. Her short life had taught her that what you want you have to work for, her short life with its tragic years after the accident had toughened her up, in a way. Even being on her feet, she'd done the hard way.

And so she combined the two—her desire to repay her gift to others, the gift the miracle of medicine and surgery had performed for her, by being a doctor—and her dancing was a means to that end.

"I'm going to apply for a job in a New York show, in the chorus," she told her chums in high school and when they laughed at her, her stubborn little jaw came out and she glared at them.

Down she went and applied for a job in the chorus of a musical show which didn't last very long, as it happened, though June swears it wasn't her fault.

Standing in the wings with about a hundred other girls, she tried to conceal her nervousness, tried to pretend she wasn't a sophomore in high school. When the director called her, she went out onto the stage, trying to pretend she knew all about it.

"Do you sing?" the director said.

"Oh yes," said June Allyson.

"Well, tell your piano player to go ahead then," he said.

That was the first time June had ever heard of a piano player. She didn't know that girls applying for jobs in the chorus always brought some music of their own, some songs they'd learned and somebody to play their accompaniments.

"I like singing without music," said little Miss Allyson, "you can hear me better."

Halfway through the director stopped her. He said, "Do you dance?"

"Yes," said June.

"Do that without music, too?" the director said.

"Of course," said June.

"Well, get on with it," the director said.

Nor had she known that girls work out special routines, not just the ordinary steps, but full of, if possible, unusual rou-

MARIA MONTEZ, STARRING IN
"QUEEN OF THE NILE"
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
IN TECHNICOLOR



Maria Montez Romance comes A-running to her Hands

YOU: *If I could only have such alluring-soft hands!*

MARIA MONTEZ: And why not—if you'll use Jergens Lotion.

YOU: *Really, now—do you use Jergens, Miss Montez?*

MARIA MONTEZ: Of course! I always use Jergens.

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Jergens Lotion furnishes softness-guarding moisture for your skin. Persuades even harsh hands to dream-girl smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Divine to use! No stickiness. So—

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ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION



tines. So she began to dance. This time he didn't stop her. Most of the other girls he had stopped after a few steps, but June danced on and on and on until finally she thought she was going to fall on her face.

"Got a finish for that?" the director said, and June got her breath enough to say, "Yes, sir." "Well, get on with it," he said, and she did.

By that time he knew that she'd never been in a show and that she didn't have the faintest idea what she was doing. But he must have seen something in her because she was one of eight girls picked for the show.

"It's a good thing it didn't run very long," June says with a chuckle, "because I had to go back to high school."

NEXT time she went after a job it was "Very Warm For May." And there her comedy talents were unexpectedly discovered. She isn't very tall now—about as big as a pint of milk—but then she was two inches shorter, and she was "on the end" of the chorus line. The costume in the first number had a big hat on top of it and June was so little and the hat was so big that she got mixed up with it—and the audience laughed. So they kept that bit in the show and gave her the other comedy bits and—from there she went on to "Panama Hattie."

"You'd never think measles would give you your break in life, would you?" June says wistfully. "Not mine. Betty Hutton's. If Betty Hutton hadn't had measles—of course they're not very serious—I didn't want her really to be sick, not bad, but when you're an understudy—well, you know how it is."

That was in "Panama Hattie."

Being in the chorus, June Allyson had decided, wouldn't ever get you where you wanted to go. Wouldn't ever earn money enough to put away in the bank. You had to get a chance to show what you could do. From the night the show opened, even during rehearsals, June had watched Betty Hutton.

"I thought it was so wonderful to make people laugh like that," she said to me. "I thought it was the greatest thing I'd ever seen. I used to watch her every night all the time from the wings, and I'd see people out there looking tired and depressed, you know how faces look

sometimes, and then Betty would come on and they'd perk up and pretty soon they'd be laughing and happy and forgetting their troubles. So one day I got up my courage and went to Mr. De Sylva—he wrote and produced the show and somehow you weren't ever afraid of him—and asked him if I could understudy Betty Hutton.

He didn't think much of the idea. They had another understudy, but he said if I wanted to learn the numbers to go away and do it and when I thought I could do them to come to him and he'd give me an audition.

"So," said June Allyson with a grin, "I went over in the corner for five minutes and then came back and he said something like what-the-hell, do you think you know them already and I said yes Mr. De Sylva, and so he laughed and said go ahead and then he let me understudy Betty Hutton."

THINGS broke for June Allyson then. Because Betty Hutton got the measles "nothing very bad," as June put it, and June went on in her place and out in front that very night were Arthur Freed, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's top producers, and the Broadway playwright and producer George Abbott.

Both of them saw June Allyson. They saw she had something, they saw she was little and cute and she could dance and sing, but they also saw right then that she was a lot of rare combinations—she was pretty and funny, which doesn't usually go together. And she was funny and somehow kind of heartbreaking all at once.

When the curtain went down, both of them were at the stage door asking for June Allyson—and they all got together and agreed June should do Mr. Abbott's "Best Foot Forward" on Broadway first, and then go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for pictures.

They agreed.

But it was, though they didn't know it, quite a while before June Allyson agreed.

Because though they didn't know it—nobody knew it except June—she wasn't dancing and singing and being funny in order to have a stage career or become a movie star. She wasn't learning all the time and working long extra hours prac-

ticing Betty Hutton's numbers a thousand times or more, wasn't planning and using her wits to get the breaks so that someday her name would be up in electric lights.

Not for one moment had she wavered in her determination, not once had she lost sight of her goal. If she got a break, she got more money. If she was featured, if she had a little song of her own, a dance number of her own, it meant more pennies in her pay envelope and that meant more dollars eventually in her bank account and that meant that pretty soon she'd have enough to give up the stage and go to medical school.

That ambition was still with her when she came to Hollywood and, as far as we know, June Allyson is one of the very few girls who ever hit this motion picture world with no definite determination to be a movie star. Few others ever intended to use Hollywood as a stepping stone to another profession.

I don't know, because I don't think she does, when June Allyson changed her mind. But somewhere in the two years since she has been on a studio lot the change took place.

I WOULD hesitate a long time to tell you this part of the story if I weren't sure it was true, if all the evidence didn't bear me out, because it is so unlike any other Hollywood story of success I've ever encountered.

Her success on the lot was remarkable. They gave her small parts—ordinary little routines to do. And then producers or directors saw the rushes—and rewrote the stories—and little by little June had more to do than anybody intended. For instance, she wasn't supposed to co-star with Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven in "Two Girls And A Sailor." She wasn't supposed to have half as much to do in "Music For Millions"—her first straight dramatic part—as the final picture showed.

Her simplicity, her directness, and that inner thing she has to offer just came out. Perhaps because she was so relaxed, perhaps because she wasn't burning with ambition. Little by little, everybody was talking about June Allyson. You heard her name all over the lot. Important people would say, "There's a girl who really has something." Plans for her future were made, stories bought for her, and—suddenly June Allyson woke up to the fact.

The glamour didn't go to her head, Hollywood didn't fascinate her. Today she lives in the same attractive little apartment out in Westwood that she took when she first came here. If you see her shopping in Beverly Hills she will be driving a little convertible and wearing a peasant skirt and a frilly white blouse and a blue kerchief tied over her blonde hair. The same housekeeper takes care of her and her little home and the time she buys clothes is when she's done a radio show and has an extra check.

"I—I guess I haven't quite gotten over saving to go through medical school," June says. "I made it a habit so many, many years—I didn't let myself do things because I wanted to get on with the main business of going to school—and so I just go on living the same way."

Nobody knows what it cost June to give up the ambition that had been the guiding star of her life, the very mainspring of her existence, almost her religion.

But somewhere it came to her that she couldn't have been so successful in her work as an actress and an entertainer just for money. That sort of flabbergasted her, even though at first she tried to explain it by the fact that the money had been to achieve her dream. That didn't answer it either.



Camera catch: Dick Powell and June Allyson take in the "Winged Victory" premiere

Then one night she was thinking about it, and she remembered the way people's faces lighted up when they watched Betty Hutton. For a week she went around to movie theaters all by herself. She didn't look at the pictures, she watched how the audiences were lifted out of themselves and saw how they were influenced.

June doesn't put it into words, except in a vague way here and there. But the truth is that she came to think that people's minds and hearts and maybe even their souls needed doctors as much as their bodies. She faced the fact that apparently she had a gift for the profession of acting and entertaining and—"Maybe I wouldn't have been a good doctor at all," she says wistfully. "Anyway, I don't think I would have been so lucky in this business if I'd been meant to be something else."

Maybe if she hadn't had that ideal of service, maybe if she hadn't had that working philosophy of gratitude for life, that joy at being able to dance, that wonderful inside happiness that makes her love to sing—she wouldn't have been so "lucky" in the motion-picture business.

And I'm quite sure if she hadn't had that tragic struggle as a kid she wouldn't have had the look in her eyes that made me pick her as a great star of the future.

THERE'S something characteristic about June's first love affair.

She was ten and in the hospital then, and there was a little boy who was ten and whose name was Tommy. On sunny days they used to be wheeled up on the roof and so they began to talk to each other and at last they fell in love.

Tommy had a big piggy bank and whenever his relatives came, they'd drop in pennies, dimes or even "folding money."

Being in love, Tommy wanted to do something for the little blonde girl whom they had told him would never walk again. So he let her hold the piggy and take it down to her room at night.

But—Tommy got well first and went home and—June hid the piggy bank.

"It's haunted me ever since," June Allyson said. "There was \$16.75 in it. Wasn't it an awful thing to do? I loved Tommy and I wanted to keep the piggy bank because he gave it to me. But then afterwards—there I was with all his money and I didn't know his last name and I don't now—but I wish I could find him because I've still got the piggy bank. I wouldn't give him that—it's my treasure—but I would like to pay back the \$16.75."

So if Tommy reads this story maybe he will recognize the little girl in the wheel chair as the star of motion pictures—and if so he can come and collect his \$16.75, but not his piggy bank.

Nowadays she goes out occasionally with Van Johnson and they have fun together at parties for, as her partner in "Two Girls And A Sailor," he is part of her success story. She was once thought to have a budding interest in John Hodiak because, as she said, "he is so unactorish."

It may be this very "unactorish" quality which first attracted her to Dick Powell. They, too, were in a picture together, "Meet The People." But it wasn't the picture that did the trick; it was their mutual enthusiasm for boats and swimming and a love of simple things. I do not believe theirs is a burning romance, if indeed it is a romance at all. But it is a wonderfully heartening friendship to both; the man who has suffered a deep shock in his own life, the girl who has known great discouragement in hers.

Surely the discouragement is over for her now as she dances on the doorstep of good fortune. For she has earned that fortune richly.

THE END

Glamorous
Joan Blondell
 Famous Hollywood
 Screen Star
 says:



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Joan Blondell

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ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Don't Marry a Stranger

(Continued from page 37) disappointed and surprised. I must be honest. Otherwise there is no point in my writing this at all.

Earlier it had been agreed, you see, that I could not give up my career until Tommy was out of service and established in business, since it was reasonable to suppose this transition would take time and involve a period of little or no income.

Tommy and I had two days together after our wedding. Then I left, with Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye, for Africa. I was on a USO tour, you know. Three weeks later I returned to England and Tommy and I had another week and a half. Both interludes were as exciting and sweet as honeymoons always are when you're young and madly in love.

More than ever Tommy and I were convinced we had been made for each other.

When I came back to California I wrote Tommy every day, often two and three times a day. I learned how to market and how to cook. I shopped for underwear, shirts and robes for him. I went out with no one but his friends. And all the time I dreamed of the future Tommy and I would build together.

Then Tommy, having completed his overseas duty, cabled me he would be in New York in July. I threw over jobs right and left. Nothing must interfere with my marriage. It didn't matter that his home-coming was postponed and I waited from July to September for him. I was a wife before I was anything else—and that was exactly how I wanted it.

During our few weeks in New York Tommy and I had, for the most part, a glorious time. However, when he was sent to a restricted island off Texas and I entrained for California I found myself depressed and insecure remembering two or three quarrels. Among other things Tommy hadn't liked my criticism. Such quarrels, before we were married, would have been nothing. We would have short-circuited the first anger they generated with protestations of greater devotion. But when you are married it is different. It seems sometimes as if a marriage license is also a license to hurt a husband's or wife's feelings. Curious, isn't it? Because before you marry you have far less to protect. But that is the way it is—let's face it.

In November Tommy was detailed at Mitchel Field. I planned a visit so perfect that the misunderstandings we had had would be forever forgotten.

A first Christmas together is something all the people in love cherish. I made up my mind to have a tree and holly in our hotel windows. I had dozens of little packages for Tommy, among them a beautiful money clip with his favorite picture of me enameled on it.

Just before I left for the train I had a wire from Tommy telling me not to come, as he wouldn't be in New York for the holidays. He may have thought he would have so little free time that I would be lonely. I never quite found out. However, thinking possibly his plans might change, I thought I might as well go on. I had my studio make reservations at the hotel I usually stop at in New York.

I had a miserable time and I'm afraid Tommy did too. We spent Christmas and New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, which also is my birthday, apart. We had quarreled. I stayed with a girl friend in her apartment and checked my hotel regularly to see if Tommy had called. But Tommy, also lonely, had gone with a friend to the country.

I sent my money clip to him by a messenger on Christmas Eve and forgot the silly presents. By return messenger I

received his present, a beautiful topaz ring.

OUR quarrels began the day I arrived when Tommy, in New York to my surprise, telephoned and came for lunch with me. He wanted me to pack and stay with him at his hotel downtown. He protested he couldn't afford the hotel where I was stopping, although that is where we had stayed before—without argument.

"It's part of my job, as you know, to maintain certain appearances," I protested. "This is one of the things I warned you about—remember? Besides, up here we can come and go as we please. No one will pay any attention to us."

I am sure there was hurt in my voice. Before we had married Tommy had been able to manage a suite at the Savoy in London, more than once. And surely he knew that as far as I personally was concerned it didn't matter where I lived if we could be together. I had loved the little room we had shared in the English countryside, laughed at his apologies for it.

"I've had enough of being the guy Carole Landis married," he told me.

I didn't believe that in these times a motion-picture actress could overshadow a young man who had fought as a pilot



"Of course, I'm spending Christmas at home!"

She'll have a grand holiday season too! It will be like Christmases before, except that her sweetheart won't be there. She feels it's wrong to travel with thousands of lonely service men and women having short holiday furloughs and thousands more of our wounded being shipped to hospital bases.

Follow her example. Do your traveling in dreams of a post-war world which will be better because you stayed home today and gave Uncle Sam your trip!

overseas and attained a majority in the Air Corps. I said so.

Tommy maintained his room in the midtown hotel and I maintained my reservations uptown. However, I did stay at his hotel; but the personnel there, the switchboard operators, elevator men, waiters and the crowds in the lobby gave us no peace and Tommy agreed it was impossible for us to stay and have any privacy. So he visited at my hotel for a few days. With this wrong basis between us we quarreled more frequently and more bitterly than ever before. Nothing either of us could do was right. We were learning, too late, that we both had faults and personal characteristics which were intolerable to the other. The time to discover such things, of course, is before marriage.

When I returned to California I felt as though my world was falling away. For a year and more I had thought of life only

in terms of Tommy and myself loving each other. Any doubt on this score made me feel rootless and insecure.

However, in spite of the destructive effect we had upon each other, I held to my halcyon picture of Tommy and myself in love. I reminded myself how difficult it is for a man to be married to a girl in pictures. I assured myself Tommy wouldn't take certain aspects of my profession so seriously later on. I relived, over and over, the sweet moments we had known together.

I think Tommy went through pretty much the same process. His letters, like mine, were self-accusing, apologetic for angry words and filled with promises that we would love each other always. Whereupon, we both began to look forward to the next time we could be together.

It came in March when Tommy spent a week's furlough with me in California. We had a beautiful time and not one angry word passed between us. So there would be no opportunity for criticism of my friends, Tommy and I spent this time alone. Trying to be a perfect wife—and loving it—I cooked dinner every night, except the night we went dancing, alone, at Mocambo. I set myself to be what I thought Tommy wanted me to be.

Only after he left did we realize we had been acting a part the entire time we were together. And in the same moment, with a sickening sense of shock, I knew it might be all right for us to do this for the duration of a furlough but that we couldn't possibly do it for an entire lifetime.

PERHAPS because of this reaction we both were too individual the next time we met. Things didn't go well. Our letters were not the love letters of old. Instead they asserted what we both felt to be our individual rights. We lived through the old pattern of quarrels and reconciliations. In our letters and telephone conversations we would agree it was hopeless to continue and then agree to try again.

When I left on a USO tour to the South Pacific, Tommy, again at home with me in California, sent me beautiful flowers and a note I always will cherish, for in it he recaptured something of the fine generosity we knew for each other when we first met and fell insanely—there's no other word for it—in love. Our last quarrel occurred when I came home. When it was over there was no going back, no trying again. Tommy left our apartment and went to his quarters on the field. And when he called on the phone neither of us had the heart to pretend that we had a fighting chance. There was only one thing to do—call it quits before we hated each other and no longer remembered how beautiful it once had been.

It hasn't been easy to put this on paper. I often have needed to take courage from the fact that, by being honest about my impulsive war marriage, I might save other girls from making the same mistake.

Life today is not normal. Always uncertain of tomorrow we reach out greedily for the hour in which we live. Especially if a man is in the armed services. "Hurry! Hurry! Claim every emotion. Take your love where you find it. Tomorrow we may die!" If we don't think this consciously, we think it subconsciously.

However, most of the time tomorrow comes. And unless we discipline ourselves to stand clear of war emotionalism we doom those tomorrows to being poorer, lonelier and more bitter days than they otherwise might be.

Above all, in these times, take care not to marry a stranger!

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 56) From that day to this he has never sent her one dime.

Recently he wrote to Grandmother saying that now that we are old enough to work we should come to live with him and his second wife. We think that, as our grandmother has taken care of us all these years, it is our duty to stay here with her, as she is getting quite old.

Can he make us leave her?

Elsie Anne T.

Dear Elsie Anne:

You are quite right in wishing to remain with your grandmother.

Recently we had much the same sort of case arise here in Hollywood in connection with Edith Fellows. She had been reared by her grandmother, loved and cared for in every way. When another relative sought to take her, the case was taken to court and the judge awarded custody to Miss Fellows' grandmother.

If this problem should become serious, simply consult your local district attorney. You have nothing to fear.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and a very unhappy girl. My mother and father were divorced when I was very young and mother never remarried. She has few friends and wants me to remain with her constantly.

I am a graduate of high school. My job in a defense plant is monotonous work. Being dissatisfied with my job, having to listen to constant nagging from my mother and trying to recover from the shock of losing my fiancé—he was killed in action in March—I think I'll go crazy.

I sit and cry for hours at a time. My mother says it is better to have lost Roy than to have married him and been disillusioned, but that isn't much comfort.

Frezia W.

Dear Miss W:

First, may I extend to you my sincerest sympathy? There are many girls like you all over the world today. You, like the others, will have to stop crying as soon as possible, put back your shoulders and try to go courageously forward. You are only nineteen, and your entire life lies before you, to be made into something fine and worthwhile.

As you are unhappy in your present work, why not apply for a transfer? Don't give up your defense work. It is more important than ever before. You are doing, in your way, as much as a man driving a jeep through a jungle. Make it clear to your mother that you must have companionship in your own age group.

Perhaps you can improve your home-life by helping your mother to ignore her own unhappiness. Telephone her from the factory some noon and ask her if she will meet you for dinner, then go to a movie. This need not be an expensive outing. Try to think up little surprises for her on payday. Nothing expensive, but some small thing to assure her of your love and thoughtfulness. And, as mothers are noted for their response to attention, she will undoubtedly adopt a more cheerful attitude and help you through your own reconstruction period.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was born the right side of my face was paralyzed, and as I have grown up it is very noticeable. The kids in my class in school sometimes call me names,

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such as a freak, and draw pictures of me, which hurts me very much.

When I went home crying my mother took me to a doctor but he said that it would be too dangerous to operate, as I might lose my eyesight. You see, I cannot close my right eye at all and this shows very much, especially when I laugh.

Miss Colbert, is there anything that I can do to help my face or to make me less different from other girls?

Alberta G.

Dear Miss G:

It seems to me that it would be a shame for you to give up without consulting other doctors; why don't you get the opinion of at least three? If all are agreed that the operation is too dangerous, then you should probably abide by their decision and build your life, no matter how difficult it may seem, upon acceptance of your problem and a calm decision to forget it as much as is possible, to refrain from all self-pity and to plan a career for yourself.

Remember that you are now going through the most difficult period of your life. It is shameful that your schoolmates call you names and lampoon you, but remember that in a few years these people will look back with burning faces upon their cruelty.

A gifted British actor has suffered from exactly your trouble. Far from proving a handicap, it has aided him in his career.

You must concentrate on developing every asset you have: Keep your hair in beautiful condition, keep your hands lovely, dress smartly and train your voice.

And, because you have suffered, you have had a far superior opportunity to develop your heart and your character than those classmates who have tormented you. You will find, as months go by, that you have gained poise and philosophy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My mother died when I was just a tiny baby. My father had a housekeeper until the war broke out, then every housekeeper we got would leave after a few months and go to work in a defense plant. My sister, who is four years older than I am, got to running around with a wild crowd. I knew it, but I didn't want to worry Daddy who was working very hard.

Well, my sister got into the worst trouble that can happen to a girl, and the man in the case got killed in an accident, so it was an awful mess. Daddy sent her to live with our aunt in the south, so that left Daddy and me alone. We live in the best part of town in a lovely home. I make good grades and next year I am to be sent to a nice private school because Daddy is proud of me.

But I have a great longing for friends and someone to love. I love Daddy, but he is so busy and so unhappy that we don't talk very much. You see, the girls' mothers in this town won't let their daughters go with me because of what happened to my sister. Therefore I go with no girls, because if I can't go with the best, I shan't go with any. Could you help me?

Yelaina J.

Dear Miss J:

First of all, I think the most important statement to consider is that line in your letter reading, "... I go with no girls, because if I can't go with the best, I shan't go with any."

Whom do you mean when you say "the best"? The girls who live in the largest homes, or have the prettiest clothes? If you do, you are being as snobbish as those of whose attitude you complain. The

"best" girls to know are those who believe in you and who will stand by you in an emergency, who share the same interests, and who have the same understanding of right and justice.

If you will be friendly I'm sure you will find unexpected allies. If you are as sweet as your letter sounds and if you will allow others to know of that sweetness, I'm sure your troubles will be over.

I think you should confide in your father. Perhaps, when you knew your sister was making a mistake, her trouble could have been avoided if you had voiced your fears to your father. Many boys and girls write to me, saying that they are afraid to burden their parents with this or that grief. I think that attitude is wrong; most parents are eager and proud to be the confidantes of their children.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was sixteen I became engaged to a boy who was nineteen. Although he wasn't from the best of families and my



Two-in-love—and no question about it. Gail Patrick holds hands with her Navy husband, Lieutenant Arnold Dean White

parents didn't entirely approve of him, they didn't mind when he gave me an engagement ring—just suggested that we wait a few years to marry.

However, we ran away to another state and got married soon after I was seventeen. My folks were terribly put out about it, but said it was my life and helped us find and furnish an apartment. The next thing I knew, Paul had changed. He began to spend his time in a beer parlor; he squandered his pay check and was mean to me. I thought that a baby might improve him and he seemed happy when he knew there was going to be one. Five months before the baby came, he was drafted and I moved back with my family.

My baby was born in late May of 1943 and I nearly died. They sent for Paul and, instead of standing by me, he went to the neighboring town and was gone for several days. That killed my love for him.

At the same time Paul went into the Army another friend of ours, George, was inducted. When he came home on furlough in the fall of 1943, I told him that Paul and I were on the verge of a permanent break. A few months later George was given a

medical discharge. We began to see a lot of one another and he assured me that he loved me. He said he didn't think we should do anything until the war was over, as it would be unfair to Paul, but I don't like to sneak, so I wrote Paul and asked for a divorce.

So now Paul is getting the divorce, but last week I discovered that George was just stringing me along. He has been dating another girl and says he doesn't know whether he loves me or not. How does a girl recover from a thing like this?

Mrs. Evanda G.

Dear Mrs. G:

Although I normally dislike having to say that I think a person is quite worthless, I'm sincerely afraid that such is the case with Paul. I think you are well rid of him. So much for that; charge it off as a lesson in life and you will be able to profit by it in years to come.

As for George, I strongly suspect that you fell in love with him on the rebound. He has served two useful purposes: He cured you of Paul and he taught you not to take a man too seriously until he places an engagement ring on your finger. Have no fear, there will be another man in your life before long. However, choose more carefully—and more slowly—the next time.

I might add that you would do well to consult your family on the merits of any man with whom you become friendly. You would appear to be blessed with one of the nicest pair of parents in the world. You should be very grateful to them.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have the bad and embarrassing habit of talking too much. For instance, when anybody says that someone else talks too much, there is always someone in the group to pipe up and say, "That's Molly, all right," and when anyone else says that someone should keep her big mouth shut, someone has to give out with "That would be a hard thing for Molly to do."

I also have the problem of not being popular. I try to have personality by being gay and carefree and I try to take an interest in the other fellow, but when I direct conversation their way, they say, "Don't be so nosy."

Sometimes, and I hope you don't think I'm "jerquey," I cry about these things at night, but only a dope cries without trying to do something to change things.

Malory J.

Dear Miss J:

Frankly, I don't think you are "jerquey" at all—I think you are probably too eager to please, a shade too friendly and several shades too sensitive.

It is likely that at least a part of the criticism directed at you is mere kidding. You probably show that you are bothered by it, which only stimulates your tormentors to further teasing.

However, there is a chance that you do talk too much—most human beings do, and certainly most women do. There are two remedies for this: The "What do you think?" rule and the "twenty minutes" rule. They work like this: When you are in a group of chatting schoolmates and you feel some comment arising from the depths of your need to express yourself, don't say a word. Just look around to see where the least talkative person in the group is, and say to that person, "What do you think about that?" Instead of expressing your own opinion, ask for that of someone else.

The twenty minute rule is to be used when, upon feeling compelled to talk, you can't possibly ask for the opinion of

someone else. Glance at your watch. Say what you have to say, then check the time. Under no circumstances—unless you have to scream for the police—utter another word for twenty minutes. Some very funny things will happen, but in after years, when you are a calm, soft-spoken, mature woman, you will be able to amuse your listeners with these episodes.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

First of all I want to say that in most respects my parents are wonderful, but in some ways they are narrow-minded and old-fashioned. For instance, if I have a date and am not allowed to go out because it is a school night, at 10:30 my father will call downstairs and say, "It is time for that young man to go." During the evening, someone is always calling in to say, "Turn the radio off," or "Can't you find symphony music instead of that jive?"

Another thing, my family is very prejudiced. I am not allowed to go with a certain boy simply because he and I do not attend the same church.

Elita R.

Dear Miss R:

Don't you think that, if you had a sincere, quiet talk with your parents, you could come to some mutually satisfactory agreement about the hours you are to keep? Suppose that you agree that you will encourage your callers to leave by eleven o'clock without an upstairs call.

As for the objection of your parents to a boy of your acquaintance because of his religious beliefs, I agree with you that it is too bad for intelligent adults to cling to such old-fashioned and bigoted ideas. After all, any organized religion teaches kindness, humility and clean living—the cardinal virtues. If, in a non-aggressive way, you mentioned these things to your parents I'm sure they would agree that there is good in every religion.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I used to go with a gang of girls I had known since grade-school days and I considered every one a close friend. Last fall I was elected Yell Queen at our school, which made me think I had many real friends.

Shortly after that they began to slip away. They were still sweet to my face, but were saying cutting things to my back and there have been several big parties lately to which I wasn't invited. Someone told me that these girls were jealous, but it seems silly to be jealous of a little thing like being a Yell Queen.

This may seem small, but friends are worth millions to me and I would like to know a way to win them back.

Edith M.

Dear Miss M:

The first thing to do, I think, would be to review your conduct just after you were elected. Perhaps, more or less unconsciously, you gave the impression that you were pretty satisfied with yourself. You may have been a trifle complacent.

However, there is a distressing fact about human beings that you might take into consideration. For some reason it is great fun to criticize the successful. You may think that being elected Yell Queen is a small thing as great honors go, but you must remember that it is an important post in your school.

Just go your sunny way, Edith, being nice to everyone and ignoring slights and rudeness. You'll develop true and loyal friends; the rest won't matter.

Claudette Colbert

Lovely Constance McCormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks . . .

Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it felt smoother! Ready to take powder *evenly!*"



Miss Constance McCormick says, "A 1-Minute Mask is ideal make-ready for make-up!"

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Mask your whole face—except eyes—in a white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave this cool, creamy Mask on your skin for just one minute. Its "keratolytic" action goes after scuffy, powder-catching little roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles. Loosens and dissolves them! Now tissue Mask off.

See the thrilling results! Your skin looks definitely fresher—even lighter! Now pat on your powder. It slips on smoothly . . . evenly . . . and for keeps!

For quick make-ups—You'll want a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week. Other times, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream and leave it on. Non-greasy and effective powder base!



Get the BIG, luscious jar!

Coburn—The Monocled Cupid

(Continued from page 52) out with his top teeth still intact. And since Coburn was going great on Broadway with his own repertory company nobody cared whether or not the fine old fellow ever saw the inside of the Vine Street Derby.

Nobody, that is—but Salkow. He, poor thing, cared enough to make a couple of trips back to New York to work up interest from Coburn, then back to Hollywood to do the same thing with the producers. Finally, Metro bogged down under the Salkow pounding and said, all right, maybe the old fox might be good as *Judge Hardy* in a new series they were starting.

Wonderful, marvelous—but now Coburn didn't want to play! "No long-term contracts," he insisted, holding up the paling Salkow at the same time, "I'll come out for one picture—but just one at a time."

The Coburn-Judge Hardy test was eventually run off when the casting of "Of Human Hearts" began. A few hours later Charley had won the *Dr. Shingle* part right out from under Lewis Stone's fatherly expression—and Stone was resented to life among the *Hardys*. Coburn, meantime, has surged forward—chins, monocle and all—to lure our attention away from legs and bathing suits over to age and heft. Not too easy a job, especially with the army-camp trade.

COBURN'S not English—surprise—he's southern-fried, from Savannah, Georgia. Comes from a family of musicians and college professors and soon as he was old enough to grow top hair he decided he'd be an actor. He began at thirteen as a

program boy at the Savannah Theater, worked his way up to manager—at eighteen. During his reign, all the great theatrical stars played Savannah—among them, Modjeska, Ellen Terry, Joe Jefferson and Henry Irving.

A personal—but very pleasant—brush with the great Irving himself made Charles determine to launch his acting career. So he announced to his family that he was going to New York. He had some lean days. He did a little bit of everything—riding bicycles in marathons and wrapping parcels in Altman's basement. Finally though he got a chance to sing baritone with a Wisconsin light opera company. It was small but it was a beginning. He talked (and sang) his way into the New York big time, into road shows, Shakespearean revivals.

In Nashville, he and a girl named Ivah Wills played *Orlando* and *Rosalind* to each other and decided the rumblings they felt in the big wreath-planting scene must be love. Before the company pulled out of Nashville, Ivah and Charley became Mr. and Mrs., kept it that way for thirty-three years, managed, produced and acted in their own companies, and came out with hits like "The Bronx Express," "The Better 'Ole," "Doll's House" and most of Mr. Shakespeare's sadder sallies.

Summers the Coburns took over the Mohawk Drama Festival at Union College, taught kids how to be woodland nymphs and *Romeos* and proceeded to wallow in the stuff—until Mrs. Coburn died. This was in 1937. Now, Salkow decided, would be the time for Coburn to come to Hollywood and stay a while. Work, lots of it,

was the antidote for his severe loss. And this time when Coburn came to Hollywood he decided to stay long enough to make the beautiful boys sorry they weren't sixty-six (the draft notwithstanding).

CHARLEY'S home is still Gramercy Park New York, but in Hollywood it's a five-room arrangement in an apartment house next door to Ciro's. To lick that "on tour" feeling he's got his Confederate flag around, his pictures of Ivah and Henry Irving and a shot of himself on a bicycle showing his eighteen-year-old legs. "I don't exercise now," he says, shrugging over the bike pose. "I did all that before I was forty so I wouldn't have to bother now."

But he hasn't given up night clubs or pretty girls. He still swings a wicked rhumba with Anne Shirley or Jean Arthur and hugs Olivia de Havilland in the middle of the Mocambo dance floor.

When there's a letup in the gal excitement, Coburn sleeps. On the set, at the Friday-night prize fights, at dinner parties—anywhere. His delight is sleeping during lulls in the conversation, or between short breaks in production.

But he's not asleep when there's a cupid job to do—and that's exactly what he's doing with his role as *Jonathan Crandall, Sr.* in "Together Again"—playing cupid for Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. And doing a great job of it too!

That's one thing you can bet on—Charles Coburn will always do a great job of everything—even sleeping!

THE END

Fitzgerald—The Shanghaied Irishman

(Continued from page 53) bigger the better. So, with the rise of the curtain on Act Two, the bewildered little clerk was clapped into an old coat and hat and sent, with a dozen others, out onto the stage.

"I hadn't the energy to refuse," says Barry, "but I was shanghaied nonetheless. Ah well, Harford, poor soul, paid for it later. He ran afoul the law for something or other and he went to jail."

Barry didn't mind the experience. It was a novelty and he came back for more. They gave him a line, then more lines; and for the next fifteen years he was clerk Shields by day and actor Fitzgerald by night.

"I had a soft spot," he says, "with a nice steady income. Evenings and Saturdays I went around to the theater when there was a spot for me. It was pleasant, ye know. Almost like a club. But it wasn't anything a man could take seriously. Besides, I was looking forward to me pension."

IN 1929, he took the plunge and resigned his clerkship to lead the Abbey Players on three long tours of the United States and become one of the most beloved actors of our day and age and . . .

"Argh!" he says. "I should never have given up me pension. What good is money, anyhow, but to buy leisure? To work yourself to death getting money is to defeat its whole purpose."

"Beyond that, there's nothing harder than a job which occupies half your mind all the time. I've often thought that the happiest men are those with the dullest jobs. Actors, painters, writers and the like ought to make their living swinging a pick or shovel. That way their money problems would be solved without the exercise of a brain cell and their minds would be free for creative work. At my age, having to act for a living is a tiring

—a very tiring—business."

At his age, which is a wiry fifty-six, Barry rides a motorcycle, is a better-than-average swimmer, frequently plays thirty-six holes of golf in an afternoon, gets along on five hours sleep a night and will put on the gloves with any man his weight.

The Fitzgerald surface is small but corrugated—like a topographical map of Ireland. He's a wee man, only five feet-three, with a shock of faded red hair, blue eyes and a leprechaun's trick of looking whatever age suits his convenience.

A bachelor, he lives in a modest but comfortable rented house in the Hollywood hills. No swimming pool, no servants except a cleaning woman who comes in twice a week, and no one to fend for him but Gus Tallion, his stand-in. Gus is three-quarters Iroquois, a fact which at first disconcerted Barry, as he had read that the Iroquois were a blood-thirsty tribe "given to all forms and kinds of torture." Gus proved harmless, however, and now is installed in one of the spare rooms. In exchange, he does the shopping and fixes breakfast.

"I suppose if I wanted to put on the dog for company I could ask him to wear a white jacket and he'd probably be good enough to do it," Barry says. "But I'll not be the one to torture an Iroquois. We're friends as it stands."

The notion of Barry putting on the dog for anyone is unthinkable. He never is seen in the fashionable night spots. Although he has been playing golf for thirty-five years, he has never joined a club. Half the people he knows and likes in Hollywood are the guys-named-Joe he has met playing the public courses.

Barry's interest in the game, by the way, amounts almost to a fixation. When asked his opinion of Bing Crosby, meaning—of course—as an actor, he said, "He's amazing. It's a pleasure to watch him. His

coordination is wonderful. What a swing! What a stance! Argh! And me with me nineties after all these years!"

FITZGERALD will study a role for weeks—not attempting to learn lines, but character. It is only after he has mastered the spirit, the soul of the character he is to play that he starts on the dialogue.

Barry's *Father Fitzgibbon* was a composite of two priests he knew in Dublin—good, simple men, not too bright, a bit set in their ways and fearful of innovations, but as staunch as the crags of Killarney. Barry, although that rarity, a Dublin Protestant, went around with so many Catholics he tended to confuse their religion with his own and he still feels twinges of guilt if he eats meat on Fridays. Yet he's pleased as punch and chuckles inwardly when priests stop him on the street, as many have, and say, "It takes one of our own to show us as we really are." He never sets them straight.

"It wouldn't do," he says, "to let them know I was born an Orangeman!" Right now, *Father Fitzgibbon* is map-shopping for a place that will remind him of Ireland.

"How about the coast of Maine?" he asked us. "I've heard it's fine and foggy there and apt to be raw and cold so a man can enjoy pulling up to his fireplace and smoking his pipe."

We told him Maine, at the proper season, was very much like that. Barry rubbed his hands together.

"I'll have to look into it," he said. "But, argh! I should never have given up me pension."

We glanced along his mantelpiece. There were books in an unbroken row: The plays of O'Neill and O'Casey, of Shaw and Synge, Ibsen and Shakespeare. They and Barry Fitzgerald looked well together. We think he knows that, too.

THE END

The Truth about Hollywood Housekeepers

(Continued from page 55) serts. You will. Alan will see to that.

Recently the Ladds redid their house. Alan wanted to move but they couldn't find a place for sale and there is no renting in Los Angeles with the present housing shortage. So Alan, who was restless about Sue's living against the background of former marriages, had to content himself with having all the colors, the hangings and the furniture changed.

They hired themselves an elegant decorator, so the results were elegant too: Effects like green velvet couches and sterling silver living-room lamps decorated with green trailing vines. Alan came home the night the living room was unveiled, took one happy look, then stretched himself down on one of those green velvet couches and put his studio-dusty feet smack down in the center of same. You know what Sue did? Her feet went down, right in the middle of the other couch. The Ladds beamed comfortably at one another.

Alan demands relaxed friends. He doesn't like to go to other people's houses, but he loves to have them come to him. So they do, and if you are lucky enough to have a Ladd friendship, you could drop hot peanut butter all over their expensive rugs and Alan and Sue would take it because you were a friend.

SEE Claudette Colbert on the screen and you see true chic—clothes, jewels, hair, make-up. So you think, what with her being French, she is a perfect housekeeper. Are you wrong! She's a terrible housekeeper. The whole subject bores her. She really likes only one thing to eat: Chicken. When she can't put chicken on a menu she is stumped. Even when she can she says to the cook, "Dinner at seven. We'll have chicken and you plan the rest."

She invites the guests for seven, too, and if you don't know better, you appear at that hour. Likely as not, Claudette is not yet home from the studio, or if she is, she hasn't yet finished dressing. Before he was in the Navy, Dr. Pressman probably hadn't got home from his office, either.

But about seven-thirty, Claudette, looking divine, runs downstairs—so showers you with charm you feel it was a privilege to have waited—and asks, very wide-eyed, "Will you have a drink?" It is an eternal surprise to her that guests will. She, herself doesn't drink and she can't see why anyone else does. She argues that liquor is hard on any woman's face or figure, and with French logic, says, "So why take any?" It is perfectly vain to point out that some women find the indulgence socially pleasant. Face and figure before pleasure is her motto.

Still, she has a small bar in her playroom, but usually it is out of something: The olives for the Martinis or the soda for the highballs, or whatever. But finally the drinks get evolved and Claudette remembers that hors d'oeuvres go with them. So she rings for some. She hasn't told cook to make any, so cook hasn't. The kitchen goes into a spin, however, and just as the drinks get finished, hors d'oeuvres appear. Claudette now realizes that you can't eat them without a drink, so the bartending flutter is gone into again and by the time the second round is poured, the hors d'oeuvres that should be hot are chilly and the chilled ones are warm.

Dinner may appear at eight, and it may appear at ten, and either way it will never be knockout, and Claudette, who worries about everything, will worry as to why it wasn't better. One of the things she

"O Rarely Soft,*
the touches of her hands,
As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands"
—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley



*** Are your hands**
"O Rarely Soft," or
Really Rough
as a January Nor'easter?



Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD

"DROWSY zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like... "If you want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

Because work and weather chap, roughen, redden, ruin a woman's hands... often make them look older than her actual years. And Pacquins Hand Cream says "pooh" to work and weather—hands keep smooth, white, youthful-looking. Snowy-white, non-greasy. As delightful to use as the results are, to see. Get Pacquins now!



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"The Army At War Art Exhibition" sponsored by the Army and publicized by Charles P. Skouras, features this painting by Reginald Marsh of two service men playing checkers. The purpose of the exhibition is to make America more war-conscious

most admires in her closest friend, Mrs. William Goetz, is the manner in which the latter runs her home. Claudette loves her own home, aspires for perfection, but wishes she didn't have to be bothered with domesticity. The truth is that she is an artist, with an artist's temperament, and any detail that doesn't pertain to her work, annoys her.

EVEN less naturally domestic is Barbara Stanwyck. Bob Taylor is a domestic husband, but since whatever Stanny wants is what he wants most, eventually it works out okay. For example, Bob loved their estate out in the Valley, but Stanny didn't go for the space, quiet and horses. So they moved into town. Bob had just got settled down into liking the new place when Barbara again craved change. They then bought a compromise place in Coldwater Canyon, half city, half country. They got in a decorator who went wild with color and the result was stunning. Bob loved it all. But nervous Barbara, the moment he went into the Navy, up and sold.

Besides their great love for one another, the Taylors have two other enthusiasms very much in common: Steaks and coffee. They've heard tell that there are other things to eat and drink, but don't bother them. Steak and coffee is their stuff. Stanny considers twenty cups daily par and then wonders why she suffers with insomnia. She drinks nothing else ever. The Taylors do not give dinner parties and their house, wherever it is, is run by remote, pretty good servant control. When they entertain, they go out, usually with Jack and Mary Benny, to some night club where they have steak and coffee.

Recently a climbing Hollywood hostess was very set up about corraling this foursome for a dinner at her home. She had her chef, who is really superb, work up his most de luxe, delicate specialties.

Out came the meal, down went the guest-of-honor faces. The portions they took were infinitesimal. Finally they confessed, practically in a chorus, "We never eat anything but rare beef." The hostess didn't cut her throat; neither did the chef, but a good time was had by nobody.

Here are three ladies who do their housekeeping with real flourish. Mal Milland does it most luxuriously, Lillian MacMurray does it most devotedly and Ann Sothorn Sterling does it most deceitfully, but the result in all three cases is as nearly perfect as wartime living will permit.

On screen, Ray Milland is a comedian, but at home his English hankering for formality is manifest, and Mal, his beautiful wife, sees to it that it gets full expression. There is never a flick of dust anywhere in her exquisite rooms. Her meals are served perfectly and punctually. Her handsome son Danny is perfectly brought up, has glossy manners and usually is dressed in the same grays she personally affects. Superficially, Mal Milland seems hail-fellow-well-met. Actually, she reserves to herself the right to know only the most correct people.

Lillian MacMurray's household and housekeeping is run, like Sue Carol Ladd's, for the gentleman in the house. But it is not casual. Rather it has all the orderly refinement of a minuet. Fortunately Lily and Fred share tastes in common. They both like what can only be described as formalized informality, comfortable but very valuable American antiques, not fancy but perfect food, a garden productive of super vegetables and super flowers, and no weeds or snails tolerated. Every piece of china, every pane of glass, every chair, table and whatnot in the MacMurray house shines. They go in for small parties, but when they have an occasional large one, that is done with correctness and gusto, in a circus tent put up over the entire garden. Little Susie MacMurray lives according to a very proper, healthy schedule. Lily makes most of her tiny dresses herself. Even the chickens which Fred raises live in a spotless henhouse, safely off the ground, each hen in a separately marked cubicle bearing her own name, with her own feed, her own water in her own cup; while they are hidden at the end of the garden, they get a nice view of the swimming pool.

Admiring Mal and Lily so much, Annie Sothorn tries to live up to them, but can't quite. Like Colbert, that's the actress in

her, that and being so busy. Ann's homes, while small, have always been exquisitely decorated and maintained. Her meals are gorgeous, even if she herself can't boil an egg. When she entertains, which is frequently, she passes up her own delicious victuals, explaining that she is dieting. Since her friends are all old friends, and devoted, they never crack a smile. They all know, however, that Annie has been smuggling herself candy all day long.

PROBABLY income taxes primarily and now the war have forced the trend toward simpler Hollywood living, but there are only two stellar houses in today's Hollywood that can be called opulent. The younger set, Garland, Turner, Johnson, Jones, Walker, De Haven, Allyson, tend toward apartments and night clubs. But there are two present-day star households where the word opulence still applies (plus those two perfect male housekeepers who have opulent homes also).

Greer Garson lives opulently amid twin grand pianos in a green-velvet-couched, brocade-hung living room, complete with modernistic art, cabinets featuring corals and pink sea shells and a broad gray staircase where the lights are so arranged that Greer always has dreamy backlighting on her red hair as she descends upon her waiting guests. And they do wait. Time means nothing to her.

There is a Garson butler. There is a Garson parlor maid. There is Mother. There is a secretary. When on Navy leave, there is Richard Ney, a charming, handsome husband. The food is very British, which means not too good but served with great drama. The wine is also British, which means not very heavy nor very expensive sherry. Miss Garson—and one thinks of her that way, were she married ten times—entertains practically none, but when she does it, it is distinctly she who is entertaining, not Mother, not Richard.

The other opulent home? Joan Bennett Wanger's. She is the perfect housekeeper, the girl who combines daily living into something so alluring, so imaginative, so subtle that the most hardened bar-fly would want to settle right down by her fireside.

You know how Joan always looks: Very pretty, very chic, very gay, very wise. She runs her home like that. Everything in Joan's house is dusted, shining and orderly, but you have no sense of fear about moving chairs, putting your feet, if you must, on the coffee tables or dropping ashes on the rugs. The Bennett-Wanger meals are masterpieces since the lady knows not only vitamins and calories, but sauces and wines. Her meals are served punctually but so well planned that if guests are late or linger overlong over cocktails, they are still not spoiled.

She has three daughters by three husbands, all at very varying ages, all beautiful, clever and gems of deportment. Joan not only plans all their meals with positively medical regularity, but she oversees their gland shots, if such are needed, their tooth braces, their diction lessons, their clothes fittings, their hair-sets and their French and dancing. This may sound like exaggeration or as if the kids had no fun. It is no exaggeration. It isn't possible to exaggerate what a good mother Joan is, and as for the kids, they live in a continual, if very polite, world of laughter.

If you want an example as to how Joan's imagination as a housekeeper functions, consider this: One night some unexpected guests came in and there was nothing in the house for dessert save watermelon. That seemed dull to Joan until she thought of pouring champagne over it. Another time, she decided on an all-green color scheme for her dining-room table. It was winter and there were no green

flowers. So she got calla lilies and green make-up powder, patted the lilies into an entrancing green, scattered some gold dust on them and enchanted her guests.

CAN two mere men top that, you ask? Yes, Adrian, the dress designer, married to Janet Gaynor, and Arthur Hornblow, the producer and ex-husband of Myrna Loy. Adrian, who is as superlative a decorator as he is dress designer, can dramatize a simple dinner into an event that must make Nero whirl in his grave. Before the war, when nonsense was permissible to those who could afford it, Adrian used to do things like having real pearls served on the exquisite half-shells he used for finger bowls. Janet leaves all details to him and their house is run flawlessly.

Arthur Hornblow's dinners are famous and bids to them eagerly sought. He makes as much ceremony out of opening exactly the right bottle of wine as most cities make out of unveiling a public monument. An example of how delightfully he does things is the story about the time he was trying to re-woo Myrna who had just left him. They had rented the house in which they had been so happy together, but Hornblow sent for the decorator who had done it and had him whip up—for one evening, mind you—an exact duplicate of the room Myrna had most loved, a duplicate perfect down to the smallest ash tray. Then he served a dinner composed only of her favorite foods. There was a brief Hornblow-Loy reconciliation, remember? Guess when it happened.

And finally, the booby prize! It goes to that beautiful, gay, delightful creature—Miss Hedy Lamarr!

Does she know what she's eating? No. Does she know what time any meal is served? No. Does she see that things are picked up, the water changed on the flowers and the master's slippers waiting before the fire? No.

What does she consider a dandy dish? Bologna. That or pressed ham. In sandwich form, made of thick, usually lop-sided bread. No lettuce. Not much butter, some mustard and—here it comes, kids—with the rind or casing or whatever you call that non-chewable stuff that coats bologna, still on it. The chances are very good that this is what you'll get when you eat with Hedy.

And does it matter when you look as Hedy does? No.

But at least you know the truth, now, about Hollywood housekeepers.

THE END

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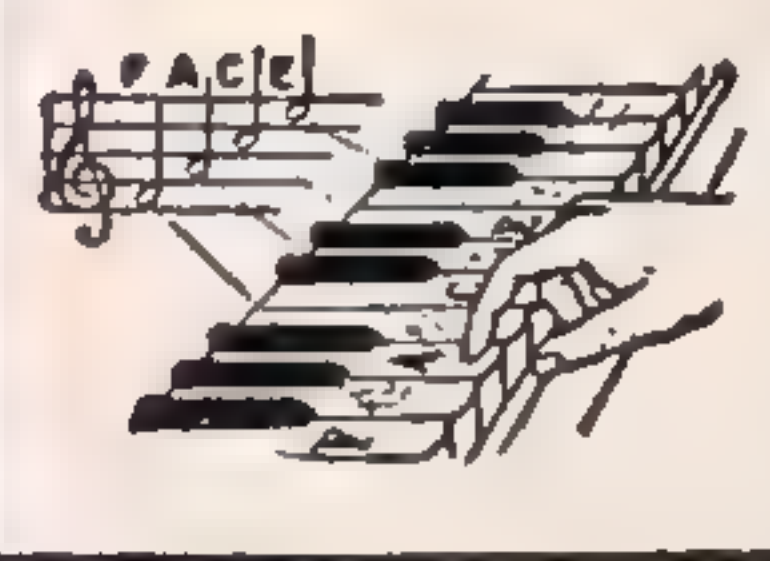
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Across the border from Georgia—and Corporal Lewis Riley—this rambling house at Phenix City, Alabama, where Bette spent a month. Curious crowds stormed the gates

The Lady and the Corporal

(Continued from page 25) buddies didn't know—and as for the Corporal himself, he just wasn't around—except for working hours when he was not allowed to discuss personal business.

"Riley?" his barracks-mates would reply when pressed for word of the Corporal's whereabouts. "Why he heads for town at the first sound of the quitting whistle every night."

"And," they would add enviously, "do you blame him?"

By this time demands from the boys that Bette visit camp were reaching a well-modulated roar. Corporal Riley was in a spot and Bette knew it. She isn't the kind to leave people she likes in spots. Her promise to come to camp was gracious and prompt.

And did the boys love that visit! They cheered to the skies when Bette was introduced by their pal, Corporal Riley, and the sincere and friendly little speech she made won over even the most Doubting Thomas.

One soldier put all their feelings into words when he said, "I've been in the Army long enough to appreciate class when I see it. And that was class!"

What really sent the G.I.'s was that Bette was not too proud to live in Phenix City. Ordinarily scorned by the troops, Phenix City took on unaccustomed glamour when Bette and her household settled there for a month. "Bette Davis isn't scared of Phenix City," the word flew around the camp.

Bette took to life in Phenix City like a native. She carried wood from the backyard for the fireplace and the wood-burning cook-stove. She learned to make biscuits on the old iron stove without burning them, and mastered a wood-smoked steak.

She bought hip boots and overalls and joined her farmer neighbors in fishing expeditions and coon and 'possum hunts.

All of this surprised Phenix City but it was exactly what Bette's friends would expect. After all she has never lived the silken life of a glamour girl. She has never chosen to be either idle or elegant. Her beloved "Butternut" in Vermont is charming but simple in the New England tradition. Her California home is a comparatively small house, which she did over with fresh paint and gay chintzes, in a comparatively unfashionable section of town.

Bette frequently bathes her own dogs, shampoos her own hair and works as chief cook and bottle washer at the Hollywood

Canteen. There's no question about it that she would take to Georgia's good American pattern instantly and instinctively. And no doubt, by the same token, that Georgia would take to her the very same way.

She saw Corporal Riley when she could—but a Technician, Fifth Grade, on active duty, isn't wallowing in leisure time.

Once the clamor and the shouting died down, she relaxed and had the time of her life.

There was a brief interim in her holiday during which she responded to a request to come to Washington where she saw the President.

But the call of Georgia was strong. No sooner had she finished her official business than she hurried back to the Ft. Benning area for the precious remaining days of her vacation, this time to occupy the Williams estate some eighteen miles distant.

Once more the marriage rumors filled the air like a Georgia snowstorm and once more Bette had to make her statement to the press. "No, I'm not trying to be coy," she said. "I'm simply not going to marry him."

This had to satisfy the South. But it was no great help when reports spread to New York that at this psychological moment Corporal Riley was due to spend a brief furlough with his parents who live on Park Avenue in Manhattan.

Coupled with this report was the stimulating information that Bette was expected to arrive in New York at about the same time. Could it be that the Corporal was presenting his lady to the Riley family?

Bette is back in Hollywood now, hard at work on "Stolen Life," her first picture in the exciting capacity of co-producer, and the furor which attended her visit to Phenix City and New York has subsided for the moment.

It wasn't a honeymoon—if Bette says it wasn't. And we take her word for it if Bette says she isn't going to marry Lewis Riley—at least not now.

But Hollywood doesn't think Bette Davis chose her vacation spot from a travel catalogue.

And the next time Corporal Riley shows up in Hollywood—and everyone is sure he will—curious eyes and ears will be turned in his direction.

Hollywood isn't going to be caught napping—twice! !

THE END

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 17) intelligent and appealing film placing before us all this gigantic problem. Racial and religious discrimination must indeed be abolished if we are ever to have a lasting peace.

Since there is no super or superior race, I sincerely hope that as citizens of the world we shall learn to share our rights and privileges with all peace-loving and deserving people, be they Catholic, Protestant or Jew and regardless of color.

May the motion-picture industry continue in its efforts to point the way.

Marcella Woeckener,
Rock Island, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

I'M deeply grateful for the article "If My Daughter Were Seventeen" by Frank Sinatra. I'm sixteen and was always trying to look older. Frank showed me that youth is the best part of your life.

Elsie Ellovich,
West Hartford, Conn.

HERE I am—swooning, but definitely! I have to go all out over a guy I seldom see on the screen—Johnnie Johnson. Why doesn't someone get hep and give him a break? Um-m-m-m, that man!

M. Campbell,
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

I'M writing this with the hope of opening some sleepy Hollywood eyes. James Craig has all the requirements to make a great star. If the studios would take a second glance at Craig's broad shoulders, deep chest and mighty body, it wouldn't be long before many of the so-called "beautiful hunk of men" in Hollywood would be scurrying for their vitamin tablets!

An ardent movie fan,
Herkimer, N. Y.

IF THERE is an actor in Hollywood who has more charm and acting ability than Claude Rains, I've yet to see him. And if there's an actor in Hollywood who gets as little attention, I've yet to see him, too.

Suzette Ryan,
Plattsburg, N. Y.

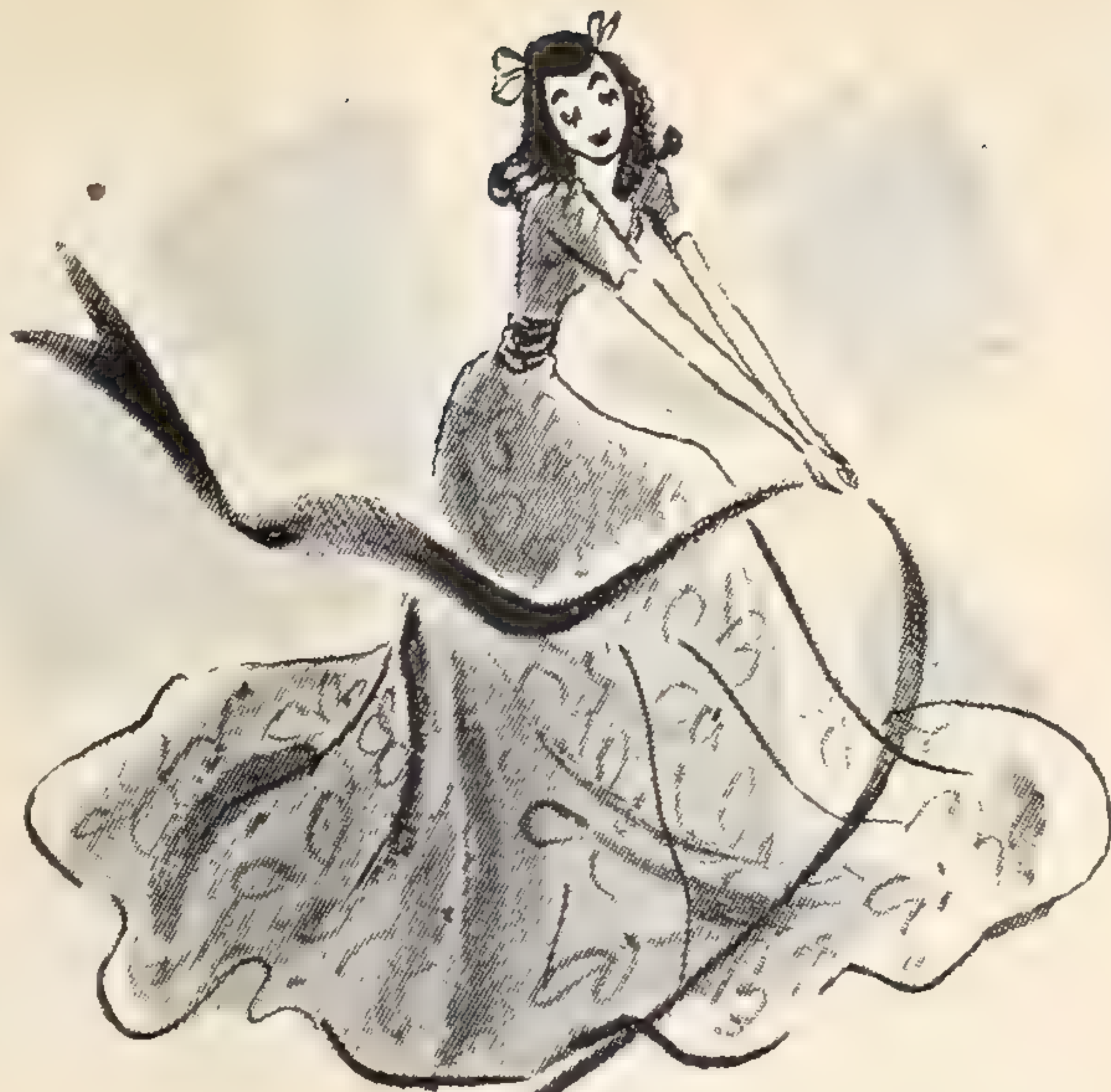
ANY star that goes out of her way to answer notes sent backstage should be complimented. I am speaking of Lena Horne, the lady with a grand voice and friendliness to her public. Lena, after her recent appearance here, has many friends in Detroit. We hope she'll be back soon.

Betty J. Wyatt,
Detroit, Mich.

TWO MUSTS TO REMEMBER:

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Pay it willingly and on time and
help your government out of a
tight spot.*

*It's never time for inflation!
Remember this when you start to
buy something! Do you really
need it?*



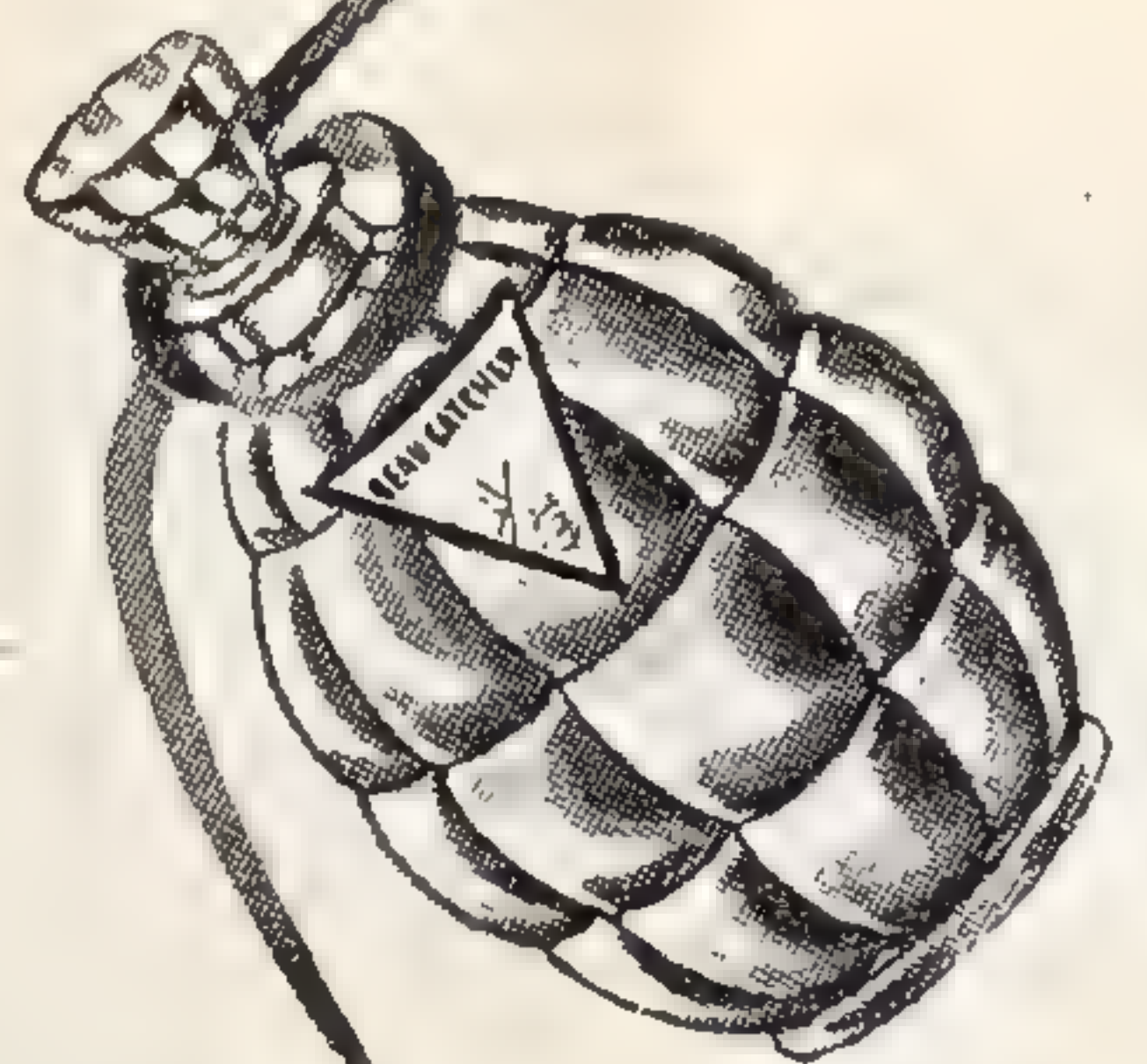
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When you're home curled up with a book it doesn't matter if your hair slips its moorings... But when the party's in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

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SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

The Essence of Esther

(Continued from page 41) to being a doctor's wife. She acquired two spaniels, one named "Angina Pectoris" and the other tagged something even less pronounceable. She dashed about to linen sales, bought second-hand furniture and repainted it, and got most of the paint on her nose. She purchased cook books and discovered that she was rather sharp in the pot-and-pan department. She cleaned and washed and romped with the dogs and chummed with her young husband when he came home at night. And she listened to what he told her about the hospital. She even began to talk like a doctor's frau. She laughed him out of the blues when an incurably ill patient died. And she gloried with him when he made someone well.

Then came a phone call. It was from a representative of the M-G-M Studios. Could she come and see Mr. Mayer, a voice said. She had been noticed in the Aquacade and they thought she definitely had something for pictures.

Without hesitation, Esther said, "No." Then began a series of phone calls which should go down in Hollywood history. Once a month the bell would ring.

"Mr. Mayer would still like to see you," the voice would say.

"Thank Mr. Mayer," Esther would reply, "but I don't want to go into pictures."

"I'm sorry," the voice would answer. "I'll call you next month."

It did. It called for over six months. Esther and Leonard discussed whether or not she should meet Mr. Mayer. The day came when Esther began to realize that a contract might be a blessing.

"You see, I never wished to be a drag on Leonard," she said. "My hope was that he would feel free to continue his study. He would be different from most young doctors who hurry out of their training in order to support a wife and miss the chance of being really great. I didn't want him to be worried about me—and I didn't want to just sit in a house and only be a wife. That makes women dull."

Well, they talked it over and decided that Esther should see Mr. Mayer.

He asked her what she would like in the way of a contract. She was young but she was smart. So much money, she answered. So much training in acting. Little parts first, to get used to the business. No big splash and then failure, please.

Mr. Mayer yelled, "Done!" and whipped out a contract. That was that.

Since then, Esther has become a star. And once again stardom has exacted its price: The cost of a broken marriage. But this time the reason is a little different.

NATURALLY, for the past year, with Leonard doing post-graduate work and Esther knocking herself out for M-G-M, schedules were pretty difficult. It got so they even had to make dates with each other. They lived in a little place halfway between the hospital and M-G-M, so that both got a break on gas. Esther got up every morning and made Leonard's breakfast. She washed the dishes and dashed to work. She ordered food over the

phone from the studio and picked it up on the way home. Then, if her husband wasn't needed at the hospital, she picked him up and drove home. He sat in a big chair reading the baseball scores while she cooked dinner. Because of her enthusiasm for his work, Esther often added to her already overcrowded day by helping him at the hospital, even, on several occasions, working with him in the delivery room.

Meantime the studio discovered from the daily rushes that it had a potential star on its hands in the long, lithe girl who swam like a champ and took direction like a trouper. Esther's part in the picture was built up. Even the title was changed from "Mr. Co-Ed" to "Bathing Beauty." Esther was now working desperately hard—week in, week out, even Sundays.

And Leonard was working long hours at the hospital. Both came home completely worn out. There was a night when Leonard brought some friends home, and Esther, good sport that she was, stayed up, entertained the guests and went to the studio for an eight o'clock call without any sleep. No one, no matter how healthy, can stand up under such a schedule.

Both of them were nervous and overtired. They decided that a divorce was the only answer. It wasn't an easy decision. They'd had four years—for the most part happy. They respected each other.

"It's a case of two people who didn't get along," Esther said. "We both tried—hard."

NOW Esther is living with her mother. Her family has always meant a great deal to her. Besides her parents, she has three sisters and a brother in Los Angeles. Esther has them out to the studio to visit her, always includes them in every party she gives. When the clan gathers for Thanksgiving or Christmas, only signs and a couple of microphones are needed to make it look like a convention.

Leonard is in residence in the hospital. Despite their separation, he is eager for her to make a success of her career. At first he didn't know whether or not she wanted that sort of life enough to keep at it. Neither did she. And neither of them honestly knew if she would be good enough on the screen ever to become a really big star. But all that was settled at the preview of "Bathing Beauty"—before the divorce was announced.

"We sat 'way up in the balcony, all scrunched down in our seats so no one would know we were there," Esther said. "I was terrified, of course. I thought I'd go out and jump into the nearest river if I was really bad. But when the picture was over and the audience began to applaud, Leonard said, 'O.K. I'm convinced now. You can be a success.' From him, that was my own Academy Award."

Esther is going on. She has chosen the road to stardom. Metro has rewarded her choice by starring her in "Thrill Of A Romance" with Van Johnson, its most potent box-office personality.

And she'll go on from there winning a real Academy Award if she isn't careful!

THE END

Hot Tip

It's Van Johnson, of course! Watch for his real life story as told by himself in your February Photoplay!

Lana Lynn

vivacious star of Paramount's
Our Hearts Were Young And Gay," chooses
tri-color dinner dress of mirror-shining
upper satin by Martini. With high neck and
square shoulders that hint at being sleeves, it's
re to lend high-voltage excitement to any
evening. Fuchsia bodice, emerald
sash, jet skirt. Marshall Field, Chicago;
Herman-Marcus, Dallas;
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York



Young and Gay fashions • Young and Gay fashions •

PHOTOPLAY'S FIRST-RUN FASHIONS

Young and Gay fashions • Young and Gay fashions •



Glitter Glamour

is the success secret of Diana Lynn's cocktail-dinner costume. She selects Charles Armour's "Middy dress," sculptured and flattering, that owes its fire to a woven-in iridescent necklace of many-colored sequins. In 100% wool. Lime, dusty pink, aqua or raspberry. Milgrim's, New York. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

"Please wait, Mr. Jennings, I'm crying again!"

I thought I had all *that* out of my system, but I guess these darn gray velvet drapes Mr. Jennings uses set me off again.

You're with me everywhere I go, Joe, darling...we scattered so many memories around in our few short weeks together. You climb the old mill stairs with me when we picnic on Strawberry Hill. You tease poor Miss Burrows at the post office so unmercifully about reading the mail she blushes at the very sight of you. You share my sodas at the corner drug store, my laughter at the movies, my dreams at night. And here where we had our wedding picture taken, I can almost feel your hand in mine.

Oh, Joe, Joe—you've loved me, cared for me, spoiled me outrageously. Certainly I said (when you asked me) that I'd never had a fur coat, but I've never had the sun, moon and stars either! And when your sister brought IT over on Christmas Day with your dear letter... all I could think was a lifetime isn't long enough... to be with someone like you!

"I'M READY NOW, Mr. Jennings. Please make it your best picture—it's for my husband overseas. The Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is a gift from him... and I want him to see... how very much I love it!"



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BEWITCHING HOURS

For the magical moment when twelve strikes the old year out and the New Year in. (Left) Off-the-shoulder dream dress with sheath-tight bodice and rayon velvet necklace, bouffant net skirt that alternates pink and black panels. Sparked with jet bowknots for fly-by-night flare. A Perlberg original. 9 to 17. About \$25.00 at John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; B. Altman, New York; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va.

(Right) Full-skirted Junior Formal in whispering rayon taffeta with a pussy-cat bow at the shoulder. Black and fuchsia plaid. 7 to 15. About \$20.00 at Arnold Constable, New York; J. A. Brown Co., Oklahoma City; Best Apparel, Seattle





Put your i

Bring out your beauty, stand out in a room in this Peggy Paige polka-dotty dress. Rayon butcher linen weave in melon, gray, kelly, blue or luggage dotted with white. 9 to 15. About \$6.00 at The Hub, Baltimore; May Co., Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York.

Christmas bright lights

Holiday-happy, exciting as a surprise package, this pair of pastel paragons. (Left) Doris Dodson sculpture dress with echoing scrolls at neck and waist, tiny upswept sleeves. Pearly buttons down the back. Butcher rayon and wool in pink, blue, gold. 9 to 15. About \$13.00 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Oppenheim Collins, New York (Right) Line-lovely Universiteen frock of woolpaca, a rayon, wool and mohair blend, with self necklace and bow. Lime, pink, gray, shrimp, maize, winter white, gold. 7 to 15. About \$9.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Famous Barr, St. Louis



Young and Gay Fashions



FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

This Junior Deb trench coat, tailored like an officer's, will brighten 1945's dreariest days. Give it or get it for yourself with your extra Xmas gift money. Cravanetted gabardine in American Beauty. Royal blue, Hunter green, melon, gray or natural. 10-18. About \$20.00 at Davison, Paxon, Atlanta; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York



Dress-up rayon taffeta costume blouse, styled by Lacher. Sparkling jewel-like buttons and saucy bustle back. Green and gold or red and gold plaid. Sizes 32-38. About \$6.50 at Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn



Something warm to sink cold toes into . . . these plushy. Jungle scuffs by Joyce. Cotton-backed pile fabric with toe-cuddling, nap flannel lining. Red, green, beige, white. About \$4.00 at Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord & Taylor, New York

More Stores from Coast-to-Coast where you can buy these YOUNG AND GAY FASHIONS

Bewitching Hour Evening Dresses Off-the-shoulder bouffant net

Chicago, Ill. Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver, Colo. Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. Wm. H. Block Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Adler's
San Diego, Calif. Marston Co.

Junior Formal rayon taffeta

Birmingham, Ala. Burger-Phillips Co.
Chicago, Ill. Mandel Bros., Inc.
Dallas, Tex. A. Harris & Co.
Memphis, Tenn. J. Goldsmith & Sons
Salt Lake City, Utah Averbach Co.

Christmas Bright Lights Doris Dodson Sculpture Dress

Houston, Tex. Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
Memphis, Tenn. John Gerber Co.
New Orleans, La. Maison Blanche Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

Universiteen frock of pastel woolpaca

Atlanta, Ga. Rich's, Inc.
Knoxville, Tenn. Anderson, Dulin, Varnell Co.
New York, N. Y. R. H. Macy & Co.
Washington, D. C. Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.

Peggy Paige Polka Dot

Birmingham Ala. Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Cleveland, Ohio. Higbee Co.
Newark, N. J. L. Bamberger & Co.
St. Paul, Minn. The Golden Rule

YOUNG AND GAY FASHIONS for Christmas Giving Junior Deb Trench Coat

Chicago, Ill. Marshall Field & Co.
Denver, Colo. The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va. Thalheimer Bros.

Dress-up Rayon Taffeta Blouse

Chicago, Ill. Spaulding's
Indianapolis, Ind. D. W. Gates
Newark, N. J. Kresge Dept. Store

Joyce Jungle Scuffs

Cleveland, Ohio. Halle Bros.
Hollywood, Cal. The Broadway—Hollywood
Miami and Miami Beach, Fla. Burdine's, Inc.

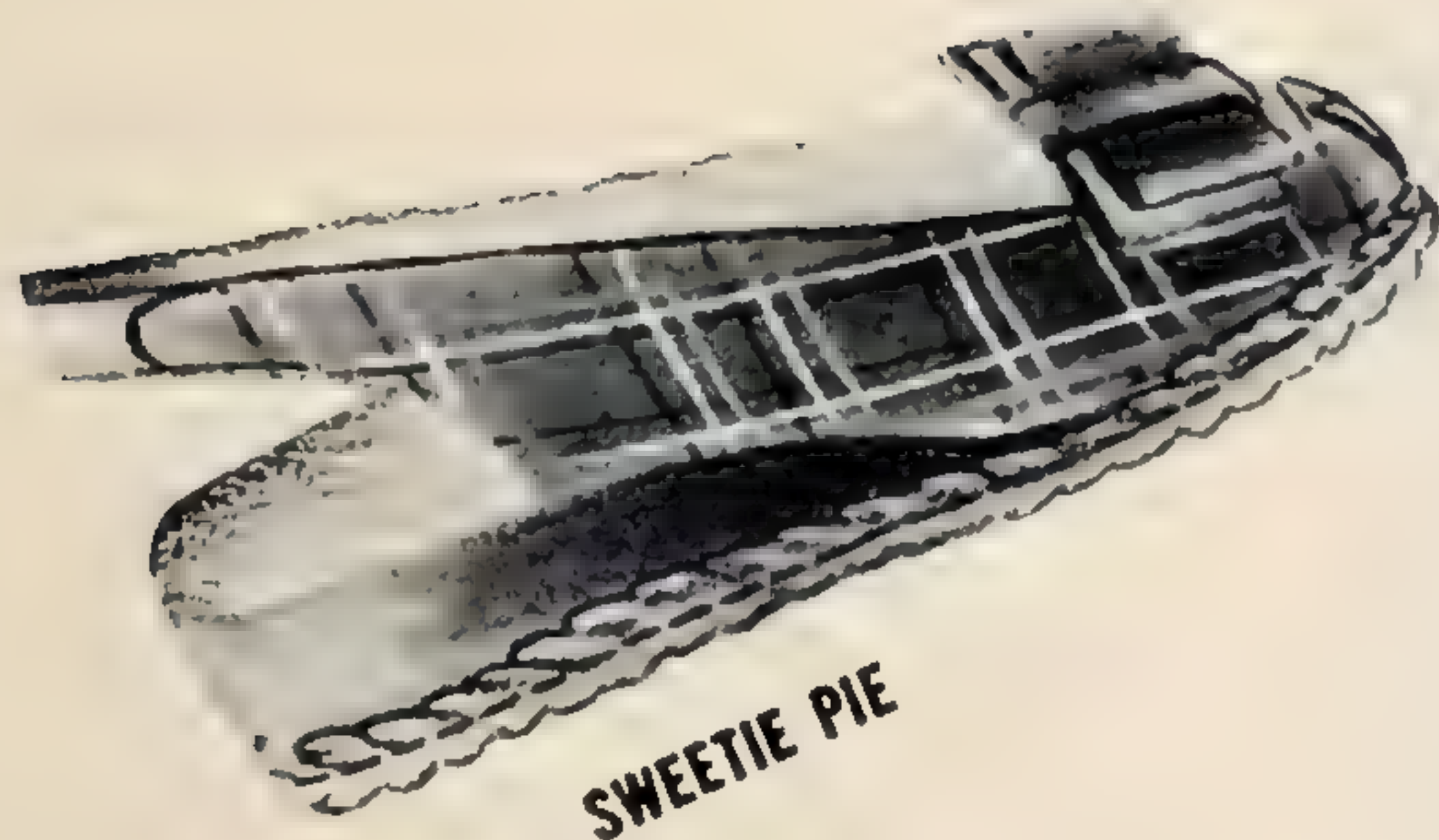
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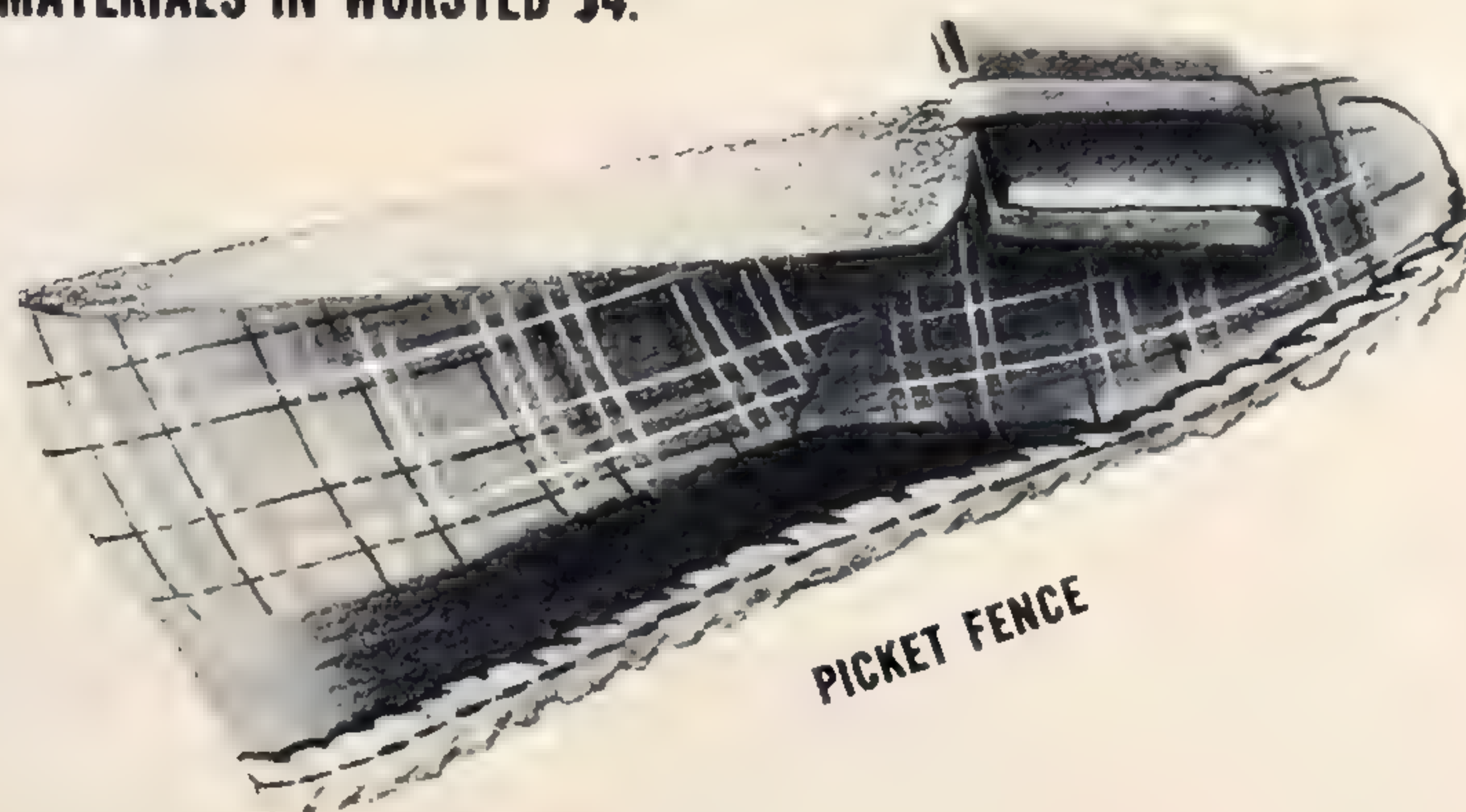
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Hoot, mam! Fun shoes on a scotchman's budget! Ropeez new bang-up bag-pipers are the dashing-est shoes afoot . . . rugged as they are riotous, thanks to Ropeez new improved stitched rope soles. In wool felt slashed with plaid-bright cable stitching. Look for the name in the lining, Ropeez, America's No. 1 rope sole shoe. About \$5 at leading stores or write to ROPEEZ, INC., 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

Red, American Beauty, Royal Blue, Green, Purple, Yellow, Black, Brown. Regular and half sizes in narrow and medium widths.

PLAIN MATERIALS IN WORSTED \$4.



Eyeful of Eythe

(Continued from page 30) time on he wore his cap backward, carried a box with a funnel stuck in the front of it and commandeered every kid in the neighborhood to "act" in front of his "camera." One day he ran out of *Tarzans* and was forced to essay the role himself. He fell out of a tree and was laid up for seven months with two fractured legs. It gave him time to think, he says now.

All this thought turned to an abandoned barn he knew about. As soon as he could hobble he turned it into a theater where he produced "Eythe Productions." He wrote, produced and directed his plays with no profit to himself or his company whatever. "It probably wasn't even fun for anyone but me," he admits cheerfully.

In 1937 he entered Carnegie Tech, scene of his brother's athletic triumphs, and confounded everyone by turning his entire attention to the drama school. His chief interest was, as always, in sets and costumes, but they always seemed to be running short of actors and he was always absent-mindedly consenting to add a performance to his other duties. When he graduated he was mildly astonished to find that he had acted in more than eighty productions. In the meantime, by way of paying his expenses through college, he had lectured on astronomy at a planetarium (he memorized the lecture and if anyone had asked him an intelligent question about the stars he would have died on the spot). He had also produced musical fashion shows at a department store by way of selling ladies' clothes. (He says these were terrible.)

After that he settled down to acting and his story is pretty routine—summer stock, bits on Broadway, fair parts away from Broadway and so on until he got the role of the neurotic young officer in Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." He gave a good performance but he took a terrible beating. A "superior officer" was required to cuff him, to bring him out of his hysteria. He did it so thoroughly that when the play was tried out in Baltimore, Eythe's left eardrum was punctured. Later on, at a performance in New York, his right eardrum suffered the same shattering. He was almost completely deaf for months.

And after that he came to Hollywood. He hitchhiked a ride with a friend whose wife had had to stay home until their dog had pups. "Good old pups!" Bill reminisces. After that—well there was that contract and that loneliness. There were the roles in "The Ox-Bow Incident," "The Song Of Bernadette," "The Eve Of St. Mark," "Wilson," "Wing And A Prayer," and now, suddenly, as he goes into "The Royal Scandal" with Tallulah Bankhead, he's famous. He's bewildered. He's trying to make up his mind about things. He has already made it up about several things!

Marriage, for instance: "Trouble is, they try to do it with props! Hollywood is the loneliest place in the world and when two people can't bear it any longer, they decide to get married. They think that if they get a house and maybe a woolly dog to lie on the hearthrug, all they have to do is marry and move in there and everything will be fine. They forget that they are individuals, with separate tastes and ambitions, with vanity and sensitive feelings and selfishness and with no time to themselves to try to smooth out any difficulties. All the chintz curtains and log fires in the world won't help them."

Actresses: "They have to spend so much time trying to seem to be something that they are not they don't have enough time to be what they are." He paused, after this ambitious statement, and struggled, "I mean—if a woman has to spend that much time on her appearance and on being seen

in the right places and making the right effect—well, then she sometimes doesn't develop mentally and emotionally. The girls here are devastatingly beautiful, but some of them are shells—sort of. They don't have that inner quality of—heart."

He likes one Hollywood girl though, he admits. Her name is Carol Andrews and she is a stock player at Twentieth. He takes her out and sees her whenever it's possible. "She hasn't got that way yet," he explains and that's all he will say about it.

He wishes he could be "sophisticated" and explains hastily that by that he doesn't mean witty, flip and overwise. He means he'd like to be at ease in any situation (which he is not), would like to be able to adjust himself to people and circumstances without having to struggle. He guesses that he "just isn't social." Large parties terrify him, chiefly because he is afraid he'll encounter "an executive." "Execu-



Bill digs for a fistful of tobacco for his pipe—prelude to a bachelor evening

tives are always sizing you up and judging you," he says. He dislikes night clubs because nothing of any consequence ever happens in them—"No one even finishes a sentence."

He detests Hollywood gossip and he is impatient with what he calls "prattle"—brittle chatter about nothing. He wishes that people would talk "objectively" but admits that he finds it difficult to do himself. He likes actors if they are interested in acting as a fine profession and not merely trying to exploit an easy way to fame and fortune. He loves to argue. He won't hold it against you if you make him mad in an argument either. He gets over it immediately. Sometimes he makes other people mad—and they don't get over it. He regrets this.

He composes music. Some of it is pretty good—very interesting, modern in mood.

He is extravagant—mostly about clothes, books and food. California delights him because a man can wear all kinds of vividly colored sports clothes, summer and winter, and no one will take the slightest notice of him. He's a pushover for gay

sports shirts, jackets, sweaters and plaid socks. Can't pass a shop window containing any such thing without going inside to buy. He thinks, ruefully, that maybe these extravagances of his will prevent his marrying—although he hopes not. Maybe he couldn't support a wife in the style to which she was accustomed and also support his wardrobe in the style to which he is rapidly becoming accustomed.

He doesn't own any evening clothes and the only time he really had to wear them (he had to take Anne Baxter to a premiere), he rented them and he says he looked very funny in them.

He played in stock with Ruth Chatterton. She encouraged and advised him about his future. He remembers that with gratitude. He is grateful, too, to Mary Morris, a teacher at Carnegie Tech, who did a lot for him. Henry King, who directed "Bernadette" and "Wilson," really needled him into making a needed effort, he thinks. He yearns to meet the author Marcia Davenport, who wrote two of his favorite books, "Of Lena Geyer" and "Valley Of Decision."

If the milkman, bus driver or gateman at the studio is rude to him, it upsets him for hours. "What have I done? What sort of heel am I?" he wails. He broods until something happens to take his mind off this deplorable occurrence. A kind word and he bounces up like a friendly puppy.

He is impatient with possessions (except books) and the two he treasures are a tiny brass elephant with an upturned trunk, which he thinks has brought him luck, and one of the socks he wore in his first play. His Irish grandmother taught him to put out milk for the leprechauns when he was a tot and sometimes he has a notion to fill a saucer at night now. But—he'd feel silly—so he doesn't. Still . . .

He's a bit proud of the tuft of chin whiskers he has grown for "The Royal Scandal." They're not exactly lush, but they're there and they are his very own.

He wishes women wouldn't wear short evening frocks—"they look so unfinished." And he likes them to have that well-scrubbed lock. But he's afraid that women don't care a bit what he wishes in these matters.

He loves his parents as much as the next man and he wouldn't live with them for anything. "Too many American parents forget to wean their children," he opines. "Ours had the good sense to help us to be on our own, when we were of age. Oh! Did I tell you about the time my mother 'ran interference' for my brother Dutch on the football field? It was a high-school game, of course. She got so excited that she ran right along the edge of the field, when he was carrying the ball, yelling, 'Do it for your mother, Dutch! Do it for your mother!' That was funny and everyone was amused. But a lot of parents try to 'run interference' for their kids after they're grown up."

At the moment, finding himself surprisingly in the money, he is torn between two ambitions. When the war is over he wants to travel, go everywhere and see everything. He has a sneaking hunch that the girl of his dreams lives in England and that if he can just get over there he'll find her. But he also has plans for a "cultural center" in Beverly Hills—and those plans aren't too ephemeral. Already there is interest and a promise of financial backing. "A theater, an art gallery, a library," he says, dreamily, "right in the center of everything, where everyone can enjoy it. It would be a monument!"

Other young men have had to choose between monuments and wanderlust. Wonder how young Eythe will decide!

THE END

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 18)

and hoarding corpses in spare rooms. Susanna Foster sings beautifully, Turhan Bey doesn't have his usual sex appeal but Gale Sondergaard is swell. (Nov.)

✓**DARK MOUNTAIN**—Paramount: When Ellen Drew discovers her husband Regis Toomey is a racketeer crook, she turns to Robert Lowery, her former suitor, for help, and he gives her refuge in a lonely mountain-top cabin. A lot of thought, good acting and a measure of suspense have gone into this B effort. The result is quite worth while. Eddie Quillan is in it too. (Dec.)

DEAD MAN'S EYES—Universal: A gruesome little number, with Acquarretta deliberately blinding Lon Chaney, the painter she loves, in order to prevent his marriage to Jean Parker. When it's discovered his eyesight can be saved by grafted cornea, Edward Fielding wills his eyes at death to Chaney and almost immediately finds himself dead. And let that be a lesson to everybody. (Dec.)

DIXIE JAMBOREE—PRC: When Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks try to escape the police, they take refuge upon Guy Kibbee's showboat. Eddie Quillan is the trombone player who's in love with songstress Frances Langford and Charles Butterworth is Kibbee's cohort in selling patent medicine on the side. Frances sings divinely. (Oct.)

✓**DOUGHGIRLS, THE**—Warners: This doesn't quite hit the jackpot, but it's got attractive names, comical situations and snappy dialogue. Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith are the three almost-wives who crowd into Ann's Washington hotel room along with the almost-grooms, Jack Carson, Craig Stevens and John Ridgely. Eve Arden is a wow as the Russian sergeant. (Dec.)

✓**DRAGON SEED**—M-G-M: A magnificent picture, dealing with Jap-occupied China and its peasants who grow from simple kindly people to a united people of strength and purpose. Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Turhan Bey, Katharine Hepburn and Akim Tamiroff are all outstanding. (Oct.)

ENEMY OF WOMEN—Frank-Monogram: Goebbels' life from the time he was a private tutor to the time he became propaganda head for Hitler, but it doesn't paint him black enough. Paul Andor turns in a weak-kneed version of Goebbels, Claudia Drake is the girl and Donald Woods her husband. (Nov.)

FALCON IN MEXICO, THE—RKO: Tom Conway, the Falcon, goes to Mexico to solve a mystery and people get killed all over the place. Nestor Paiva is clever as the Mexican detective; Martha MacVicar is cute; Mona Maris is very good and Conway is the same old smoothie as the Falcon. (Oct.)

✓**FRENCHMAN'S CREEK**—Paramount: A lusty tale of adventure told in Technicolor and starring Joan Fontaine as the wife who leaves her family to join pirate Arturo de Cordova on his expeditions. Ralph Forbes is Joan's weak and blustering husband, Basil Rathbone is his friend and Cecil Kellaway is Arturo's servant who helps Joan. Despite its adventurous theme, the picture lacks punch in spots. (Dec.)

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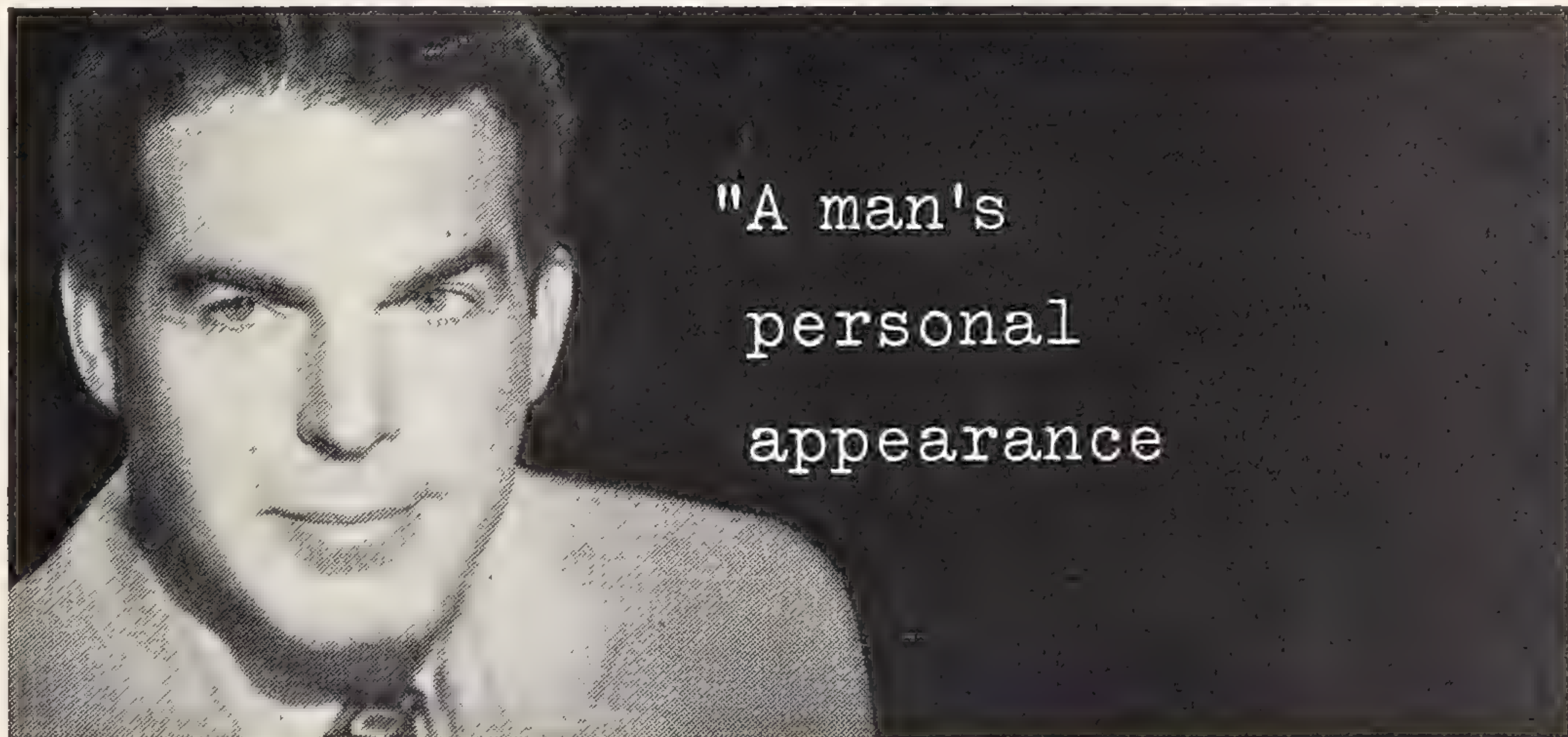
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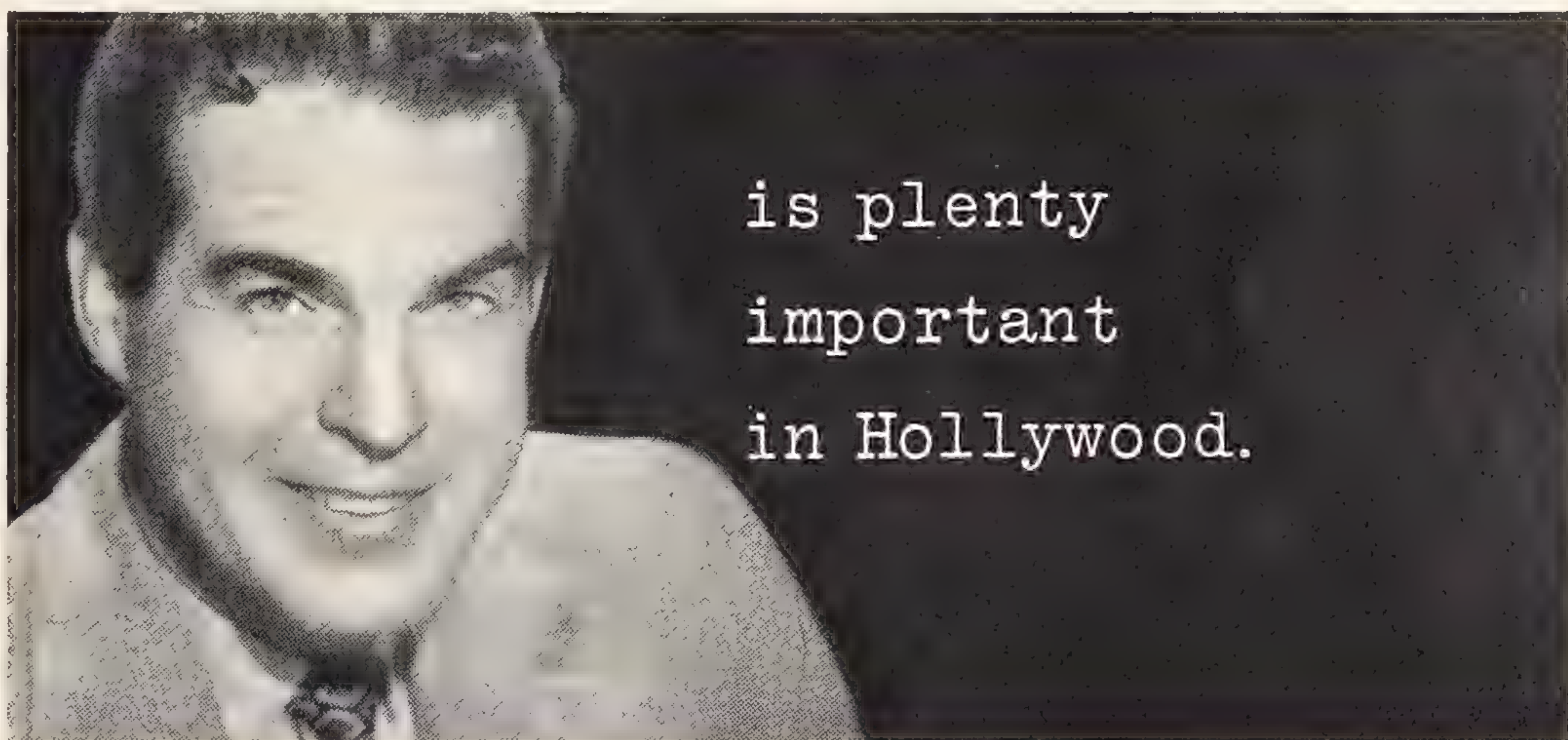
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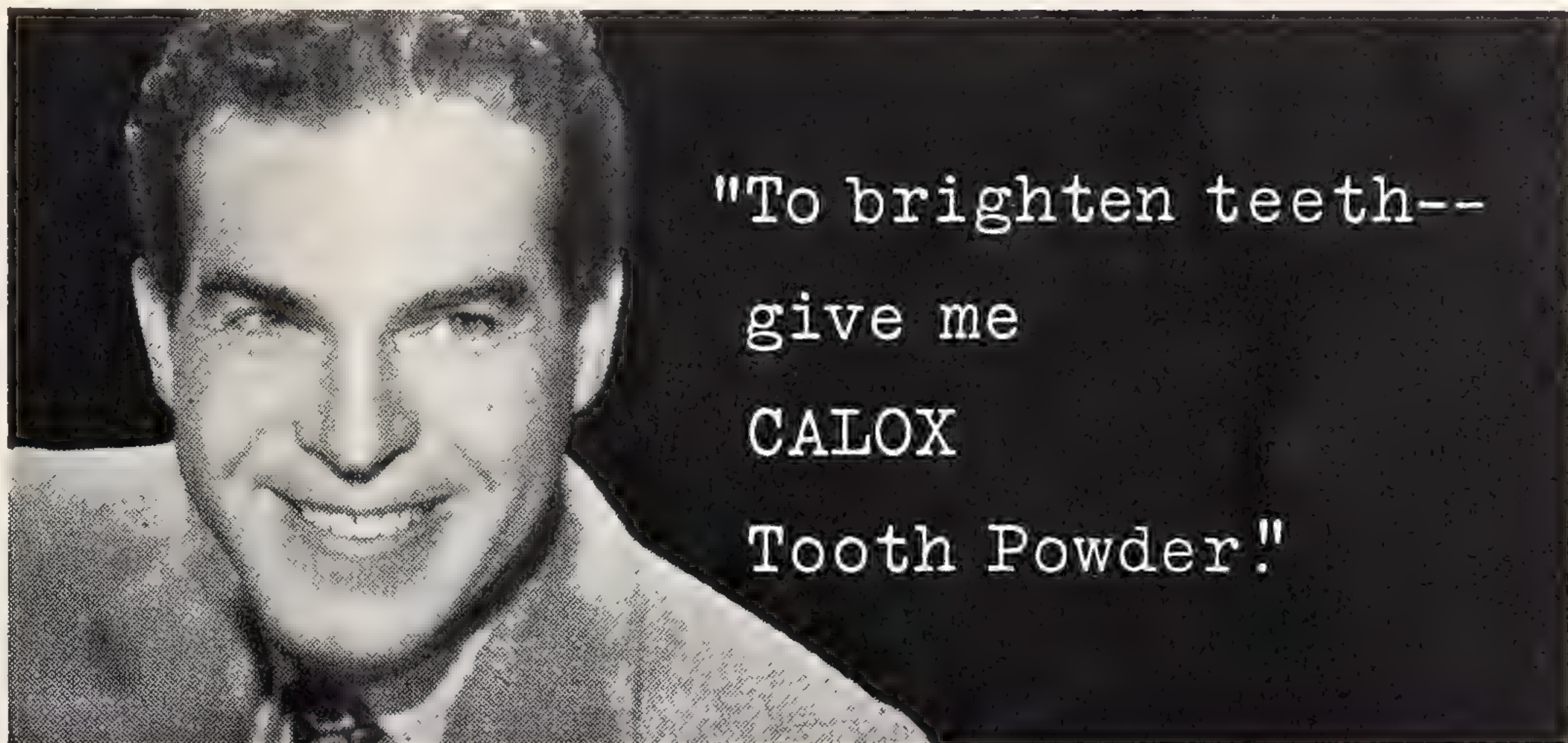
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P
M
M

GOIN' TO TOWN—Votion-RKO: This fails to catch the homey spirit of *Lum and Abner* and it's packed to the ears with corn. The story has to do with a city slicker who pretends to locate oil beneath the old fellow's store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. Chester Lauck and Norris Goff play *Lum* and *Abner* as usual, and Florence Lake, Dick Elliott and Grady Sutton are in it too. (Dec.)

GREENWICH VILLAGE—20th Century-Fox: Bill Bendix operates a Greenwich Village cafe in which Vivian Blaine sings, and into which wanders composer Don Ameche. Talented people including Carmen Miranda, Felix Bressart, Tony and Sally De Marco entertain you and it's all very gay. (Nov.)

GYPSY WILDCAT—Universal: Maria Montez and Jon Hall romp around again in Technicolor, this time in a story of a gypsy girl who turns out to be a missing heiress. Nigel Bruce, Leo Carrillo and Gale Sondergaard go around in it too. (Nov.)

IMPATIENT YEARS, THE—Columbia: This comedy, built around a vital problem, emerges vitalizing entertainment. Sgt. Lee Bowman returns home on furlough to find his wife Jean Arthur, whom he has known only four days, embroiled in household duties and child care. When they fly to the divorce courts, Jean's father, Charles Coburn, and the judge order them to relive their courtship. (Nov.)

IN SOCIETY—Universal: Abbott and Costello are a pair of plumbers summoned to a wealthy matron's home to fix a faucet. After practically destroying the home, the matron sends them a note of complaint, but by mistake they receive an invitation to a week end party and the riot goes on from there. (Nov.)

IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING—20th Century-Fox: Jeanne Crain, used to luxury, undergoes a hasty and unpleasant wedding ceremony to young officer Frank Latimore and then tries to adjust herself to their single shabby room. Gale Robbins, Eugene Pallette and Mary Nash are a few of the many people in this timely little story. (Dec.)

JANIE—Warners: Young, gay, heart-warming and so funny: You'll love this picture. Sixteen-year-old *Janie*, played delightfully by Joyce Reynolds, keeps her family in a constant uproar due to her beaus and her sister Claire Foley's tattling and when a company of soldiers moves into town it becomes a furor. Robert Hutton is *Janie's* boy friend. (Oct.)

JUNGLE WOMAN—Universal: Acquannetta is an ape girl who is transformed into a beautiful girl by means of a magic drug. But when she escapes and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl she falls in love with the boy friend of the doctor's daughter and the fur flies in all directions. (Oct.)

KISMET—M-G-M: A fanciful fairy tale, beautifully mounted, with Ronald Colman as the king of the beggars who's determined that only a prince may wed his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page. Edward Arnold is the grand Vizier who wants to overthrow the Caliph, James Craig, who has fallen in love with Joy Ann, and Marlene Dietrich is the tempestuous beauty in Arnold's harem whom Colman loves. (Nov.)

LOST IN A HAREM: Abbott and Costello and Marilyn Maxwell are a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient, and John Conte is a deposed prince who promises to get them back to America if they'll help him regain his kingdom. Jimmy Dorsey's music helps out, but it's a none too funny picture. (Nov.)

MADEMOISELLE FIFI—RKO: This is a story of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 and a mighty good little story it is, too. Simone Simon proves herself a fine little actress as the French peasant who suffers humiliation and scorn from the Prussian officers and Kurt Krueger is really one of the most loathsome villains you'll ever meet. (Oct.)

MAISIE GOES TO RENO—M-G-M: *Maisie's* ordered to take a rest, so she joins a band which opens in Reno for a fortnight, but before she leaves she undertakes a mission for soldier Tom Drake. Once in Reno, trouble develops, so *Maisie*, played as usual by Ann Sothern, enlists the aid of card-dealer John Hodiak to get to the bottom of the affair. (Nov.)

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR—M-G-M: Lana Turner lifts this treatment of marriage among our young moderns into entrancing entertainment by the sincerity of her performance. John Hodiak is miscast as her Boston blue-blood husband and James Craig is solid as Lana's suitor who almost wrecks her marriage. (Nov.)

MASTER RACE, THE—RKO: A gripping and grimly realistic picture showing, through the rebirth of a village freed from German occupation, how the Nazis plan to sow the seeds for World War III. George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympathizer. Carl Esmond, Nancy Gates, Osa Massen and Stanley Ridges do excellent work. (Dec.)

MERRY MONAHANS, THE—Universal: Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan cavort against a backstage setting and it's mighty entertaining over half-way through the picture. Then the old corn moves in. Jack Oakie plays the kids' father, Ann Blyth is Donald's sweetheart, John Miljan is the passe actor, and Isabel Jewell the meanie. (Oct.)

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS—Universal: Chief Officer Leo Carrillo takes the crew of a merchant marine ship out to his ranch and finds that it's been taken over by women. Elyse Knox is the foreman, the Andrews Sisters sing like mad. (Nov.)

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR—Columbia: An appealing movie, with timid, hen-pecked Eddie Robinson going off to war. In the Army he heckles his sergeant until he gets into the combat mechanic unit and finally sees action. Ruth Warrick, Bob Haymes, Richard Lane and Robert Armstrong contribute to this whimsically different story. (Oct.)

MRS. PARKINGTON—M-G-M: Those who have read Louis Bromfield's novel will find no fault with its translation to the screen, for it's superbly done. Greer Garson as the young Western girl who marries the wealthy *Major Parkington* and matures gracefully into a magnificent old woman. Pidgeon as the dynamic major does his best work to date. With Edward Arnold, Frances Rafferty, Agnes Moorehead and Gladys Cooper. (Dec.)

MUSIC IN MANHATTAN—RKO: A cute, snappy little yarn. Anne Shirley is a fine comedienne, Phillip Terry is so good and Dennis Day is a riot as Annie's suitor. (Oct.)

MY PAL WOLF—RKO: Sharyn Moffett is a little girl whose parents leave her in the care of peculiar servants, and her only interest is the police dog she finds and tries to shield from her governess, Jill Esmond. The story's weakly constructed, but in spite of this, it isn't at all a bad picture. (Dec.)

NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Paramount: If you like the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dancers you'll like their movie even better. Bob Benchley plays the radio agent to whom Charles Quigley attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn Dance show. Pat Buttram is funny and Jean Heather is the girl Quigley romances. (Dec.)

*Your hearts will be
young and gay with
DIANA LYNN
who plays Emily
Kimbrough on the
screen. Now Emily
Kimbrough gives you
an exclusive story on
Diana—next month.*

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—RKO: The attempts of a cockney to reach out to a better life, laid against the dreadful atmosphere of London's slums, make up this tale of Richard Llewellyn's. Cary Grant gives a truly understanding performance as the cockney and Ethel Barrymore does beautiful work as his mother, June Duprez and Jane Wyatt are the girls in his life. (Dec.)

OH, WHAT A NIGHT—Monogram: Edmund Lowe is a jewel thief out to snatch the jewels of burlesque-queen Marjorie Rambeau, but Ivan Lebedeff, George Lewis and Claire DeBrey are after the same thing. Jean Parker is very cute as the girl. (Nov.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are perfect choices for the roles of the two innocent young girls who practically throw Europe into an uproar. James Brown and Bill Edwards couldn't be better and Charlie Ruggles and Dorothy Gish as Gail's parents fit the story beautifully. (Oct.)

PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE, THE—Goldwyn: It could have been funnier, but Bob Hope as a friendly coward back in pirate days will give you laughs. Vic McLaglen is the leader of the pirates, Walter Brennan the nitwit pirate and Virginia Mayo is the beautiful princess. (Nov.)

SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU—Universal: A refreshing, zany story packed with chuckles and laughter, this has professor Edward Everett Horton and his mad family traveling to San Diego to be near the testing plant of Horton's invention, a collapsible life raft. Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns in a fine performance, and Jon Hall is so good as the wealthy railroad owner. (Dec.)

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—Republic: Roy Rogers and Ed Gargan try to get jobs on Dale Evans' ranch in order to find some thugs. The cow hands are girls because Dale is trying to thwart her sister Jean Porter's romantic tendencies. The story is too frail for Rogers, but the music is first-rate. (Nov.)

SEVEN DOORS TO DEATH—PRC: A mystery chiller, with cute June Clyde inheriting a shopping center with a stray corpse or two thrown in. With Chic Chandler, George Meeker and Casey MacGregor. (Nov.)

SEVENTH CROSS—M-G-M: Seven men attempt to escape from a German concentration camp in a film that's tops in adult entertainment. Spencer is wonderful as the harassed, tortured escapee who is helped by Hume Cronyn, whose performance is brilliant. Signe Hasso, Felix Brestart, Agnes Moorehead and Jessica Tandy are all good. (Oct.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—Selznick: Overly long and repetitious in spots, this story of the experiences of one family in the year the husband and father is at war is an emotionally moving one. Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple her daughters, Monty Woolley, their lodger, Joe Cotton, Robert Walker, Agnes Moorehead as the busy-body, and Hattie McDaniel are all standouts. (Oct.)

STARS ON PARADE—Columbia: Stand-ins Larry Parks and Lynn Merrick decide to organize a show to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they stand-in. Jeff Donnell is a cutie but has too little to do; the musical numbers are none too good. (Oct.)

STORM OVER LISBON—Republic: Vera Hruba Ralston is a beautiful spy who poses as a dancer in Eric von Stroheim's cafe, and Richard Arlen is the American secret agent. Otto Kruger, Eduardo Cianelli and Mona Barrie add intrigue. (Nov.)

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN—20th Century-Fox: Benny Goodman promotes young trombonist James Cardwell whom Linda Darnell loves until he gets a swelled head, and with some persuasion by singer Lynn Bari and agent Allyn Joslyn, steals Benny's boys and starts his own band. Jack Oakie is funny, but it's the music that makes the picture. (Nov.)

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT—20th Century-Fox: Taken from the radio show, the bulk of this picture is made up of scenes from old Fox films to which contestant Eddie Ryan, whose wife is going to have a baby, must guess the right answers. Phil Baker plays himself and you'll enjoy seeing Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Shirley Temple and others in various former films. (Oct.)

TALL IN THE SADDLE—RKO: A Western mystery drama with action and romance, and John Wayne as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town to find the man who hired him has been murdered. Ella Raines becomes his boss instead, and Wayne is romantically caught between Ella and the Eastern Audrey Long. The fight sequence between Wayne and Ward Bond is one of the best screen fights you've seen. (Dec.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Republic: Richard Arlen is the best thing about this picture, which could have been funnier. The screen's crowded with actors, specialists and all kinds of music. Ellen Drew is mixed up in it, as are Leonid Kinskey and Minor Watson, and you can hardly find the poor little plot. (Dec.)

THREE LITTLE SISTERS—Republic: A cute little picture. Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't for the sake of a visiting soldier, though you'd think they could have found something less strenuous than laundry work. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks. (Oct.)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Paramount: Suspense and tender appeal are woven into the time-worn tale about an American aviator, Ray Milland, who's forced down in France and eventually reaches the coast through the help of Barbara Britton, a novice in a convent, but the story should have been better constructed. Constantin Shayne is the German major. (Nov.)

WAVE, A WAC, AND A MARINE, A—Monogram: This is about two Broadway stars and their understudies who are signed by rival Hollywood agents. Elyse Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth and Ramsay Ames do their best. (Oct.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Monogram: A whodunit that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she's met only a few times on a chase from the police. Seems as how husband Dean Jagger is suspected of murder. Neil Hamilton is excellent. (Nov.)

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN—PRC: A post-war story of pre-war vintage, with Jimmy Lydon as a Marine back from the South Pacific who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident. Regis Toomey is good, Grant Mitchell and Dorothy Peterson are the parents. (Dec.)

WILSON—20th Century-Fox: One of the outstanding pictures of the year. Alexander Knox plays Wilson with complete conviction and the story of this great Democrat, his term as president and his fight for the League of Nations is truthfully and brilliantly told. Charles Coburn, Gertrude Fitzgerald and Thomas Mitchell are just a few of the impressive cast of this impressive picture. (Oct.)

WING AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox: At last a war story, devoid of Hollywood bunkeroo, becomes an almost factual sincere document. It tells the story of a carrier and its cargo of planes. Dana Andrews as the squadron commander, Don Ameche, Bill Eythe, Richard Jaeckel and Kevin O'Shea all turn up with fine performances. (Oct.)

My G.I. Dates

Continued from page 49) been set up and lights reflected wonderfully in the water. The sound of the calliope drifted through the night and it was as romantic a setting anyone could want. But I was alone.

Suddenly, almost out of nowhere, a girl appeared. She was slight, had whitish-blond hair and a very soft Bergman-ish scent. She sat beside me and we talked. I fished together. Mostly we talked of the war—and of her fiancé in Italy. I discovered the importance of being true to a person. We talked of all the girls waiting. And of all the soldiers waiting. I discovered what idealism there can be in a girl who has been waiting two years! In Kansas City my roommates, Corporal Nat Lund and Sergeant Bill Lawton and I dated one Madeline McCallister, my mother. We dined at the Hotel Continental and danced to the music of "I'll See You" and "Easy To Love"—my favorites. Afterwards we walked from the city limit of Kansas City to the other, figuratively speaking, and midnight-dropped at a side-street beanery. It was very reminiscent of one of my last nights in Hollywood, when I walked from Hollywood and Vine to Santa Monica and Fairfax, ending at Barney's Beanery, one of the old gang's hangouts.

At Fort Des Moines, we entertained several thousand WACs. Among them I found an old friend, Pfc. Jo Rainey who, before the war, was Jane Withers' private secretary. I really splurged that night. Jo and I met after the show and dined a la Hollywood—eight courses, candlelight and the trimmings—at a nearby roadhouse. I knew I couldn't afford it, but I was so glad to see Jo I felt we had to do something special. And, too, I knew she had been going through a pretty intensive

training course and hadn't had much time for fun. And it was worth it! We talked about the old days and planned the new. And then we parted. We have a date to meet in Hollywood as soon as we're both discharged.

MY last night with the WAC Recruiting gang was spent at the Red Cross Canteen at the Omaha Airport. Our commanding officer, Major Bruce McCullough, the six WACs with the show and all of my fellow G.I.'s escorted me to the plane. We toasted everyone—with hot chocolate! And wrote our names on the walls of the Canteen. When the time came to leave, we were all abashedly sad. Suddenly, I hated the Army for forcing me to leave such good friends. But in my next breath, I had to thank the Army for giving them to me in the first place.

Then I was ordered back to Hollywood to do "Winged Victory." And the most horrible thing happened on my first free night. I was to attend a party that Gene and Betsy Kelly were having! But when I got home, it was so good to see my own bed that I decided to catch thirty or forty minutes' sleep before the party. I awoke at seven in the morning! I never have recovered from my embarrassment. The worst part of it was that I was supposed to take Nancy Walker. If she weren't so good a sport, I don't suppose she'd have forgiven me.

When Jeanne and I went to the party Elsa Maxwell gave after the "Wilson" premiere, we were as naive as any fans ever were when we saw Tallulah Bankhead there. We both wanted to meet her, so I wangled an introduction. We weren't at all disappointed, either! The Bankhead Legend is genuine, I've found out.

When a fellow unexpectedly gets back to the home town, sometimes the younger girls have grown up so suddenly you don't recognize them. I didn't know Virginia Weidler, who's a regular deb now. It was fun finding Gloria De Haven a glamour star. Gloria and I went to high school together and she's the kind who is as loyal as she is beautiful. I had a date with her for the alumni meeting of Mar-Ken, the actors' high school we attended when we were just kids dying for picture breaks. Yes—Gloria's a charmer!

It's been fun bumping into old friends. I admire Montez and had a chance to tell her I first met Jean Pierre Aumont when we both still had our first Hollywood roles ahead of us. Tech. Sgt. Dave Rose, who did the music for "Winged Victory," ran out of gas just as I was coming along the other day and naturally I was glad to see him—and June Allyson, who was with him.

Well, that's the rather uninteresting account of my G.I. dates. It's not nearly as glamorous as those I've read about myself. I only hope that when folks read those too exciting accounts of how Jeanne Crain and I have been Mocambo-ing, they'll picture us instead nine times out of ten, sipping an ice-cream soda at Schwab's Drug Store after the movies. Frankly, I've never taken a girl to a flossy night club in my life. I'm not very keen about dancing and that kind of an atmosphere has never had much appeal for me. Also, I hope people will remember that I'm just a G.I. Joe now, and while my assignment on "Winged Victory" is a good one and has enabled me to see a lot of my favorite people, like any other good job in the Army, it can't last!

THE END

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I Predict

(Continued from page 28) so. There are more important things for a genius like Orson to do. (I do not refer to him as a genius carelessly. Gradually Orson has been weaned away from motion pictures and the stage. He wants to be a statesman, diplomat or politician. He loved Mr. Willkie. He adores ex-Vice-President Wallace. He admires Mr. Morgenthau, whom he put on the air last June. Remember? Henry Morgenthau is not an imaginative man and I have never thought him a very good speaker. But when Orson trained him, helped him write his speech, produced him on the air, really, he was very fine.

Orson is a great believer in mankind. He also is devoted to Franklin Delano Roosevelt who, in turn, regards him highly. Very likely, someday, Orson will find himself in a high post, minister to one of the Latin American countries perhaps. He has traveled down there and speaks languages fluently.

Garbo will not, I say, make another picture here. But, after the war, she will go abroad to make pictures in Europe.

Paulette Goddard will make fewer pictures.

Bette Davis, unquestionably the Duse of the screen, will—in 1945—be the first actress to play the classics on the screen. I see her as Ibsen's immortal *Hedda Gabler*, as *Portia* in "The Merchant Of Venice."

I also look for Bette to marry in 1945. She is distinctly a one-man woman. She never has and never will be given to light affairs of the heart. When Bette cares she cares tremendously. Therefore I doubt very much she would have gone to Georgia on her vacation to visit Corporal Lewis A. Riley unless Corporal Riley was the man in her life. And when a girl from New England falls in love she gets married.

Lucille Bremer will be a name to remember in 1945. Lucille, a beautiful creature, dances like nothing in this world with Fred Astaire in "Ziegfeld Follies." And Fred, dancing with her, is a new man.

I predict Charles Chaplin will give the screen "Landru," the French black-bearded murderer who did away with six-

teen wives. I shouldn't be surprised if he called this picture "Lady Killer." In it he will not wear a black beard, only the well-known mustache that Herr Hitler copied. And, count on it, "Landru" will be hilarious. As I understand it his wives will be all so obnoxious, emphasizing the worst traits, that there will be approval when they come to their abrupt ends.

JOAN FONTAINE will marry again. This time her husband won't be an actor. He'll be a banker. I wish her happiness. For Joan has a sense of inner beauty as great as her outer beauty.

Underscore the name of Clifton Webb when you make out your screen shopping list for next year. For in "Laura," Clifton—combining sophistication and ultra-elegance—becomes a great new screen character. Completely sinister, he plays the suavest, most believable and most delightful murderer you ever saw.

Lauren Bacall will be another *must* on your list in 1945. Her first role in "To Have And Have Not" earned her four stars. Now she's working—again with Humphrey Bogart, in "Big Sleep." But then I predicted just success for Lauren—who's real name is Betty Bacall—almost in the same minute I laid these old eyes upon her, before she ever had appeared on the screen. It is almost a year ago now that I wrote, glowingly, about her in Photoplay.

Greer Garson will reach new heights when, following "Valley Of Decision," she appears in a picture with Clark Gable.

Also, when MacArthur has recaptured Manila, keep your eye on Greer. She will bend every effort to go there as soon as her picture commitments permit, in a USO camp show or some other capacity, to see her husband Richard Ney. Furloughs now are not in the cards for many men in the Pacific theater. Hence, since Richard can't come to her, Greer will go to him.

Here's to 1945! May it prove, for all of us and so for the world, a year of fulfillment. And it will, if we will work to make this so.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944.

(SEAL)

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Bronx Co. Register No. 90M46
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 540
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 317M6
Commission Expires March 30th, 1946

Bergman in Brief

(Continued from page 51) living in California with her hard-working husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom and her daughter Pia, who is now six.

What she really looks like: Well, she swings along in her charming peasant clothes with her honey-colored hair shining in the sun, her face lightly tanned, her cheeks red with natural color, her mouth pink—and men don't whistle . . . they sigh wistfully and watch her till she's out of sight.

Ideal home: She just moved there. It's a sand-colored farmhouse in Beverly Hills, surrounded by a large garden filled with trees and flowers. Inside and outside it's comfortable—and minus the Hollywood musts of swimming pools, tennis courts and chromium bars. Her ideal home is a home.

What she's like as a housekeeper: She's effortlessly efficient. Her house is spotless, her two servants at once remarkably able and remarkably happy, and the meals are worthy of some sonnets to the Scandinavian!

How she begins her day: She leaps out of bed at eight o'clock mornings when she's not acting, fresh from nine hours of sleep. Fifteen minutes later she's seated before a breakfast consisting of fruit juice, coffee and toast—and fifteen minutes after that another violently active day has begun for Ingrid.

Just for the record: She is five-feet-seven-inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has blonde hair and dark blue eyes.

Only ornament she wears: A tiny pin-on watch.

Happiest moments: When she's busy—which is every moment she's awake. You'll find her playing her piano, or swimming, or playing tennis, or riding horseback, or taking long walks, or listening to her folk-music collection, or reading—every second when she isn't overseeing her house or tending to her career.

Only annoyance that fame has brought her: Autograph hounds—who embarrass and detain her when she's attempting to lead her private life in "public."

Things she likes that other people loathe: Having her hair done daily when acting, costume fittings, working overtime or on Sundays, getting up early, planning meals, wearing a wig in "Saratoga Trunk"—and having her hair cut off for "For Whom The Bell Tolls!" The things that outrage other people make Bergman only smile and shrug.

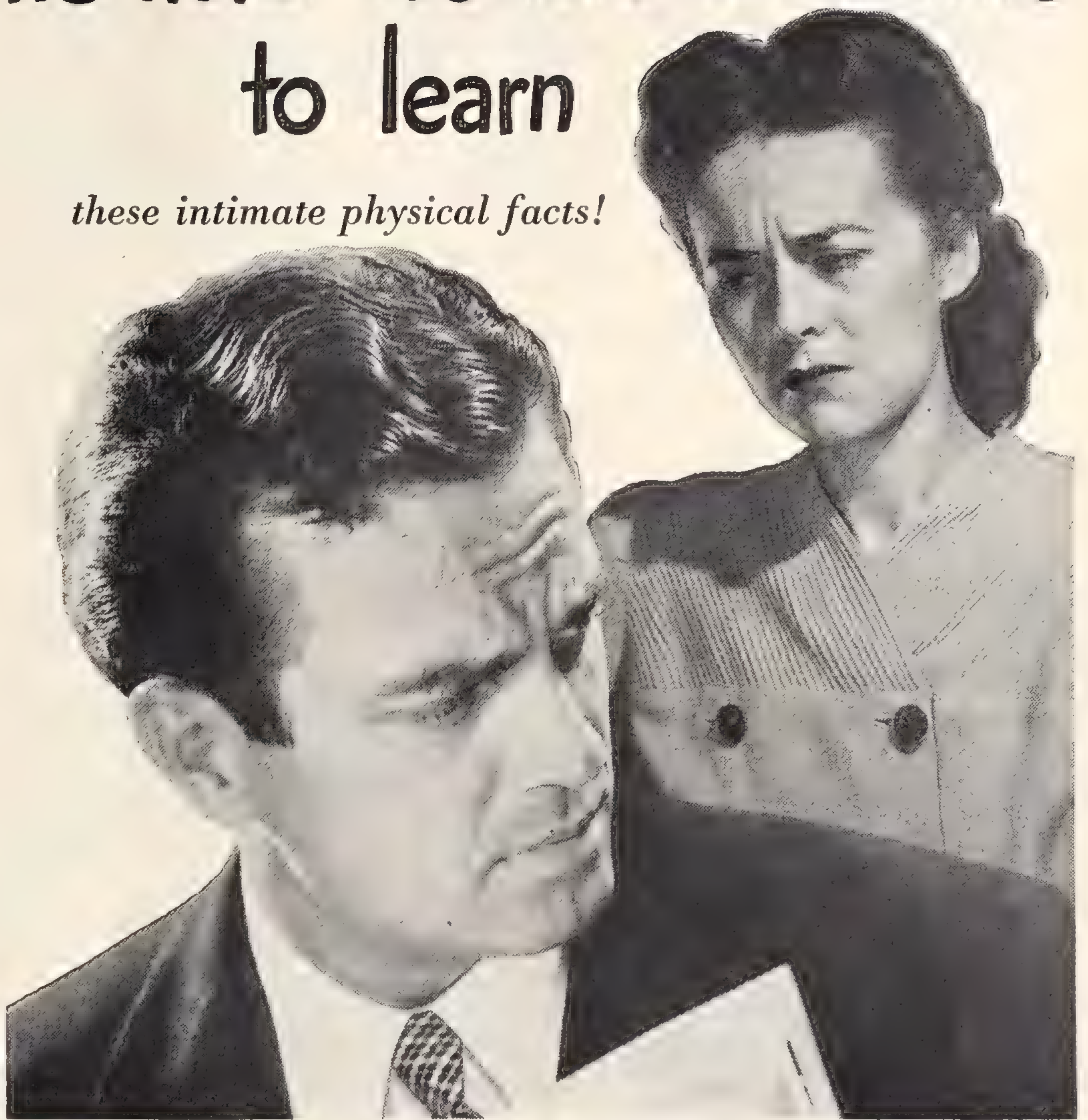
What she hates that other people love: Being fussed over—only this crisis never comes. Bergman's not the type!

How she spent her first evening in Hollywood: Thousands of miles from her home in Sweden, she sat down to dinner at a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood—and then met her producer David Selznick. Then she wrote a letter home to her doctor husband in Sweden!

Favorite chore: Shopping—whether it's for groceries, household bric-a-brac, records, books, or presents for her friends. She loves to drift from store to store until she locates exactly the right thing. Then she pounces on it and carries it home.

It's never too late for a wife to learn

these intimate physical facts!



Is something "lacking" in your marriage? Is your husband growing "indifferent" lately? Then don't sit home and brood about it. DO something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself—her carelessness and neglect of *proper* intimate feminine "cleanliness"—her ignorance of *what* to put in her douche.

Many wives "think" they know and foolishly use old-fashioned, weak, home-made mixtures of their mothers' and grandmothers' time—or over-strong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

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Biggest thrill: Sitting in a Hollywood projection room as a famous star, watching her father's home movies made many years ago unroll before her—of her first twelve birthday parties, of her family in far-away Sweden in far-away times. Never before had she seen these movies, for there was no way for the Bergman family to show them. Never before in her memory had she seen her long-dead mother.

American habits she hasn't acquired: Smoking, back-seat driving and reading the comic strips.

What her diary is like: It's unique—for it's completely on film and filled with other people, not herself. She owns both a movie camera and a still one, and wherever she goes she takes pictures—particularly of her daughter Pia, whose entire life so far is written in celluloid.

That addition she wants to build on her house after the war: A projection room—where,

at last, she can run off her own movies and others at the flip of a finger.

Most important year of her life: 1937—when she married Dr. Lindstrom, whom she had known for several years—since he had been a medical student; and when she made two movies in Sweden, acted in two stage plays there for the first time in her life—and got her first offer from Hollywood.

Languages she speaks: Swedish, German, and English.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she is the happiest person in Hollywood—because she is thoroughly self-reliant and adjusted to life; because she is dependent on no outside influences; because she knew from childhood what she wanted and she worked quietly and steadily at getting it. Of all the citizens of Hollywood, Ingrid Bergman is the most mature.

THE END

I'm Like This

(Continued from page 45) And don't get him started on gardening—he goes on and on about that Victory garden of his—how all the vegetables the family have eaten for two full years come out of the garden; how he does all the work himself; how he rotates the crop for an all-year-round yield. He'll rave about his corn, the size of his tomatoes and what he's learned about string beans.

He's just as unbalanced about carpentry. He'll take you out and show you his wood-working shop—which he built himself. Then he'll show you the sheds he's built, the chickencoops and with that comes a short lecture on hens and the number of eggs they deliver each day.

The best he can say of himself is that he loves to "putter" day in and day out.

If you're in a hurry to get away, don't let him get on the subject of Judith Ann. You've never seen a man so nuts about his baby—her curly hair, that smile of hers and the way she's learning to gurgle so you'd swear she was talking.

More than anything, he wants some sisters and brothers for Judith Ann. At least a brother. He's got it all planned—how he'd teach him to swim and play games and go out for sports, and the long walks they'd take together and the trips,

No son he'd have would be a pantywaist. He'd be just like his father—and like the same things. He'd want to go with Donlevy to the mine, whenever he could get away from studio work. That's what Donlevy does now. He piles himself into his two-ton truck and drives for six and a half hours up to the hills over the Mojave desert to the mine he bought.

It's a tungsten mine, and essential to the war effort. Donlevy works with Prout, the manager, while he's sharing the camp life, the tents of the mine workers. He never hunts, unless they run out of food and need more—because he never did like the idea of just killing for sport's sake.

Donlevy's not sure he would want his son to follow his father's footsteps into acting as a profession. But Donlevy likes acting, particularly nowadays when he's got out of the old gangster roles and is really playing the sort of parts he likes—he-man roles, rough, tough and realistic. No glamour parts for him but characters who pack a wallop, who can take it or give it. Those are the kind he's getting to play now all the time.

Donlevy's a simple guy. He likes his food and plenty of sleep. You won't

find him night-clubbing. He found Mrs. Donlevy at a night club, fell in love with her while she was singing, married her after what has been called "a whirlwind courtship." It was long enough to prove to Mrs. Donlevy that he loved her, so what does the length of wooing time matter?

He never skips breakfast. That meal is the full treatment—fruit, cereal, toast, eggs and, when you can get it, bacon. He likes a good lunch, too, when he's not at the studio. There his regime changes. He has his lunch—milk, scrambled eggs and toast—sent to his dressing room. After eating he naps a half hour. (He can sleep any time he sets his head down.)

For dinner, a full meal is his choice. And best of all he likes thick steaks, rare, and spinach.

If you want to find a guy who believes in luck, take Donlevy. He knows how much the breaks are responsible for most careers. They've certainly helped him along. He'll never forget how down and out he was, scraping the bottom of his pocketbook and with just his return ticket to New York, when a break kept him in Hollywood and started him off there.

On his list of people to look up was one name left. His train to New York would leave in a few hours. He played a hunch and looked up a man. It was the casting director at Goldwyn's—and he took one look at Donlevy and gave him a part in a picture, his first. Donlevy stayed in Hollywood. And Broadway hasn't seen him since, for which he's a bit sorry, as Broadway had been very kind to him—after he passed the usual starvation period.

Yes, he believes in luck, but he can't stand the kind of people who rush off to fortunetellers.

He's got other definite ideas about people. He doesn't like phonies of any variety. But most of all, he hates the kind of people who boast about their positions, their abilities and the money they make. He hates the kind who tell you what they paid for this, how much that cost.

The first thing he notices about women is grooming. Next, their faces; third, their shoes. But he's seen too many glamour girls to be impressed by beauty. "Pretty is as pretty does" seems sound logic to him. He looks for character—and likes intelligence in the fair sex. And he thinks it's amazing how Mrs. Donlevy combines all three.

Now for the severest-critic part. He's got the sort of temper of which he

disapproves. Instead of a good, healthy outburst and some furniture breaking and then the storm is over, he has the slow-burning sort of temper. He holds it in and carries a grouch. But he'd much rather throw a chair and get it right out of his system.

Otherwise, he's got a fairly calm disposition. Mrs. Donlevy says he's too easy-going. She calls him "a sucker for a soft touch and a hard-luck story." She's not quite fair about that. Anyone who had the lean pickings Donlevy had, for the length of time he had them, knows about hard luck. Anyway people are good—most of them, he still thinks—and what if you do guess wrong once in every hundred? The average bears you out. Maybe it's self-indulgence but it's really a good investment in people.

His worst habit, next to that smoldering temper, is that of lapsing into long silences in groups of people. His mind wanders off and he just forgets where he is. But it's lousy company manners—as anyone will tell you.

Nowadays, he seldom gets inside a night spot. He'd rather sit around jawing with a few friends and turn in early.

And he's got one extravagance. Maybe it stems from the time he only had one shirt to his name. He likes buying clothes. His taste is loud, too. He loves jackets of bright colors, noisy plaids. His slacks he'll take plain but he doesn't care for neckties and prefers bright turtle-neck sweaters to shirts any day.

He has one hopeless ambition. At least, it hasn't borne any fruit to date. He wants to be a writer. At school he wrote poetry and had to learn to fight to prove he wasn't a sissy. Now he writes short stories—which publishers ignore. He's even tried writing screenplays, which some of the best producers have scorned with a mighty scorn!

And when Donlevy gets mad at Donlevy and wants to give him the devil, he calls Donlevy "Waldo"—it's his middle name and he's ashamed of it!

THE END

Medal from Hitler

(Continued from page 28) no such thing as a "Jewish Race." There are Negro Jews, there are Chinese Jews. If you believe in the Jewish religion, you're a Jew. That's all there is to it—although the Germans want you to believe differently.

Examine a man's brain. It tells you nothing about his "race." Test his blood. It tells you nothing about his "race." (Healthy blood plasma can save the life of any wounded soldier of any color.) Nor does skin color mean a thing except that certain people have a little more of a chemical, melanin, in their skins, and that makes them look more or less like Joe Louis; and others have a little more of a chemical called carotene in their skins, and that makes them look a little more like me.

Figure this one out. It's funny, isn't it, that the two peoples on this earth who are responsible for the fact that decent Americans are suffering and dying today—the German people and the Japanese people—are exactly the two peoples who believe in "race superiority" and "race inferiority" and who are out to murder everybody who doesn't agree with them.

So—if you want to be a German or a Jap stooge, you know how to go about it. Just get out in the street or talk to your neighbor and preach race prejudice.

Hitler will bless you. Hirohito will applaud you.

In fact, you'll be a mighty good Jap, a mighty good German.

There's only one thing you won't be. You won't be a good American.

The End

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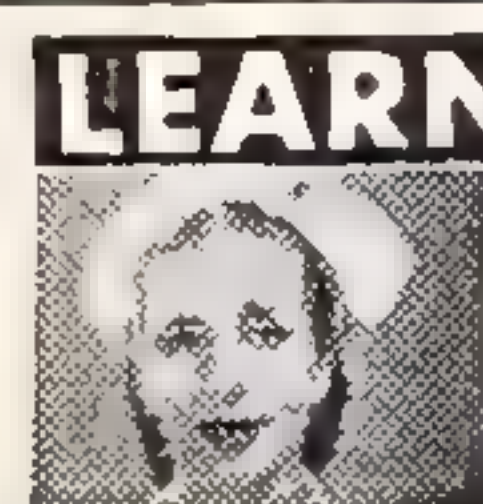
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The Truth about Jane and Ronnie

(Continued from page 23) pictures. But this is irritating and he could stand the glass in his eye only for a limited time.

"What I can't understand," Jane went on, "is the eagerness with which some people start trouble rumors. A certain woman telephoned twice to say she had heard our home was for rent or sale. I suspect very much that it is the same woman who tried to marry Ronnie off to one of her relatives before our marriage. Believe me—I'm going to find out who has started all this talk and when I do—" Jane's eyes flashed. Frankly, I wouldn't want to be in that person's shoes!

"It has all become so bad lately that I find I am not acting natural," Jane admitted. "Last week Ronnie's brother asked me to have luncheon to discuss a radio show. But we had to have lunch at the house because I didn't dare to be seen with a man in a restaurant. That would have been the birth of another rumor.

"And here's another incident: Ronnie, you know, has to get up early, and so the other evening when we were at a party at Ciro's he left an hour before I did. After he left, I danced with Van Johnson who is a very good friend of ours. And the very next day a columnist had an item telling of how I was 'looking into Van's eyes' while we danced—or some such rot. No one paid any attention to the fact that Ronnie and I had danced before he departed. Besides, Ronnie doesn't rhumba and I love to—so I usually have a different partner for this number."

Jane went on, "That is the way rumors are born, Louella—little silly, ridiculous things that you hardly know how to fight. No matter what you do, it seems wrong."

THE little Wyman girl, I must admit, isn't always tactful, either. Not long ago she went East on a five-weeks' Bond tour and to make personal appearances. She was so burned up over the way certain writers failed to believe her when she denied that she and Ronnie were having trouble, that she carried her anger with her to New York. The very first interviewer started asking her questions about her private life

and her supposed battles with her husband. Janie hit the ceiling. She told the Warner publicity department that she would see no more newspaper or magazine writers unless they agreed not to bring up this subject.

"Instead of stopping the gossip," Jane explained, "it just added fuel to the fire. They figured if Wyman wouldn't talk—she must be hiding something!

"The real truth is, Louella, that I don't want to embarrass Ronnie with a lot of denial stories. He is in the Army. I am an actress. He is a fine officer and his men are devoted to him. The Army frowns on sensational-type stories printed about the men in the service. But if I keep quiet—that, apparently, is wrong, too.

"I can tell you truthfully that the only fight in our whole life was staged when we were traveling with your company—and it wasn't anything but a lover's tiff. Why, I don't even fight with my in-laws."

It's too bad that this particular blot had to crop up when Jane is otherwise so happy. I know what it means to her to be getting the breaks now. She's an ambitious girl and a good actress. I can remember the long talks Ronnie and I used to have about her. He couldn't understand why some smart producer didn't recognize her talents and star her. "Janie has everything," her husband would tell me, "Youth, pep, enthusiasm—a lovely figure and plenty of talent."

She didn't come along as fast as he did. But in the past year the Wyman stock has soared. The girl is terrific in "The Dough-girls" and she has one of the best parts of the year, the heroine in "Lost Weekend."

Our luncheon hour was drawing to a close and Janie was due for a fitting at Paramount where she'll make "Lost Weekend." I believed her when she said:

"Everything is just right, now—Louella. Ronnie and I have our lovely home, Maureen, our duties and our careers. We are far luckier than most young couples in that even the war hasn't parted us. We have so much. Can't gossips let us keep our happiness?"

THE END

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 14)

✓✓ To Have And Have Not (Warners)

LET'S face a fact right off: The news of this picture is a girl, a newcomer, strong, strange and rather wonderful. Her name is Lauren Bacall; and her performance is so intriguing she leaves the rest of the cast and the story itself somewhere behind. It has Humphrey Bogart fighting with all his manly strength to stay in the running.

There is an obvious attempt to parallel "Casablanca," an attempt that falls short, but "To Have And Have Not" is still punchy entertainment.

"Has anybody here got a match?" is the introductory and thoroughly arresting line of Miss Bacall, delivered in a husky beguiling, bedeviling voice, and from then on, you never lose interest. You couldn't if you tried despite the same old repetitious theme of brave fearless American Bogart in a foreign port, Martinique this time, with Vichy France slugging it out with its enemies, and Bogie caught in the middle for the sake of dame Bacall.

Not fully developed was the budding attraction between Bogart and Dolores Moran, wife of patriot Walter Molnar, but we got the idea just as Bacall did, and that was sufficient.

At the piano, ladies and gentlemen, is Hoagy Carmichael as Crickett, and very, very good he is, and Walter Brennan as Eddie delivers another of those choice characterizations for which he is noted.

Your Reviewer Says: We wouldn't have missed it for anything.

✓ The Very Thought Of You (Warners)

HERE is a delightful little story that, like Shakespeare's candle, shines like a good deed in a naughty world. It's cozy, chuckly, warming to the heart, gay and sad by turns. It presents four young people—Dennis Morgan and Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark and Faye Emerson, and romantically sends them on their merry way to—well, eventual stardom.

Morgan and Clark are soldiers on furlough who plunge headlong into romance. Family opposition almost ruins the match between Morgan and Miss Parker but love triumphs, of course. Andrea King plays the sister married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen in two years and to whom she is far from loyal. Georgia Lee Settle is the kid of the family and Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi the parents.

Miss Parker turns in a beautiful per-

formance and Dane Clark's lightheartedness matched with Faye Emerson's love of fun is all to the good. William Prince and Marianne O'Brien are nice to have around.

Your Reviewer Says: We could see it again.

✓ The Woman In The Window (International-RKO)

EDWARD G. ROBINSON can play an innocent man inadvertently confused in crime as no one else can. Whether it's Mr. Robinson's face, character, or plain old ability, or perhaps all three, we can't decide. Anyway, he shines again in just such a role—a mild, home-loving professor with a corpse on his hands and in the home of a beautiful woman not his wife, to boot. How he and the girl, played well by Joan Bennett, attempt to escape publicity, ruinous to both, and how the law, futile to evade, finally uncovers them, to the accompanying off-key harmony of a nasty little blackmailer, is the theme of a neatly constructed story that has the audience traveling as sympathetic companions from start to finish.

We liked Raymond Massey's performance as the District Attorney and Dan Duryea as the blackmailer. What a rodent!

Your Reviewer Says: Don't monkey with the law, brother.

Alaska (Monogram)

KENT TAYLOR takes up the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the goldmine-saloon-dancing-girl era in Alaska and does he have a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers who have killed his father; falling in love with Margaret Lindsay, already married to John Carradine, a no-good actor; mixing it up with Nils Asther, saloon proprietor, and finally running down the claim-jumping ring.

Dean Jagger is on the job as U. S. marshal and everything and everyone just about fits into the usual pattern of one of those Alaska things.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing unusual.

Bluebeard (PRC)

NOW they've switched from the tired old mad scientists to an equally mad painter and operator of a marionette show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them in any way. Uninterruptedly he gets away with his killings, completely and unsuspected, until, through the blunder of an art dealer, he is trapped.

John Carradine gives one swell and utterly hamless performance as Bluebeard. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Teala Loring her sister and victim of Carradine, Nils Asther as the prefect of police, and Emmett Lynn as an employee of the puppet show, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn.

Your Reviewer Says: Goose-pimpley.

The Conspirators (Warners)

LET'S list its virtues: Hedy Lamarr's beauty, Paul Henreid's popularity, Sydney Greenstreet's and Peter Lorre's superb acting, Victor Francen's smoothness, Joseph Calleia's arresting seriousness, the qualities of Vladimir Sokoloff, Edward Ciannelli and Carol Thurston, plus a lavish production, and withal it's a weak, incredibly dull and repetitious story.

Now who's to blame for a thing like this? Didn't someone note the dull theme,

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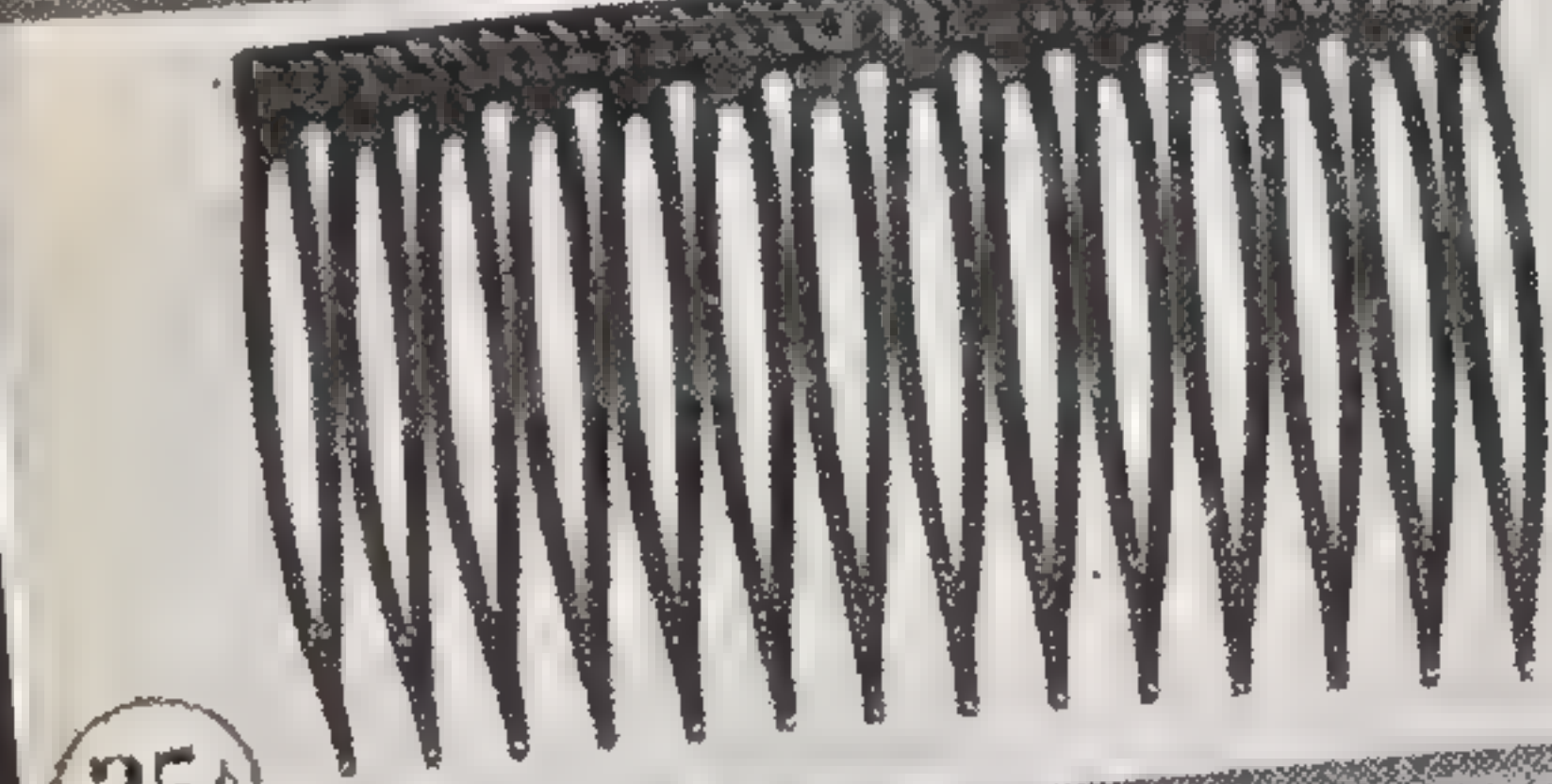


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dully worded? Didn't anyone protest at the waste of time, talent and huge sums of money involved? Or has that what's-the-difference-so-long-as-customers-pay attitude become so universal in Hollywood, no one cares?

At any rate, we're as disappointed as you must be at this Nazi spy, underground, traitor-in-our-midst thing, if that's any help to you.

Your Reviewer Says: A just-miss.

Faces In The Fog (Republic)

OH dear, we're so weary of delinquent parents and delinquent children and little delinquent movies such as this.

For instance, two middle-class families live next door to each other with Jane Withers, daughter of one, in love with Eric Sinclair, son of the other. But parent Paul Kelly has it in for parent John Litel so when daughter Jane is seen in a bungalow court with Eric, Kelly, not knowing the young pair are married, ups and shoots the lad.

So then we have the trial and the bitterness and the nastiness and, oh shucks, who wants to sit through gluck like this?

Your Reviewer Says: Fog is right.

✓ The Girl Rush (RKO)

WE have never caught the so-called humor of Wally Brown and Alan Carney and after viewing this, we're pretty sure we never will. But they try hard and there's plenty to intrigue the interest what with Frances Langford's singing and Vera Vague's clowning.

Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the story, thin as a wafer, has to do with a stranded show-girl troupe and the efforts of Wally and Alan to get them back to civilization.

Frances sings several numbers, beautifully, of course, and Vera keeps everyone in stitches. Bob Mitchum plays the romantic lead opposite Frances and does right well. Paul Hurst teams up for a comedy washday with Vague.

Your Reviewer Says: Thar ain't too-much gold in them thar hills.

I Accuse My Parents (PRC)

PAPA and Mama are rich, doting and addicted to heavy drinking. So neglected son gets a job on his own, meets Mary Beth Hughes, ends up driving a hold-up car, and finally kills his betrayer, George Meeker, in self-defense.

On the witness stand the boy, Robert Lowell, tells his story that so moves the judge he releases the boy.

John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are the accused parents. But really it's all such deliberate trash, none of it matters.

Your Reviewer Says: Fiddlesticks!

The Man In Half Moon Street (Paramount)

NOW get this one—Nils Asther is a gay thing of ninety years who every ten years keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he politely murders for the purpose. This delightful little process keeps Nils looking a divine thirty-five, a fact discovered by his loyal fiancée, Helen Walker. Scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in the defiance of nature's law until finally—but that would be telling.

Paul Cavanaugh and Edmond Breon are excellent but why, in heaven's name, waste the looks and talent of a man like Asther in such fol-do-rol as this?

Your Reviewer Says: Quick, shoot us a few glands.

✓ The Mark Of The Whistler (Darmour-Columbia)

RICHARD DIX turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who reads, in a discarded newspaper, the names of those being sought by a bank with dormant accounts and among them finds one who has his identical name.

Deciding to pose as the man, he enlists the aid of Porter Hall, owner of a second-hand clothing establishment, and actually collects the sum, close to \$30,000; but in escaping from girl reporter Janis Carter, he collides with Paul Guilfoyle, a crippled peddler. And from then on the bruised conscience of Dix leads him deeper and deeper into trouble and he eventually pays the price.

The acting is swell. Guilfoyle, Miss Carter and Dix are aided by John Calvert and Matt Willis.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-knit little picture.

One Body Too Many (Paramount)

HERE is a mystery with a laugh which is something like goose pimples with cranberry dressing, if you know what we mean.

Anyway, a life insurance salesman suddenly finds himself an appointed watcher over a corpse in a house full of ghoulish relations and the things that go on shouldn't happen even to an insurance salesman.

Jack Haley is a scream as the poor salesman who sticks to his gruesome task be-

Best Pictures of the Month

Laura

Irish Eyes Are Smiling

To Have And Have Not

Best Performances

*Dana Andrews in
"Laura"*

*Clifton Webb in
"Laura"*

*Gene Tierney in
"Laura"*

*Humphrey Bogart in
"To Have And Have Not"*

*Lauren Bacall in
"To Have And Have Not"*

cause he has become gooey over Jean Parker, niece of the deceased. Bela Lugosi and Blanche Yurka are a pair, now believe me, and Douglas Fowley, Dorothy Granger and Lyle Talbot are around too.

Your Reviewer Says: At least you'll be amused.

Shadow Of Suspicion (Monogram)

LOOK, please come into a corner where people won't overhear while we tell you those jewel thieves are back again. Yes sir, here they are slipping priceless gems into a pair of bronzed baby shoes. And here we are wondering where all these jewels come from that get stolen on the screen when we haven't so much as a window-glass diamond.

Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Weaver pretty and Peter Cookson a brave newcomer to tackle this one. Pierre Watkin is the bad papa.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's give someone a jewel just to stop this nonsense.

Ministry Of Fear (Paramount)

FOR sheer organized confusion, dimly lit characterization and intricacy of plot, this picture takes the K rations. And yet the actors perform so well, and the director has managed to establish such well-bred suspense, it has its points.

Ray Milland is the man of the story, released from a British asylum on charges of a mercy killing only to get embroiled in Nazi spies hiding behind a Mothers-of-Free-Nations organization.

When Milland begins to learn too much, he finds himself the victim of another murder rap but even this fails to deter him. As a result he almost loses his life but instead wins the girl.

Marjorie Reynolds becomes a fine actress in the role of the Austrian girl. Carl Esmond is natural and convincing as her brother, Dan Duryea a capable villain and Hillary Brooks a dish-of-tea spy.

Your Reviewer Says: A book of rules is needed with this one.

Farewell My Lovely (RKO)

NOW here's a switch of characters for you—Dick Powell as a hard-fisted detective taking and giving as good as he gets. And what's more, Dick emerges from this unpleasant affair peopled with unpleasant people (and there's an understatement) with colors (mostly black and blue) flying.

It all happens when stir-crazy Mike Mazurki, an ex-convict, wanders into detective Powell's office and persuades him to locate the girl Mike lost track of when sent to prison several years previously.

The search leads to the home of wealthy Miles Mander, where Dick Powell meets up with Mander's nasty wife Claire Trevor and oooh, for heaven's sake, what goes on.

Anne Shirley is a darling, as Mander's daughter and the heart interest of Mr. Powell. The two make a delightful couple.

Otto Kruger as a psychiatrist needs a bit of analyzing himself, and Mike is so awful he scared the—well, he scared us, that's all.

Your Reviewer Says: Such a to-do, really.

Bowery To Broadway (Universal)

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weary of the show-business theme that here it is again in the form of two theatrical producers—Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, who quarrel their way from lower Broadway to 42nd Street, and finally separate (for about the steenth time) over Maria Montez in an arty production. Well, you know how that turns out and how the story does too, so why go on in that department?

Important, however, is the cast, including Susanna Foster, Jack Oakie, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton, Frank McHugh, Rosemary DeCamp, Leo McHugh, Leo Carrillo and—well, everybody on the Universal lot but Durbin, and she was too busy on another set to crowd in.

P. S. Jon Hall was in court and couldn't get off.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody finally got into the act.

✓ Rainbow Island (Paramount)

JUST too "booful" for words is this lushy Technicolor dream with Dottie Lamour, once more roaming around in her well-filled sarong. But wait—before you groan—there's a new angle to all this palm tree hooley and that is that Paramount itself slightly kids its own product, which takes away the irritation it otherwise might create—especially among our jungle jolly G. I.'s who know from first-hand experience it's not this way.

Anyway the story has Merchant Marine Eddie Bracken relating the tale of his adventures to his pals, of Dottie and her romance with Barry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb's capering, of Anne Revere (quite a change

from her mother role in "Bernadette"), of Reed Hadley, Marc Lawrence and Forrest Orr, of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself (is there a funnier man anywhere?) and of Lamour's full-blown loveliness. And while he's telling it you'll enjoy it too, so stop huffing and puffing around.

Your Reviewer Says: Whicky, whacky, boo!

✓ Brazil (Republic)

EVERY time Hollywood feels called upon to turn out a South American epic, we quiver in our boots (resolved from last year) lest once again our South American neighbors suffer offense. But after carefully analyzing the contents of this harmless and amusing little picture, we feel sure no one could possibly be upset.

True, it kids South Americans as lovers—that is, Virginia Bruce as an authoress takes a few pokes at romantic Latins, and what's more, travels to the other America to gather material for a second tome on the subject. Here she meets composer Tito Guizar, falls for his romantic wooing, which interferes with his work, is befuddled by Guizar's close friend Edward Everett Horton, and well—you know how these girl-mad-at-boy things go.

Robert Livingston, Richard Lane, Fortunio Bonanova, Veloz and Yolanda, skip, glide or walk, as the case may be, in and out of the tuneful proceedings.

Ary Barroso, who composed the song hit "Brazil" has contributed "Rio de Janeiro" which also has a swingful lilt.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, romance, music.

Casts of Current Pictures

ALASKA—Monogram: Gary Corbett, Kent Taylor; Roxie, Margaret Lindsay; Reagan, John Carradine; Masters, Dean Jagger; Tom Brackett, Nils Asther; Kitty, Iris Adrian; Pete, George Cleveland; Nick, Dewey Robinson; Judge Bennett, Lee ("Lasses") White; Stumpy, John Rogers; Nuggett, Klondike (Jack Gorton); Kallan, John Maxwell; Durke, Warren Jackson; Conroy, Dick Scott.

BLUEBEARD—PRC: Gaston, John Carradine; Lucille, Jean Parker; Inspector Lefevre, Nils Asther; Lamarte, Ludwig Stossel; Inspector Renard, George Pembroke; Francine, Teala Loring; Renee, Sonia Sorel; Mimi, Iris Adrian; Deschamps, Henry Kolker; Le Soldat, Emmett Lynn; Babette, Patti McCarthy; Constance, Carrie Deven; Jeanette, Anne Sterling.

BOWERY TO BROADWAY—Univesal: O'Rourke, Jack Oakie; Dugan, Donald Cook; Peggy Fleming, Susanna Foster; Ted Barrie, Turhan Bey; Marina, Maria Montez; Lillian Russell, Louise Allbritton; Father Kelley, Andy Devine; Joe Kirby, Frank McHugh; Bessie Kirby, Rosemary DeCamp; Bessie Joe, Ann Blyth; Tom Harvey, Thomas Gomez; Fenton, Leo Carrillo; Bonnie LaTour, Evelyn Ankers; Mme. Alda, Maude Eburne; Donald O'Connor, Himself; Peggy Ryan, Herself; No-More, Ben Carter; Alabam, Mantan Moreland.

BRAZIL—Republic: Miguel Soares, Tito Guizar; Nicky Henderson, Virginia Bruce; Everett St. John, Edward Everett Horton; Red Walker, Robert Livingston; Edward Graham, Richard Lane; Senhor Machado, Frank Puglia; Senhor Renato Da Silva, Fortunio Bonanova; Veloz and Yolanda, Frank Veloz, Yolanda Veloz; Reporter No. 1, Roger Valmy; Reporter No. 3, Eumenio Blanco; Master of Ceremonies, Alfredo De Sa; Airport Official, Rico deMontez; Reporter, Leon Lenoir; Business Man, Henry deSilva; Little Girl, Martha Brenes; Young Woman, Maria Belmar; Prime Minister, Jercies Memdez; Rei Momo, Dan Seymour.

CONSPIRATORS, THE—Warners: Irene, Hedy Lamarr; Vincent, Paul Henreid; Quintanilla, Sydney Greenstreet; Bernazsky, Peter Lorre; Von Mohr, Victor Francen; Capt. Pereira, Joseph Calleia; Rosa, Carol Thurston; Miguel, Vladimir Sokoloff; Almeida, Edward Ciannelli; Dr. Schmitt, Steven Geray; Lutzke, Kurt Katch; Wynat, Gregory Gay; Croupier, Marcel Dalio; Con Man, George Macready; Mrs. Benson, Doris Lloyd; Leiris, Louis Mercier; Jennings, Monte Blue; Page Boy, Billy Roy; Antonio, David Hoffman; Slugger, Otto Reichow; Waiter, Leon Belasco; Casino Attendant, Frank Reicher.

FACES IN THE FOG—Republic: Mary Elliott, Jane Withers; Tom Elliott, Paul Kelly; Cora Elliott, Lee Patrick; Dr. Mason, John Litel; Joe Mason, Eric Sin-

clair; Mrs. Mason, Dorothy Peterson; Nora Brooks, Gertrude Michael; Defense Attorney Rankin, H. B. Warner; Mike, Richard Byron; Sgt. O'Donnell, Roger Clark; Gertrude, Adele Mara; Les Elliott, Bob Stebbins; Mr. White, Charles Trowbridge; Alice, Helen Talbot; Danny, Joel McGinnis; Auto Court Manager, Tom London; Capt. Roberts, Emmett Vogan.

FAREWELL MY LOVELY—RKO: Marlowe, Dick Powell; Mrs. Grayle, Claire Trevor; Ann, Anne Shirley; Amthor, Otto Kruger; Moose, Mike Mazurki; Mr. Grayle, Miles Mander; Marriott, Douglas Walton; Lieutenant Randall, Don Douglas; Dr. Sonderborg, Ralf Harolde; Mrs. Florian, Esther Howard.

GIRL RUSH, THE—RKO: Flo, Frances Langford; Mike, Wally Brown; Jerry, Alan Carney; Suzie, Vera Vague; Barlan, Cy Kendall; Scully, John Merton; Emma, Sarah Padden; Jim, Robert Mitchum; Muley, Paul Hurst.

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: Kitty Reed, Mary Beth Hughes; James Wilson, Robert Lowell; Dan Wilson, John Miljan; Mrs. Wilson, Vivienne Osborne; Charles Blake, George Meeker; Judge, Edward Earle; Al Frazier, George Lloyd; Vera Moore, Patricia Knox; Shirley Clark, Florence Johnson; Joe Holden, Richard Bartell.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—20th Century-Fox: Mary "Irish" O'Brien, June Haver; Ernest R. Ball, Dick Haymes; Edgar Brawley, Monty Woolley; Al Jackson, Anthony Quinn; Lucille Lacey, Beverly Whitney; Stanley Ketchel, Maxie Rosenbloom; Belle La Tour, Veda Ann Borg; Betz, Clarence Kolb; Metropolitan Opera Singers, Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom; Stage Manager, Chick Chandler; Specialty Dancer, Kenny Williams; Headwaiter, Michael Dalmatoff; Prima Donna, Marian Martin.

LAURA—20th Century-Fox: Laura, Gene Tierney; Mark McPherson, Dana Andrews; Waldo Lydecker, Clifton Webb; Shelby Carpenter, Vincent Price; Ann Treadwell, Judith Anderson; Bessie Clary, Dorothy Adams; McAvity, James Flavin; Bullitt, Clyde Fillmore; Fred Callahan, Ralph Dunn; Corey, Grant Mitchell; Louise, Kathleen Howard; Servant, Lee Tung Foo; Detectives, Harold Schlickemayer, Harry Strang and Lane Chandler.

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Julian Karel, Nils Asther; Eve Brandon, Helen Walker; Dr. Kurt Van Bruecken, Reinhold Schunzel; Simpson, Julian's Butler, Brandon Hurst; Dr. Henry Latimer, Paul Cavanaugh; Sir Humphrey Brandon, Edmond Breon; Inspector Garth, Matthew Boulton; Alan Guthrie, Morton Lowry.

MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE—Darmour—Columbia: Lee Nugent, Richard Dix; Patricia Henley, Janis Carter; Joe Sorsby, Porter Hall; Limpy Smith, Paul Guilfoyle; Eddie Donnelly, John Calvert; Perry Donnelly, Matt Willis.

MINISTRY OF FEAR—Paramount: Stephen Neale, Ray Milland; Carla Hilfe, Marjorie Reynolds; Willi Hilfe, Carl Esmond; Mrs. Bellaire No. 2, Hillary Brooke; Prentice, Percy Waram; Cost (Travers), Dan Duryea; Dr. Forrester, Alan Napier; Mr. Renit, Erskine Sanford; Mr. Newland, Thomas Louden; Mrs. Bellaire No. 1, Aminta Dyne; Blind Man, Eustace Wyatt; Miss Penteel, Mary Field; Mr. Newby, Byron Foulger; Dr. Morton, Lester Mathews.

ONE BODY TOO MANY—Paramount: Albert Tuttle, Jack Haley; Carol Dunlap, Jean Parker; Larchmont, Bela Lugosi; Attorney Gellman, Bernard Nedell; Matthews, Blanche Yurka; Henry Rutherford, Douglas Fowley; Mona, Dorothy Granger; Jim Davis, Lyle Talbot; Kenneth, Lucien Littlefield; Estelle, Jessica Newcombe; Margaret, Maxine Fife; The Professor, William Edmunds.

RAINBOW ISLAND—Paramount: Lona Curtis, Dorothy Lamour; Toby Smith, Eddie Bracken; Pete Jenkins, Gil Lamb; Ken Masters, Barry Sullivan; Doctor Curtis, Forrest Orr; Queen Okalana, Anne Revere; Executioner, Adia Kuznetzoff; Alcoa, Reed Hadley.

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram: Claire, Marjorie Weaver; Jimmy, Peter Cookson; Northrup, Tim Ryan; Randall, Pierre Watkin; Bill, Anthony Warde; Red, Frank Scannell; Paul, George Lewis; Steve, Ralph Lewis; Dolan, J. Farrell MacDonald; Mrs. Randall, Clara Blandick; Holman, Tom Herbert; Reporter, Lester Dorr; Express Guard, Frank Stephens; Mr. Vanderbrook, Wilbur Mack; Mrs. Vanderbrook, Charlotte Treadway.

SONG TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Pro.. Joseph Elsner, Paul Muni; George Sand, Merle Oberon; Frederic Chopin, Cornel Wilde; Franz Liszt, Stephen Bekassy; Constantia, Nina Foch; Louis Pleyel, George Coulouris; Henri Dupont, Sig Arno; Kalkbrenner, Howard Freeman; Alfred DeMusset, George Macready; Madame Mercier, Claire DuBrey; Monsieur Jollet, Frank Puglia; Madame Lambert, Fern Emmett; Isabelle Chopin, Sybil Merritt.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warners: Morgan, Humphrey Bogart; Eddie (The Rummy), Walter Brennan; Marie, Lauren Bacall; Helene De Bursac, Dolores Moran; Crickett, Hoagy Carmichael; Paul De Bursac, Walter Molnar; Lieut. Coyo, Sheldon Leonard; Gerard, Marcel Dalio; Johnson, Walter Sande; Capt. Renard, Dan Seymour; Cap. Renard's Bodyguard, Aldo Nadi; Beaucherc, Paul Marion; Mrs. Beaucherc, Patricia Shay; Bartender, Pat West; Emil, Emmet Smith; Horatio, Sir Lancelot.

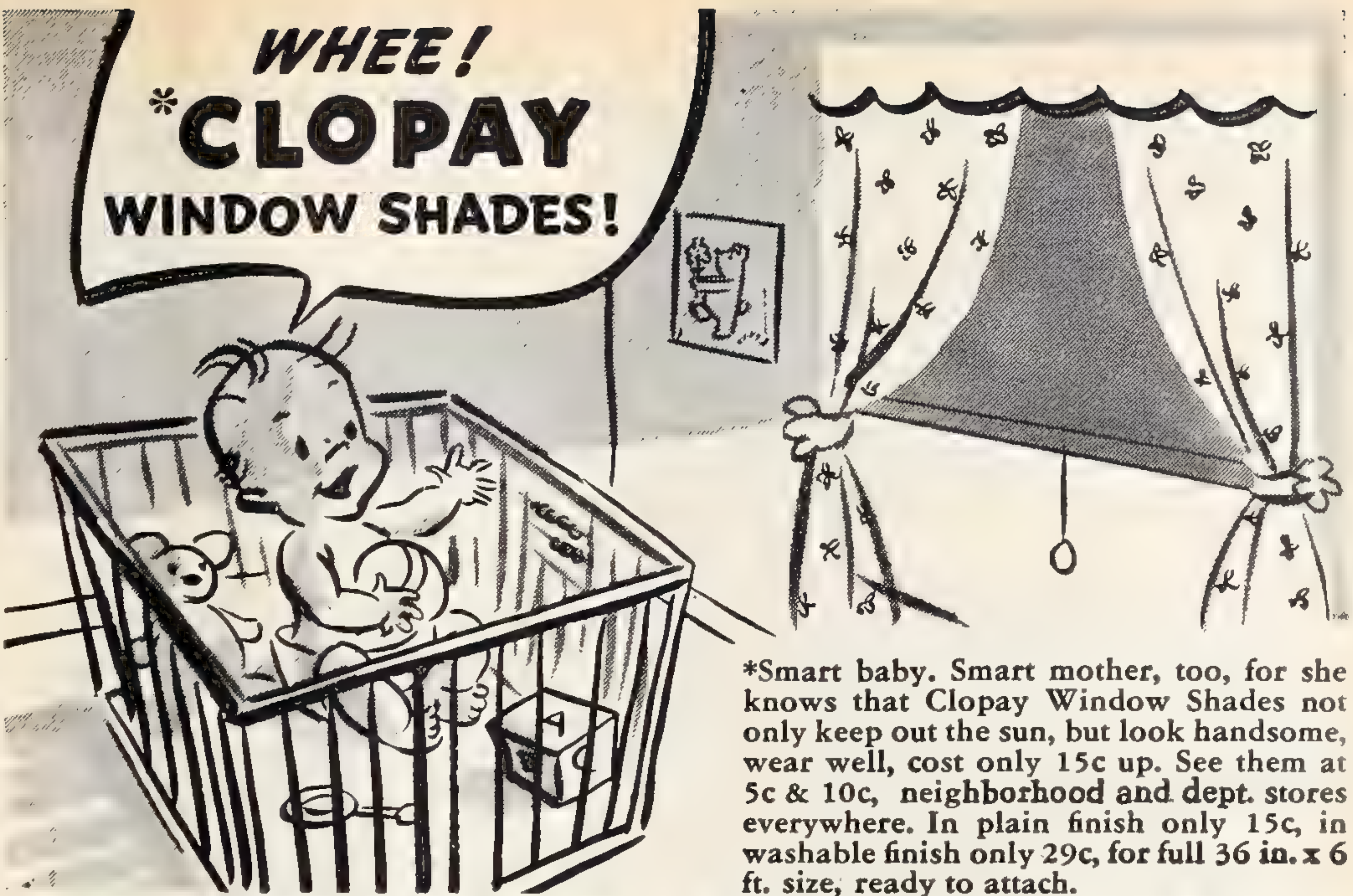
VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE—Warners: Dave, Dennis Morgan; Janet, Eleanor Parker; "Firit," Dane Clark; Cora, Faye Emerson; Mrs. Wheeler, Beulah Bondi; Pop Wheeler, Henry Travers; Fred, William Prince; Molly, Andrea King; Cal, John Alvin; Bernice, Marianne O'Brien; Ellie, Georgia Lee Settle; Soda Jerk, Dick Erdman; Minister, Francis Pierlot.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE—International: Richard Wanley, Edward G. Robinson; Alice Reed, Joan Bennett; Frank Lalor, Raymond Massey; Dr. Barkstane, Edmond Breon; Claude Mazard, Arthur Loft; Heidt, Dan Duryea; Inspector Jackson, Thomas E. Jackson; Mrs. Wanley, Dorothy Peterson; Elsie, Wanley, Carol Cameron; Dickie Wanley, Bobby Blake.

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THE face you'd like most to see may be missing by your tree this year. But there's an antidote for the hurt and lonesomeness . . . the antidote of beauty.

Trim your tree even if he can't be there to help. Make it gaudy, bright. Hang holly wreaths with big, big bows where all can see and be cheered. Share your Christmas . . . make someone happier . . . a child whose Christmas may not be Christmas unless you help . . . someone who is sick . . . a soldier or sailor far from home.

"As for gifts," says Kathryn Grayson, "make them the ones that buoy another's spirits, that make grim days a little easier to face with head held high." Veteran of many a singing tour for American boys in service, for workers in war plants, Kathryn knows the importance of beauty.

Perky Packages . . . You'll please Uncle Sam and get "A" for ingenuity from friends if, instead of bemoaning today's shortage of gay Christmas papers, you'll devise some clever ones of your own. For instance, wrap small gifts with lovely pictures from old calendars. Or use last Sunday's funnies for your less serious gifts. Left-over wallpaper makes a lovely wrapping tied with left-over yarn. And you, bright girl, will undoubtedly think of other substitutes, just as attractive.



Some holly-trimmed packages for happy holidays—and a bit of Yuletide spirit

Glamour Assembly Line . . . Trim a miniature fake Christmas tree (or a real one if they're available in your neighborhood) with small-sized fixings for a complete beauty routine. For a manicure, attach orange stick, cuticle and polish remover, emery boards, hand softener and several shades of nail polish. For that smile, hang on the tiny tree a dentifrice, dental floss, toothbrush, mouth wash and lipstick.

Take a red, white, or black cotton stocking or sock, decorate with tiny ribbon bows, gold Christmas stars or lace. Fill this with a good soap, bath perfumer or softener and lotion to keep body skin soft. Or how about a Christmas stocking filled with a shampoo, tinted rinse, bobby pins, tiny combs to keep a coif in place? In a tiny decorated Christmas stocking, put eye-bedeckers like shadow, eyebrow pencil, eye lotion, tweezers and mascara.



Lift the Spirit! Yes, this year, let's give beauty in lovely bottles and boxes for the boost they give morale and the way they pamper the feminine ego. A beautiful compact, a delicate toilet water, guest soap—several deliciously scented cakes to the box—these can't miss! Give perfume, there are so many fine ones, youthful, sophisticated, fresh as spring, femme fatale, or gay in mood. Perhaps, you'll want to give only a dram in a stunning old bottle, picked up in an antique shop.

Or maybe you're partial to gift sets that pack under one roof several beauty allies. You'll find hundreds of entrancing ensembles such as bath powder, cologne, maybe a bubble bath or a grand cake of soap, under one lid. Nail kits are Christmas favorites, too, coming as they do in attractive purse-type fabric envelopes which contain nail enamel, polish remover and base, perhaps, to make polish adhere. Other ensembled sets may include a luscious face powder, lipstick and rouge. All such are super gifties and priced to your budget whatever it is.

On Christmas Eve . . . Beside this year's tree, look your loveliest . . . Pretend if you must. Sing out Christmas carols with all your heart and soul. Go to church. Pour out your good wishes to the world. It can be a Merry Christmas!





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If you have difficulty in finding these new packages, remember that Yanky Clover in old or new wrappings smells as sweet.

Richard Hudnut

Keeping up with Kelly

(Continued from page 39) need any more than you had anyway," he says, remembering other happy days in other and less remunerative jobs. Like, say, apprentice bricklayer, soda mixer and concrete mixer. "You can't buy any more laughs than you had then," he reminisces.

"Actually the best things in life are free anyway," says Gene. "The really important things don't cost anything. Things like sunshine, good stimulating conversation, congenial company, good health and a lot of laughs. We're lucky enough at our house to know the people who know how to make laughter, how to take it and how to pass it around," he grins.

That's plenty evident. From the time the familiar figure of Kelly in his rehearsal togs would come through the door, the commissary at M-G-M would begin to take on the air of a meeting of the local Optimist Club as stars, directors, writers et al would hail him with a "Hey, Gene—"

He'd use up most of his lunch hour shaking hands the width of the room. Then, watching the clock with one eye, he'd bolt down the cream-cheese sandwich the knowing waitress put in front of him and dash off, "speaking" his way out of the commissary again.

Around the lot he's known as a very intelligent, reasonable, levelheaded person. And with no temperament.

There are a few things that get a rise out of his Irish nature, chief of which is seeing an injustice done anyone. Then, too, conscientious worker that he is, he dislikes lengthy interruptions whenever he's rehearsing or creating a new routine.

He's very popular with reporters who cover the Hollywood beat. The only time he's ever tangled with any reporter was when a columnist dreamed up the fantastic tale that Gene and Betsy were separated. At that very minute the Kellys were having dinner at the home of their close friends, the Richard Whorfs. They laughed it off as too silly even to get mad about—until they got home and found out that they had two long-distance calls waiting, from Gene's mother in Pittsburgh, and from Betsy's in New Jersey. They soon found themselves trying frantically to explain to their respective mothers-in-law in three minutes what others have taken a lifetime to solve: Namely, just where reporters get the hat out of which they pull such things.

More than anything else Gene would like to gain still more recognition as an actor and get more dramatic roles such as he had in "The Cross Of Lorraine" and "Christmas Holiday." That is, the last part of "Christmas Holiday." Being very self-critical, Gene can't see himself in light love scenes, although Betsy thought his love scenes with Deanna Durbin were swell. "He thinks he was too coy," teases Betsy, "but I thought he was really cute in them." Gene winces. "That's what I mean," he says, "I can't do that light love stuff without looking—cute!"

He'll take nothing less than perfection in his dancing and works constantly at dreaming up dance routines that on paper look like combined military operations.

You could always find Gene still going strong at three and four a.m. in the pretty blue-toned living room at home, setting the timing, mechanics and pantomime. Nothing he does surprises Betsy any more. She became used to seeing him sitting there in a trance, thinking something out, then suddenly taking off like a streamliner over the furniture around the room.

He thinks Fred Astaire, with whom he does the "Babbitt And Bromide" number in "Ziegfeld Follies" is "the tops."

They rehearsed six hours a day for this number and every night when they went home each of them would try to dream up something to stump the other one on the next day. Then they'd compare notes. With much kidding.

In "Anchors Aweigh" Gene tangoes with Kathryn Grayson, does a charming Mexican number with seven-year-old Sharon MacManus, a sailor routine with Sinatra and has a solo number that should be the show-stopper of all time.

Frankie will tell you that Teacher Kelly is plenty okay. "He has one of the greatest talents in the country," he says. "Nobody can match him. And he's so patient!"

ALL this swoon business—girls squealing whenever he's announced—still comes as a big surprise to him. The levelheaded, modest Kelly who thinks of himself in terms of a normal, Brother-Elk sort of guy, can't get used to being mobbed by bobby-sockers and feminine fans. One thing it proves—that they swoon from the feet as well as the voice. Though when his pals kid him about it, the most Kelly will admit to causing is a semi-swoon.

But he causes 'em to keel over, anyway. Keeler-Kelly, they're calling him now.

Gene loves children and every kid within biking distance of the Kelly house used to come visiting on week ends to play ball, Ping-pong or "Kick the Can" with the Kellys and their friends. You could usually find a goodly portion of Metro's younger contract list there, too. Such folk as the Keenan Wynns, Nancy Walker, Judy Garland, Bob Walker and the Richard Whorfs.

It made Gene and Betsy very happy for their friends to come over to their house because they'd always rather stay home anyway. They say they had more fun there.

It's always hard for Gene to tear himself away from the side of his glamour girl—two-year-old Kerry with the soft brown curls and blue, heavily lashed eyes—and his pretty wife who looks to be just a charming kid.

Betsy is quite a dancer in her own right, having starred on Broadway in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People," but will tell you that she can't dance with Gene. "Oh sometimes we clown around," she says, "but he's much too good for me!"

Gene, on the other hand, will tell you otherwise. He's very proud of Betsy's talent and he wants Betsy definitely to go on with her career now that he is in service.

Both of them hope that Kerry will follow them in show business and are very

proud that she can do a whole mild dance routine even now. Whenever she hears music she'll hang onto a tea table with one chubby hand and start stamping violently.

"Do the whole step, honey," they'll coax.

At which she throws both hands up in the air—and still stamps violently.

Just before Gene went into service, Betsy had gone to New York for a long-delayed visit with her mother, and Kerry and Gene "batched" together at home. Kerry stayed behind with the nurse and her dad, for, as Gene commented, "I just can't spare both my women at the same time."

When he put Betsy on the train they made a bargain to just talk to each other long distance twice a week—late at night when service men wouldn't need the lines.

"But we were both so lonely that we talked the first four nights out of six," Gene grinned sheepishly. Always very late at night.

Meanwhile, Kerry took over as lady of the house and business went on nearly as usual at the Kelly home. They had a little domestic routine they would go through every day, beginning when the colored nurse "Mamie" brought Kerry into Gene's room early in the morning so that she could "talk" to him while he was shaving and getting ready for the studio. Then they would go down to breakfast together, Kerry gossiping cheerfully at the table in what Gene calls the "biggest mass of double-talk you've ever heard." He does, however, recognize her "Da'h" for "Daddy" and it sounds like pretty hot dialogue to him.

He had looked forward to going overseas to entertain the boys. He's hoofed it a lot on the hospital circuits and has seen just what it means. It was his report to the Hollywood Victory Committee about the need for a regular hospital entertainment tour that helped push the organization of such a unit.

The heaviest-hearted hoofing he's ever done was a request for "For Me And My Gal" for a boy he knew was going to die the next day. That was one time Kelly had all he could do to keep from crying as he hoofed.

There is a prophetic ring to the fact that Gene's latest picture is "Anchors Aweigh," for Gene's a Navy lad now himself. The Navy may still decide his flying feet are more valuable as morale builders than for swabbing down decks. But whatever the decision, rest assured Kelly will be in there swinging—from the hip or from the heart.

THE END

IT'S V-DAY FOR

Gloria De Haven

in Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll. You'll find her on page 29. Running a close second is William Eythe appearing on page 31. Whom would you like to see pictured in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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